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GUYNDINE.

GUYNDINE,

A Woman With a Conscience.

Hattie ✓
By MRS. GRAHAM LEWIS,
Author of "Ex Voto."

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

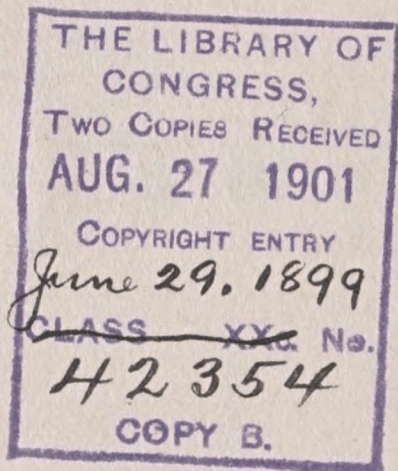
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To my sons, Ralph L. and H. Chester, is this
little volume tenderly dedicated,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

“The most exquisite words and finest strokes of an author,” says Quackenbos, “are those which often appear most exceptionable to a man deficient in learning or delicacy of taste; and it is these that a captious and undistinguishing critic generally attacks with greatest violence. In this case recourse is often had to ridicule. A little wit is capable of making a beauty as well as a blemish, the subject of derision. Though such treatment of an author may have its effect with some who erroneously think that the sentiment criticised is ridiculous instead of the wit with which it is attacked, yet in the intelligent reader it will naturally produce indignation or disgust.”

The author is not unwilling to have this work examined by the principles of good taste and sound understanding. But there are vulgar critics who carry their strictures to the verge of personal abuse, and as this volume contains truths which will make such men writhe, and will necessarily affect their temper as pure water affects canine madness, there is no hope of escaping them. So anticipating the worst, we submit to the inevitable and patiently await the onset. But the consolation remains that there are still Aristotles, Dionysiuses, Longinuses, Ciceros and Quintillians, whose more delicate tastes, nobler natures and profounder knowledge will make indiscriminate fault-finding and ridicule because of prejudice impossible with them; who, recognizing and appreciating the pure purposes of this work, will prefer to dwell upon its good points rather than its defects.

G. L.

GUYNDINE,

A WOMAN WITH A CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

In the city of A—, in the state of Georgia, there stands a fine old suburban residence with deep mullioned windows and Gothic roof; its grey walls are half hidden by climbing ivy and forest trees. A long grassy slope with a broad gravel walk leads from the gate to the house, and a circling driveway leads back to a spacious barn. The grounds are dotted here and there with beds of flowers, back of the house is a grove and a large garden well filled with flowers and shrubs. This is Spencer Place.

A soft breath from the gulf stole in at the open window, a pair of dark grey eyes looked forth upon the loveliness of nature and a sigh fluttered out from the smiling red lips. To Guyndine Vauce the world is luminous and full of revelation; visions of beauty beckon

and sweet sounds woo her on every side, her responsive nature vibrates to every touch and the discords of life strike upon her highly sensitive spirit, like the crash of a hammer upon an Aeolian harp. She has a personality which supremely attracts, a vitality so exuberant that your faculties are intensified and you find yourself studying her. Your eyes wander back again and again to the face which, at first glance, possibly you thought ordinary.

Sixteen years ago, when Guyndine was three years old, her mother who was a widow had married Squire Spencer, a wealthy widower with one son three years older than herself. The affinity between these two children was very strong; they at once became inseparable companions.

Nature had been very lavish when she endowed Harry Spencer; there was perfection in form and feature; the fair smooth brow was bright with intelligence. He possessed that "that must be born, that no price can buy, that gift of heaven, genius." No man is self-made; he is God-made if he is made at all; he must be born with the spark of genius in his blood. Of such Eliza Cook says:

"They hold the rank no king can give,
No station can disgrace;
Nature puts forth her gentlemen
And monarchs must give place."

Harry Spencer's nature was a blending of

man's vigor with that finer insight generally attributed to woman alone. This gave him a wonderful influence over Guyndine. As they grew older she entered sympathetically and intelligently into all his aims and pursuits, and in the strong character he is helping her to build, his influence will tell through eternity.

There was not the slightest resemblance between Harry and the Squire. Harry was large, finely proportioned, calm and dignified. The Squire was a small, wiry, nervous man with an ungovernable temper, keen blue eyes, long thin nose, thin compressed lips and a nasal twang, "and, gentlemen, he was a Spencer." His blood was blue; that was something he never forgot; he kept the memory green like flowers in water and "rolled it as a sweet morsel under his tongue." But sad to relate he possessed some snobbish traits of character. Webster says, "There is nothing in nature that makes a man so deformed, so beastly, as doth intemperate anger," and Pope says, "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow." When the Squire was angry he was a maniac; he raved, gesticulated and threatened, and Mrs. Spencer always had just one more word to say which kept him wound up and going. If, when he was looking for his second wife, he had searched for one who would know just how to keep him in a continual ferment, he

could not have found one better suited to his purpose. Yet she dreaded his tantrums and never intentionally riled him; without meaning to do so she invariably stroked his feathers the wrong way; besides she had a head of her own and the Squire's wishes and commands were frequently ignored. The younger children, seeing her example, walked in it. So it will not require a very great stretch of the imagination for one to make an accurate guess as to how much happiness was in the Spencer home.

Despite his faults Mrs. Spencer was proud of her husband; not because of his physical beauty, however; There was little physique to be proud of. It was all the Squire could do, dressed in his winter clothes and heavy boots, to tip the scales at a hundred and ten, but the quality of the article made up for lack of quantity and the knowledge that he was a Spencer was enough. The Squire was in the habit of holding long and interesting discussions with his sister, in the presence of his family, on the genealogical tree of the house of Spencer, which had the desired effect upon all except Harry and Guyndine, the effect upon them being to flush Harry's face and curl Guyndine's lip.

Mrs. Spencer possessed some fine traits of character. She was a good mother, a fine housekeeper, an elegant cook, a kind neighbor, and she thought a true wife and devout

Christian. She would have felt deeply injured and insulted had she been told that she had broken the marriage vow. She thought to break the marriage vow meant to commit adultery and she was as pure as the snow; as to being a Christian, she was sincere and meant to be, but her eyesight when turned inward was not so good as when she looked out.

As Guyndine stood by the open window, a black shiny face appeared from around the corner of the house.

"Miss Guynn, yo' mammy say wah yo' blue organdie, what made ober de pink. She say tell you Preacher Noble done come, an' fix yo'sef up nice."

"Oh dear!" sighed Guyndine, "sack-cloth and ashes would suit me better than organdie and lace."

"Lawsey! what yo' wants ashes fo'? yo' don't need to scour, yo's white as a snow drif' now. Yo' mammy say hurry up, Miss Guynn, it 'leven o'clock right now," and the black face disappeared.

An hour later Guyndine glided into the dining room and was presented by Squire Spencer to the Rev. Dr. Noble as "our daughter, Miss Vauce." She was fragrant and sweet in pale blue organdie, creamy lace, pink ribbons and white heliotrope.

The Reverend Doctor devoured her with his eyes. He was pastor of one of the city

churches, was a widower whose mourning period had about expired, and who was beginning to grow inexpressibly lonely. There was an aching void in his bosom which clamored for satisfaction. He found it difficult, under existing circumstances to keep his mind stayed on sacred things. He was conscious it was not excessive grief which had caused this abnormal condition, for he had been quite resigned to the will of Providence, and felt it was better for Martha to have been removed than for himself to have been taken; the Lord had other Marthas, and this one needed rest; besides, he felt that he had outgrown her. She was well enough to start with while his charges were village churches, but since he had risen to the dignity of a city church, Martha was a back number, and he clearly recognized the hand of God in her removal, and very resignedly said, "He doeth all things well." The Sunday following Martha's obsequies, he chose the above text, and by an object lesson clearly demonstrated to the dear dying people that the religion of Christ is all-sufficient. His lip quivered, his voice broke and he was obliged to stop for a moment. The interval was filled by an exhibition of lace handkerchiefs in the audience, while here and there a plain hemstitched one soaked up the crystal drops of sympathy. There was a general blowing of noses and wiping of eyes throughout the congregation.

He had the sympathy of his flock. They were not weeping for Martha, Oh no! She had long since been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the general verdict of the dear sisters had been that she was unsuited to be the wife of such a man. She was an humble, consecrated Christian, but sad to tell, she was deficient in taste and had no style; it seemed a pity for a man with the ability of their beloved pastor to be so hampered, and they also recognized the hand of Providence.

After a slight struggle the Doctor recovered his equanimity, and was himself again. But the reader must not infer that he was acting the hypocrite, for he certainly was not. It is true he was not weeping for Martha, nor even thinking of her. He was simply sorry for himself, as he viewed himself from the stand-point of the pew, and felt for himself what he was conscious his dear congregation felt for him. The gods had for once given him the power of seeing himself as others saw him, and he looked so pitiful to himself that it quite overcame him. He did not mean to be hypocritical in any respect. He was preaching the gospel from what he believed was an honest heart. He had decided when a small boy that he would be a preacher, but he had had a long hard struggle with himself before deciding, and he had vacillated for months between two questions, whether to

be a preacher or a clown in a circus.

"John, if I didn't know which to be, I'd draw straws," suggested his brother.

"I have a notion to."

"All right, where's the broom? I'll fix the straws. Here now, long straw, clown; short straw, preacher;" holding out his hand to John with the straws closed in it. John stood for some minutes with his hands crossed behind him, looking intently at the end of the straws. "Hurry up and draw." Still he hesitated. "Well, I don't want to stand here all day, why don't you draw?"

"I'm afraid to, for fear I won't get the one I want."

"Which one do you want?"

"Well, I don't know."

"If you don't draw now by the time I count three its off. One-two-th—"

He snatched a straw and lo! fate had decided in favor of the clown. He drew a long breath of relief, the momentous question was decided at last, and a great burden rolled off his mind. As soon as breakfast was over he went to the barn loft, and with some hay and an old quilt he fixed a nice soft spot—if there was one thing that he liked more than another, it was a soft spot,—and began the practice of calisthenics and tumbling preparatory to his chosen profession. In a few days a preacher making his monthly rounds stopped over Sunday at his father's house. It

had been an unfortunate week for John; in his enthusiasm he had twice over-shot the mark, missed the quilt and struck instead an old plow, which left him in such a dilapidated condition that, rather than take the chances of the preacher's learning that he was practicing for a clown, he chose to keep himself hidden till the preacher left. He was obliged to eat at the second table; the chicken was all gone but the neck; there was but one biscuit left, and everything was cold and mussed over. He began to draw comparisons which were very unfavorable to his new profession. Clowns must have a hard time of it after all, and being a preacher was next to being a king. Everybody struck an attitude of good behavior the moment the preacher came in sight. He was met with smiles and cordial hand clasps; he was taken to the parlor which had not been open since the last preacher was there; his horse was taken to the best stall, rubbed down and given the new blanket; his buggy was cleaned and sheltered; and all through his stay there was a continual feast. The wonder to him was that everybody did not preach, that there was any one at all left for an audience. His mother's greatest ambition was that one of her sons should become a minister. Here was an opportunity to kill three birds with one stone. He could have a good time himself, satisfy his mother's ambition, and help

the Lord get ready for the millennium. So he ran counter to the choice of fate; he was ambitious, had risen rapidly, and stood well with his conference. He soon learned that his standing was gauged, not by his spirituality but by his collections and reports, consequently they were always up to the notch. The conference was not foolishly particular and made little investigation along the line of spirituality. His character—or rather his reputation—was immaculate, and he received a large number of immaculate people into his church each year, that is, they were immaculate on the outside, that was all he knew about it or cared to know. His was an aristocratic church, the knowledge of which gave him great satisfaction. He cared little about that other class; they did not suit his church, nor did it suit them, and he had no time to look after them; such people require a great deal of running after. It is true Christ put great stress upon preaching the gospel to the poor, seeing after them and even going into the gutter to raise them up and minister to their wants; but Christ did not live in the latter part of the nineteenth century, with all the complicated machinery of an aristocratic church resting upon him. Christ's work was very simple; it consisted in preaching the gospel and healing the sick. He knew nothing about furnishing entertainment to the church such as burdened the

Reverend Doctor and the dear sisters. Christ did entertain some folks in the temple one day with whip-lashes, and He held some very radical ideas along the church entertainment line, but then, you know, He did not live in the latter part of the nineteenth century; if He had His crucifixion would have taken place long before He reached the age of thirty-three years; especially if He had indulged in His whip-lash exercises in the temple with the learned and profound D. D's., the sensitive and exquisite sisters and the dear, stiff-necked, high-collared brethren. Spirituality was an unknown quantity in the Doctor's church and life, but it afforded a fine theme for his flowery and flighty effusions, which the brethren pronounced "deep and profound," and the sisters declared were "perfectly exquisite."

CHAPTER II.

“Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis
sense.”

And now after these weary months the Doctor is gradually allowing his bereaved eyes to open to some of the carnal attractions which obstruct his pathway. It is true he has upon several occasions, when nobody was looking, taken sly peeps out of the corners of his eyes, and his mind had wandered into all sorts of by-paths, but he had succeeded in preserving his mournful expression of countenance, which impressed the sisters and impelled some of them to lean toward him in a more than sisterly sympathy.

Sadly he looked at the broad crape band on his hat and discovered that it was getting rusty, and with a long-drawn sigh he decided to take it off.

Remembering how unselfish and solicitous for his comfort had been his late lamented Martha, he felt that if she could speak to him she would tell him to find consolation as quickly as possible. Up to the present time he could not remember of a single instance in

which he had taken her advice, but now what he conceived to be her wish coincided beautifully with his own ideas of the fitness of things. On the following Sunday as his eyes wandered over the congregation from one handsome face to another, they rested at length upon a face, with a shell-like complexion and dark, dreamy eyes, in which he thought he detected more contempt than sympathy, but which nevertheless possessed a strange fascination for him. Upon inquiry he learned that the possessor of the grey eyes was Squire Spencer's step-daughter. Remembering that Mrs. Spencer was not at church as usual, he lost no time in going to see after her. He timed his call near the dinner hour, thus receiving an invitation to dinner and making his chance of meeting the object of his admiration almost certain.

The Doctor's welcome that day at Spencer Place was so near an ostensive pretense, that had he been a sensitive man he would have felt it, but he suffered no discomfort whatever. His inopportune visit had made the dinner late; nothing so riled the Squire as irregular meals. After having waited fifteen minutes over time for the announcement of dinner and still it did not come, he could endure it no longer, and, excusing himself, all out of sorts he wended his way to the kitchen on a tour of investigation, which was not calculated to expedite matters, but rather to

complicate and retard them. Mrs. Spencer was there and owing to a presentiment that the Squire would soon put in an appearance was very much flurried. She knew him of old. The kitchen was steaming hot, and as he entered, the perspiration started at every pore, and the heat without, adding fuel to the smouldering fire within, exasperated him.

“What in the devil is the matter with this dinner? I have been waiting here for the last hour. What in thunder is up out here anyhow? If I can’t get my dinner at home I can at the hotel.” By this time his face was as red as a beet. “A woman with a thimble full of sense would not keep a cook who is forever behind with her meals.”

Mrs. Spencer was very warm and was doing her best to help the cook hurry the dinner.

“If I was a woman with a great big nigger like that in my kitchen,” continued the Squire, “and couldn’t get a meal inside of three hours I’d cut my head off, and I’d cut the blame nigger’s head off if she couldn’t do it without me.”

Mrs. Spencer turned on him in desperation. “Mr. Spencer leave this kitchen this instant or I will.”

His face grew a shade redder, and the perspiration stood in beads on his forehead; he gave her a vicious look and with a kick sent

the cat sprawling into the water bucket, which fell over against the churn, upsetting it and filling Mrs. Spencer's slippers with buttermilk, which caused the cook to spill the gravy and scald her hand. "Oh, lawsey!" howled Aunt Roe, "Whar's de watah? quick! quick! I'se done ruin my han' fo' evermo', I know's I has." The Squire quietly withdrew into the hall, stopped and wiped the perspiration from his brow, and very complacently entered the parlor after an absence of about three minutes. Mrs. Spencer who was naturally nervous was completely unstrung and a few minutes later when dinner was announced, she entered the dining-room in a state bordering on hysteria; her face was fairly purple and the perspiration oozed out at every pore. She trembled like one in a fit of ague, partly from anger and partly from fear that the Reverend Doctor had overheard the Squire's loud voice. In her opinion a turmoil was not so bad if the surface could be kept placid. Of course it was not pleasant to have those things occur, but she cared not so much for the Squire's swelling spleen, nor for the lightning that leaped from his eyes, nor yet for his words that "cut the air with sarcasm" if he would only pitch his voice lower. To have it known that there was unpleasantness in her family, was humiliating beyond degree. She was very solicitous lest the "little differences," as she

termed them, which so frequently occurred between herself and the Squire, should be overheard. The little differences sometimes rose to storms of fury, and continued into the wee small hours.

As Mrs. Spencer passed the Rev. Dr. Noble his coffee he remarked: "Sister Spencer, I missed you from church Sunday evening and I feared you were ill."

"I was detained with a severe headache," said she.

"I am sorry you were unable to be present. There was a large and appreciative audience out and I am told my sermon was generally considered a masterly achievement, and, of course, I cannot well help feeling a little exultant." Most of the Reverend Doctor's sentences began with the pronoun "I."

"It is always with regret that I miss one of your sermons," said Mrs. Spencer.

Harry glanced at Guyndine. Her lip wore a sarcastic curl which, however, was lost upon the Doctor. She had been unfortunate in the ministers she had met; she had not known many, but to use her own words she had "never found one who would bear close inspection." The consequence was she had a supreme contempt for the whole fraternity. She declared to Harry that they were a compound of impudence, self-conceit, and pure brass. Being skeptical, she watched professing Christians narrowly; her ideal was high

and the glaring faults which she could not help but see in her mother and step-father—the Squire was a professor—and in ministers of the gospel in whom she had a right to expect glimpses of Christly perfection, had the effect of making her feel there was not much in it, and had it not been for the example of her sainted grandmother and the consistent life of Harry, she would have been a pronounced skeptic.

“I noticed you were out, Miss Vauce; how did you like my sermon?” The Reverend Doctor was always fishing for compliments.

“I dare not tell you, sir, as you are our guest and mamma would never forgive me. So if you will excuse me I will leave the question unanswered, since to truthfully answer it under the circumstances would seem rude.”

His face flushed slightly and he looked surprised. He had expected the “Oh, just lovely!” style of reply.

“I insist that you answer my question word for word as you would do if I were not your guest.”

“Well then, I did not like it.”

“And why, pray?” persisted he, opening his eyes very wide and expecting that piece of pink and white flesh to reply, “Well, just because I didn’t.”

“I was painfully alive to the fact,” said she, “that in that large audience were many per-

sons who, like myself for instance, were unsaved—as you would say on the brink of hell,—many who will never again come within reach of your voice, whom you will never till the dawn of eternity have another opportunity of touching with your influence. If you really believe the doctrine set forth in the Bible, how dare you stand before God and with a flowery sermon lose the one opportunity of your life?”

His face was a study. The little bald spot on the crown of his head resembled a shiny pink shell, and in his small blue eyes was a confused expression. He shifted uneasily in his chair and cleared his throat.

“Miss Vauce, you are pretty hard on a fellow; but surely you do not mean to imply that my sermon had nothing good in it?”

“No, I did not mean to say just that; a noted divine once said, ‘Men come to church for God, if you cannot give them God you are a misfit in the ministry. To take the hand of God in one hand and to take the hand of humanity in the other, to clasp the hands and to remain unseen the while yourself—this is the splendid work of the Christian ministry.’ Sermons like the one Sunday night make me feel that Christ is only a poetic ideal. I hope you will pardon me, sir, and remember you insisted upon having my opinion. And, mamma, I beg your pardon

now, for I know I shall be obliged to do so later."

"Oh, no offense," said he in his blindest tone, "but I am sorry you have taken this view of my sermon. A minister's work has its difficulties as well as its encouragements. We are frequently misunderstood."

"If I have misunderstood you, sir, I am ready to acknowledge and beg pardon if you will show me wherein."

"Perhaps I could not point out exactly wherein so as to make it clear to you, or perhaps I have stumbled. James says, 'In many things we all stumble;' also, 'If any man stumble not in word, the same is a perfect man, able to bridle the whole body.'"

"Well," replied Guyndine, "I regret to say I am inclined to be skeptical, and when those who have accepted positions as Christian leaders of men confess themselves blind guides, they inspire small hope for such as I, and it makes me sick at heart."

For once the Doctor was silenced. Turning to the Squire he said: "I have had the luck lately of being called down by the young people. Wednesday evening, Brother Harry here requested me to comment on the fifth chapter of James, which I did, and he refused to accept my comments. He seems to think the Church has retrograded. But,

Brother Spencer, I am not in the least pessimistic."

"Nor am I pessimistic," said Harry. "I could not be and believe the Bible. Revelation is progressive; Christianity is necessarily optimistic. But I do say that the Church is not living in the exercise of the practical faith which Christ intended."

"My dear brother," replied the Doctor, "the Church is faithfully doing the work which Christ committed to her, and the foundation stone for all her good works is faith, practical faith. Whenever a soul takes hold on Christ and is saved, that is practical faith. What more do you want?"

"I want that which Christ practiced and taught the Church to practice; that which will furnish tangible proof to the world that Christ has power on earth to forgive sin."

"The world is to accept Christ by faith," observed the Doctor. "The Church is not expected to furnish proof except the blameless life of the Christian."

"Then you expect more of the world than Christ expected of it; you expect it with its eyes of flesh, without any spiritual discernment, to accept the fact that the Holy Spirit enters the human heart and performs a miracle."

"We expect the Holy Spirit to open the

eyes of the world by the foolishness of preaching,'” replied the Doctor.

“When Christ asserted his power to forgive sin,” said Harry, “he proved it by his miracles. God did not expect the world to accept Christ without proof, and He spoke to it first with prophecy and in an audible voice, ‘This is my beloved son.’ The world is the same incredulous world that it was two thousand years ago. It must and will have proof or one-half of it goes to perdition. Christ did not refuse to furnish proof to doubting Thomas, neither does he expect the Church to refuse proof to the descendants of doubting Thomas. The world wants a God who will come down to its bodily ailments, not with sympathy alone, but with healing. The Church teaches us to believe in special Providence yet it shortens the arm of God when it comes to healing; the world cannot understand a God who has power to create and to miraculously cleanse the spirit and yet withholds the healing touch from the afflicted body. Wesley believed and taught this doctrine, yet the Methodist Church today refuses to accept it. I believe if the Church had taught and practised what Christ intended, the millennium would have dawned centuries ago.

“My son,” said the Squire, “I am afraid you are on the road to fanaticism.”

The Doctor smiled. “He is worse than on

the road, he is already a full-fledged fanatic."

"Well," said Harry, "I have some distinguished predecessors. Any reformation, especially in the Church, invariably calls for the attachment of that appellation to him who dares to favor it."

"If we should consider every question that is sprung in the Church under the head of reformation, we should soon have a mess of it," growled the Doctor.

"Doctor, do you believe it possible for a man whose blood is full of contagion, inherited or otherwise, to live a Christian of the highest type?"

"Why not? Spiritual nourishment must be drawn from a higher source than the blood. Spirit is the dominating force and not matter."

"In one sense," said Harry, "spirit dominates matter, but there is such a thing as matter ruling spirit. The morbid appetite of diseased blood will drag the spirit against its desire into the lowest degradation of earth and on down to perdition. You tell the inebriate to come to Christ, that He is able to save from the drink habit. What is that but healing the body? Is it not diseased blood which causes the habit? Then if I have consumption you will turn square around, and tell me I must die, that the days of miracles

are over. Do you imagine, sir, that this cool, calculating world cannot see these inconsistencies?"

"That power was never given to the Church," insisted the Doctor. "It was given to the apostles and died with them."

"Whenever you succeed in convincing the world that the days of miracles are over," said Harry, "you have made a great stride toward convincing it that such days never existed. It will be easy, for the infidel is preaching the same doctrine. But the Bible gives no man the right to make such a statement. God says 'I am the same yesterday, today and forever;' also, 'If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye may ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you;' and 'call the elders and anoint with oil' is as much a command as 'believe and be baptized.' If the days of miracles are over, it is because the days of faith are over. When the Church returns to old-time faith, the spirit will return to the Church and not till then. The Church is unsatisfactory to the masses without it; in proof of which let me cite you to the army of people—and good people too—who are being led away by that cunningly devised infidel scheme, 'Christian Science,' so called."

"Yes," admitted the Doctor, "it is a lamentable fact that many are going after strange

gods, but it is all in accordance with prophecy."

"But," said Harry, "prophecy teaches that the falling away from the Church is caused by its leaders having failed to stand firm upon Christian principles."

"Christian Science is nothing new," said the Doctor. "It is simply an old 'ism' under a new name; its original name was Pantheism."

"Infidelity, pure and simple," said the Squire.

"Do they not claim to believe in Christ, to follow Him, and draw their healing from Him?" asked Mrs. Spencer.

"Oh, no!" replied the Squire, "they do not claim any healing power; it is simply the influence of mind over matter. They claim that Christ possessed no healing power; that there was nothing miraculous in any of His works; that He was not divine any more than we are; that we are a part of God, and as God cannot get sick, we are never sick except in our imaginations. They deny even their own personality. They have decided that matter or the mortal body is nothing but a belief, an illusion."

"But," said Harry, "many who are going into it are deceived into the belief that they teach divine healing."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "and the horrible doctrine is written up in such a round-about

way as not to shock the senses. Mrs. Eddy has used hundreds of pages to express what she could have said in a few words, had not policy and knowledge of human nature dictated otherwise. She might have come out plainly and said science teaches that there is no Father, no Holy Spirit except the spirit life which prevades all nature; no God but the combined forces and laws which are manifested in the existing universe; no divine Christ, but somewhere in space a wandering spirit who once lived upon earth, deceiving poor humanity into a belief that He was God, but who for all that was a fine character and whose example it would be well for the world to follow, etc. That this is her doctrine in a nutshell she will not deny, but to one-half of her followers her 'Science and Health' is incomprehensible, and after having poured over it for years they will bristle up and affirm that she teaches the divinity of Christ and divine healing."

"It is immaterial to her," said the Squire, "what they believe, just so they continue to patronize her. She has already made a fortune out of their credulity."

"Another case of morbid idiopathy," said the Doctor, casting an admiring glance at Harry's right as he wiped his blonde mustache.

Jeff changed the course, and the conversation was directed to a dish of fine strawber-

ries which the hostess served with whipped cream and angel food.

When dinner was over Guyndine excused herself on the plea of an engagement, and soon it occurred to the Doctor that he also had an engagement.

In the evening as the family seated themselves at the tea table, Guyndine said with a curl of her lip, "What have you done with the too utterly utter, fastidiously fastidious, Dr. Noble ignoble? Mamma, after you fed him angel food did he forget to pray with you? But let me guess; I say he forgot."

"Why, Guyndine Vauce! I am astonished," said Mrs. Spencer. "I thought I had raised you better than this."

"Better than what?"

"That you should apply such epithets to one of my guests, and he a minister too."

Guyndine laughed. "Well, really, mamma, I beg pardon; but you know what a prejudice I have against misnomers. Why did Christ call Herod 'a fox'? Not because he was angry at him and trying to nickname him, but seeing his fox nature he called him by an appropriate name."

"I cannot understand, Guyndine, why you will persist in this unreasonable prejudice. Dr. Noble is pronounced a lovely gentleman by everyone but you."

"Well," said Guyndine, "if I were allowed to choose a name from the zoological cata-

logue which in my opinion would suit Dr. Ignoble—I beg pardon—Noble, I should not choose fox; I would choose skunk.” Harry and the Squire laughed but Mrs. Spencer threw up her hands in horror. “Oh, Guyndine, how vulgar! I felt dreadfully at the way you and Harry cut at him; there is nothing more ill-bred then saying unpleasant things to a guest. A person who will not be polite in his own house is too uncouth to be recognized by cultured people.”

“I did not mean to cut at him,” said Harry, “I was simply trying to keep up my end of the argument. I will apologize if I said anything wrong.”

“If Harry said a word out of the way, I didn’t hear it,” said Guyndine, “and what I said he forced out of me. What else could I have said truthfully?”

“You could have said his sermon contained some fine thoughts,” said Mrs. Spencer.

“Yes, I presume I could. But when I feed that fellow taffy it will be just before he is translated; the last thing he eats will be my taffy. I make it a point to never give sweets to a paltry elf, who prates about that thing, himself, and the consequence is I can say with Shakespeare, ‘I now feel within me a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience.’ If I had spoken the whole truth I would have said that although I had

heard him preach a dozen times, or more, in my opinion there was not one original thought in any of his sermons. I know it is not nice to criticise one's guests, nor anyone else for that matter, but I must say again with Shakespeare, 'I would rather be a kitten and cry mew,' than such a preacher, and I think it would have about as much good effect. Mamma, I simply loathe him and I wish you would not invite him here. I will never go to hear him preach again. Anything for me but a farce in the pulpit. If I attend a low-style comedy I prefer it on a week night in the opera house. I never object to a repetition of the pronoun "I" in a farce, but when it figures more conspicuously in a sermon than the name of Christ, it is disgusting. If you believe Christ is divine, keep Him on a high pedestal; if He is a fraud, put your feet on Him, the quicker the better."

"Guyndine, you are a regular little spit-fire," said the Squire, laughing. "My, but won't you make some fellow walk a chalk line!"

"She is not only a spit-fire, but she is so strong in her prejudices," lamented Mrs. Spencer. "It is impossible to do a thing with her when she gets her mind made up; but she comes by it honestly, she gets it from the Vauces."

"I must differ with you, mamma," said Harry. "What you call prejudice is fine in-

tuitive perception, a gift of the gods; and one of Guyndine's finest traits of character is her strong will. I admire it. I am disgusted with that wishy-washy class of people who never know what they think nor what they intend to do, and are led by every wind of doctrine. If Guyndine ever becomes a Christian, she will make a grand woman."

With a grateful glance at Harry. Guyndine said: "I know I am full of faults but disloyalty is not one of them. If ever I do take Christ for my friend I will not throw Him in the dust and use Him for a stepping stone; no wonder infidelity abounds."

"I think," observed Harry, with a quiet smile, "the Reverend Doctor has found an attraction which will bring him to Spencer Place quite often." Guyndine flashed him a look of surprise, and they all laughed.

"If he returns after the lashing he got here today," said Mrs. Spencer, "We will give him credit for courage at least."

"It is my opinion," ventured the Squire, looking at Guyndine with a peculiar smile, "that he is valiant enough to return, and he has my consent to repeat his visits *ad libitum*."

"If this conversation interests you people, you have my consent to continue it ad

libitum," said Guyndine, sweeping out of the room with a look of supreme disgust, amid a general outburst of laughter. She did not return to finish her tea, till she heard the family leave the dining-room. Harry was there, and with a reproachful glance at him she silently took her seat at the table.

With an amused smile he said: "Forgive me, sister, I did not mean to offend you."

"I would not care, Harry, if you had not said it before the rest, but you know how they are. They never would have thought of such a thing if you had kept still."

"I believe any other girl in town would have felt complimented; and, sister, I feel it my duty to reprove you. I was surprised when you called him that vulgar name; it is sacrilege to speak so of a minister, besides being coarse."

"Oh, Harry! you know what my impulsive tongue is always doing. I did not mean to say it; it was out before I thought. I felt my face flush scarlet, but mamma is forever singing his praises which always makes a little demon rise and dance on the end of my tongue. When I say those cutting things they are not premeditated, and afterwards I regret very much having given utterance to them. And, Harry, sometimes I imagine

there is a nest of those little demons down deep somewhere and their name is legion, and at times they hold high revel and then I am helpless and liable to say and do almost anything. I never can make mamma understand it. She always says: 'Oh, you are an enigma to me. You are a Vauce.' "

Harry felt impelled to laugh as he looked into Guyndine's doleful face. He bit his lip, and his sympathy for her helped him to overcome the impulse.

"You are the most extraordinary compound of humors and fancies ever packed into a human anatomy," said he, "but I think I understand you and I know a way by which you may rid yourself of those little demons."

"How? By taking Magdalene's remedy?"

"Yes."

"Well, I cannot take it; in all the complexity of my nature there is not found the requisite ingredient to make that remedy effective; although my life be embittered by the frustration of its dearest hopes, I cannot take it. I just cannot have faith and that's all there is about it. But all endurance seems easy rather than a state of mind in which I must admit that I am a slave to that which is of the earth earthy." She was in one of

her most wretched moods of conscious helplessness. She felt an instinctive shrinking from an indefinable force within her, too strong for her control. She was penetrated with a longing desire to place her foot upon her carnal nature and by virtue of her own strong will mount to fellowship with the Divine. She hated herself when she discovered anything unrefined in her nature.

CHAPTER III.

“Why bowest thou, O soul of mine!
Crushed by ancestral sin?
Thou hast a noble heritage
Which bids thee victory win.
The tainted past may bring forth flower
As blossomed Aaron's rod;
No legacy of sin annuls
Hereditv from God.”

“Aunt Roe, come quick! quick!” It was Guyndine's voice and she was evidently frightened.

“Laws a massy! What de mattah, honey?”

“Where's the camphor?”

“I don' know, honey, less it on de kitchen she'f.”

“Get it quick and bring it to the parlor.”

“Blessed goodness, I wonder if ole Roe's 'zentments done come true? I'se been a feelin' like summat gwine to happen, an' las' night I hearn a dog a howlin' an' a howlin', an' dis mawnin' I shuah put on my stockin' on my right foot wrong side outards; I bleaves somebody shuah nuff done died.” Aunt Roe, puffing and blowing, camphor in hand and eyes ready to pop out, hastens to the parlor as rapidly as it was possible for

her to move her two hundred pounds avoirdupois. She found Harry and Guyndine chafing the hands and Mrs. Spencer bathing the head of a boy about Guyndine's age, who was reclining in an easy chair with head thrown back and face which looked as if all the blood in his body had surged into it. His eyes stared vacantly and he kept swallowing and working his lips as if choking.

"The camphor, quick, Aunt Roe! I believe poor Willie is dying."

"Oh! is is Mistah Willie? No'm, he's not dyin', Miss Gwynn, he's not dyin'. I'se seen Mistah Willie hab dem spells when he wahn't no longer dan dat." (Indicating the length on her arm.) "But how you all did skeer me! I'se shakin' like ole quaken asp an' sweatin' like shuah nuff nigger at a big meetin'." Aunt Roe stood looking at Willie for a few moments. "Poor chile, de doctor say dar aint no cure for dem spells, it some kind 'zease he's born wid. I done forgot de name."

Mrs. Spencer shook her head at Aunt Roe as the boy opened his eyes and looked about him in a dazed way.

"Are you better now, Willie?" asked Mrs. Spencer.

"I am better, thank you." After a few minutes he rose to his feet.

"You had better not go yet for awhile, Wil-

lie, or if you must go, Harry can go with you."

"You are very kind but I can go alone. I am all right." With an embarrassed air he bowed himself out. "Oh, my God!" said he, as he left the house, "must I continue to live and endure this! Were it not for the fear of incurring Thy displeasure, I would go straight to the river and with one plunge end it. With this curse weighing me down there is nothing in life for me, absolutely nothing. God must be a strange being that He would place within me high ideals and noble aspirations, and with such a curse make it impossible for me to attain them. I wonder why it is." He looked up into the clear blue sky. "I love Thee, Father, but I cannot understand Thee."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Guyndine as Willie Dobson left the house. "It is epilepsy."

"It surely cannot be," said Mrs. Spencer. "As intimate as we have always been with the Dobsons, we would have seen or heard something about it before this."

"I have known it for years," said Harry, "but I never spoke of it."

"Now we must follow Harry's example," said Mrs. Spencer. "Roe, you must not speak of this."

"No'm; you know. Miss Spencer, I wouldn't tell nothin' on de Dobsons when

I'se born a Dobson long fo' de wah. Dems my white folks; I neber tells nothin' on my white folks. No niggah eber had a bettah massa den ole Massa George, Mistah Willie's grandpa. But I'se always been mad wid Mistah Willie's fadder, cause he marry a yankee. She never had a lick ob sense. She was all de time mournin' an' grievin' cause she say, Mistah Sam didn't care nothin' 'bout her."

"Roe!" said Mrs. Spencer severely, "I am astonished that you will speak of your white folks in this disrespectful manner."

"Mrs. Spencer, I'se not talkin' 'bout my white folk; she's none of my white folks; my white folks all quality an' she nothin' but a yankee."

When Aunt Roe said she would tell nothing on the Dobsons, she spoke truly. She had given her version, but there was another side to the story. Samuel Dobson had married a wealthy and cultured New York woman with a frail, nervous constitution, somewhat exacting and inclined to be jealous. He was of the nervous lymphatic temperament, exceedingly fickle and fond of women. He worshiped at her shrine just long enough to marry her, when he found a new attraction. By some mistake a letter which was intended for him fell into his wife's hands, disclosing his secret. For months she was in a frenzy, and when her son breathed his first breath

her crushed spirit fluttered out upon the breezes of eternity, leaving him motherless and afflicted with that dread disease, epilepsy. It was a mystery to the family; as far back as the oldest member of either family had any knowledge there had been no hereditary disease. It soon developed that he was a musician, with an exceedingly refined and sensitive nature, and his affliction was a continual source of torture to him. He and Harry were close friends and through Harry's influence he had become a Christian, but Harry had never heard him refer to his affliction.

One day soon after our introduction to Willie he said: "Harry, if God is an impartial father and loves all His children alike, why is it that some are forced into this world maimed and afflicted? while others are ushered into life under such favorable auspices?"

"God is not responsible for it," said Harry.

"How can that be?"

"God does not make deformity not intend it."

"Who then is responsible for this nervous disease which has cursed me from my birth and will curse me to my grave?"

"Your progenitors alone. Sin caused it and faith can remove it."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I mean that the Bible teaches divine heal-

ing. There are thousands of people in the world today who believe and live by it."

"Then why do not the churches practice it?"

"Mr. Wesley said 'The Church has fallen through unbelief,' " said Harry.

"In what part of the Bible may I find this doctrine?"

"All through it. If you wish to make a close study of the doctrine, I would advise that you first satisfy yourself that God does not intend His faithful children should be sick; you will learn this in Exodus 15:26, Psalms 103:3, and Matthew 8:17. That sickness is the result of sin you will find in Deuteronomy 28:22, 27, 28, and John 5:14. That miracles of healing continued after Christ's ascension under the dispensation in which we live, you will find in Acts 9:6, 7, Acts 5:12-16, Acts 8:7, and Acts 28:8, 9; and that God's plan for His people who are sick is faith in Him alone, Mark 15:18; Mark 9:23; James 5:14, 15."

Harry's words left a deep impression on Willie's mind. For days he pored over the Bible. On the 22d of June, the nineteenth anniversary of his birth, Willie rose just as the sun began to flush the horizon. He pushed the window curtain aside and threw up the sash. Out of the eastern sky streamed a flood of splendor. "Ah! I am just in time. Aurora's rosy fingers are spreading down

the royal colors in the pathway of the king of day. See him raise his majestic head to look once again over his undisputed dominion. How magnificent! The world never looked so beautiful to me before, because hope was never so strong within me. How picturesque the avenue of maples with its Gothic arch and the blue vista beyond, with just a glimpse of the pond which the bright-robed king is fast converting into a mass of glittering diamonds. Gems of earth, thou art wondrous fair. Life, thou art very sweet. The road winding down to the city, the misty hills in the distance which I used to think were the delectable mountains grandma read to me about. I know now by experience what the 'delectable mountains' are. I stand upon their crest, the golden clouds at my feet, shining skies above my head and Uriah's flame sweeping through my soul."

He knelt by the window and entered deeper into the "secret of God's pavilion," till his face shone with his spirit's exaltation. After breakfast he went in search of Harry whom he found at home.

"Hello! old boy, how are you?" asked Harry, as they threw themselves on the grass in the shade.

"I am the happiest boy alive, Harry."

"How so?"

"I have been studying divine healing. I am convinced, and before the hour of mid-

night tolls from yonder tower, I am going to be healed." Harry silently extended his hand. "But who will do the anointing? The Bible says, 'Call the elders of the church.' "

"I know a superannuated minister in the south part of town who will do it," said Harry, "but he will recommend a day of fasting and prayer first, and all unkindness must be out of your heart."

"There is nothing but love in my heart," said Willie, "and I will fast today. I came over to ask you and Miss Guyndine to go with me tonight. Do you think she would go?"

"Yes, I am quite sure she will if you request it."

Eight o'clock that evening found them seated in the little parlor of the superannuated minister, Rev. Brown. He was a finely built man about sixty years old, with clear, regular features and smooth shaven face. His hair was silvered, rather long, and combed straight back from his broad forehead. His eyes were mild and there was a look of calmness and power upon his face. His mind was a "living fountain stamped with nature's seal" to do Jehovah's work, and "he taught truths as refined as ever Athens heard."

Years afterward in describing what transpired that night Guyndine said: "I can never forget the scene. In the center stood the grand silver-haired saint. Willie, with

clapsed hands and face shining like an angel's, knelt at his feet. Kneeling beside him with one arm linked through his and a face which looked almost Christ-like in its sweetness, was Harry, beautiful Harry, who might have passed for a kneeling Apollo, and was as perfect in form and feature as the celebrated statue in the Vatican at Rome. On the other side of the preacher, upon her knees with clapsed hands and face turned heavenward, was his sweet wife. The tender face of the full moon looked down through the open window, and threw her silvery veil over the picture; and floating in on the summer air came the magnolia's breath, mingled with the rippling notes of the mocking-bird. Add to this the low-keyed deep-toned voice of the man of God. "Oh, Thou that holdest in Thy spacious hand the destinies of men; Thou whose wisdom sways the universe, whose love and pity passeth that of woman; Spirit, whose all sustaining presence fills boundless space, Maker, Preserver, Redeemer; Thou knowest what our wants require, and why we are bowed before Thee, and as Moses of old pled for the healing of Miriam, as Hezekiah prayed for his restoration from sickness, we now plead for the healing of this Thy servant, in the name of Him who Himself took our infirmities, and bore our sickness, in the name of Him who said, 'These signs shall follow them that believe, in my name. * * * * They

shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.' Lord, we believe, and we know by past experience that when we have met Thy requirements, we are not allowed to lie in the dust with prayers unanswered; and, in obedience to the divine command, we anoint this afflicted one in the name of the Great Physician, Jesus of Nazareth. And now, Willie, as thou dost trust God, so will healing come to thy afflicted body, and may the blessings of Almighty God, the divine author of our faith, rest upon and abide with thee, now and evermore. Amen.'

"All were silent; the beautiful tableau remained as motionless as if carved in marble. Again was heard the soft twittering of the mocking-bird, and the mangolia tree, as if in benediction, shed a fresh shower of perfume upon the air. But hark! the low, sweet voice of Willie is heard. 'Father of mercy, my whole being is filled with ecstatic joy. I know I am healed. My soul o'erfraught with delight, has no words to express my gratitude; language utterly fails. Behold my heart.'

"I stood with bated breath and watched this scene, one of the most impressive I ever witnessed. I was filled with awe; to the innermost recesses of my being, I was thrilled with a sense of an unseen presence. I seemed to hear it whispered on the evening breeze, 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' I was deeply

convicted of sin, my unbelief was forever gone. My soul seemed to cry out 'Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me.' I sank upon my knees, and for the first time in my life I realized that Christ was something more than a myth, and that I stood face to face with His crucified form. I felt the touch of divine fingers sweeping my spirit's lyre, and a peace which passeth all understanding took possession of my soul. This event marked a new epoch in my life; from that hour I was a changed being; I could now hand in hand with Harry and Willie traverse paths and explore labyrinths which before were all unknown to me, and my soul vied with Willie's in its ecstatic joy."

CHAPTER IV.

“Each life imparts one lesson, each supplies one priceless secret that it holds within. In your own heart—there alone—stands the prize.”

It was a Sunday morning in July; one of the mornings when it was unsafe to cross the Squire's pathway. His evil genius invariably made its advent on the first day of the week. The Squire had had a bad night of it; he was all out of sorts. The heat was intense. Throughout the entire night the mosquitoes had held a concert and high carnival in his room in which they served lunch at intervals at his expense; the intervals were so close together and the Squire was kept so busy helping to entertain his guests, that morning found him all worn out. The bite of a mosquito was very poisonous to him, and on this morning he had the appearance of having just emerged from a hornets' nest. He was literally covered with hard red blotches, his eyes were blood-shot, his nose was twice its natural size, one eye was swollen almost shut. One of his guests had evidently been sipping

the necter from his upper lip, and had left upon it a sign of her appreciation of his sweetness about the size of a hazelnut, which made one corner turn up, giving it the expression of a vicious dog when he is ready to snap; while the opposite corner of his mouth had a forlorn droop. Viewing him from the side of the swollen eye, one was led to feel that condolence was in order, and to wonder which one of his family had died during the night; but passing round to the other side the aspect was altogether changed, and so diabolical was the expression which the curled upper lip and red nose gave to that side of his face you felt at once that he did not deserve your sympathy and had probably spent the night in some down town place where he had gotten the worst of it. If he had taken his wife's advice and not persisted in keeping a light in his room for hours before retiring he would have escaped all this, but he had rather fight mosquitoes than take her advice. He might have his weaknesses but they did not consist in taking a woman's advice, especially this woman's. A woman's advice was well enough sometimes, but the trouble was if you began to take it, she would expect you to continue, and it would be a question of but a short time till, like Xantippe, she would run you under the bed with

the broom, and not allow you to come out till, like Socrates Snooks, you said, "May we put on our Sunday breeches?"

The Squire took a tour of inspection around the place every Sunday morning. Aunt Roe said, "Dat am de mawnin' he hab de ole boy in him as big as a hoss; it am his mawnin' to come prowlin' roun' de kitchen, pokin' his nose in de slop, an' whahevah he nevah hab no business, tellin' me I trows out mo' in de slop den ten niggers could tote in a bushel basket. He know I nebah does nothin' de sort, he jes' tryin' to hectah. I gits mighty tired ob it. I wishes he'd git de reflamitary rheumatis so bad he couldn't git his ole feet to de floah, deed I does."

His evil genius, besides always making his advent on the first day of the week, was an early riser, and this July morning he was astir earlier than usual. The good bye kisses of his departing guests proved too much for his emotional nature. With a demoniac yell "Fury and blue blazes!" he lit on the floor just as day was breaking; he ground his teeth in rage and sat down to wait for daylight. He entertained himself the while by viciously clutching at the air and slapping himself right and left. As soon as it was light he stood before the mirror viewing his disfigured visage. There was an ominous scowl on his face which grew darker as he gazed. He had quite forgotten that he professed to be a

Christian, and his evil genius was whispering all sorts of aggravating things in his ear. "Confound the blamed things, I'm afire all over." He crossed the hall to his wife's room and made it a point to make as much noise as possible. She suddenly opened her eyes and gave a frightened little shriek as she saw a hideous face looking down upon her.

"What's the matter with you?" snapped the Squire with a look of disgust. She raised on her elbow, looked at him for a moment, and fell back convulsed with laughter.

"Will you answer me?" yelled he at the top of his voice, "what ails you?"

"Look in the glass, and don't ask me," gasped she, almost smothering with laughter. "I never saw such a fright on earth; if you don't leave the room I shall die."

"Good heavens! Fanny, are you a fool? Must I be devoured by those imps of darkness and then be a laughing stock for my family?" He stalked out of the room knocking a chair over as he went and slammed the door behind him. Hatless and coatless, scowling and growling he went the rounds, declaring that no man ever had a more destructive family; everything was going to rack, the servants were a pack of driveling idiots, not worth powder to blow them up, and if he had not sprung from a family of natural-born financiers he would have been bankrupt long ago. He pitched his voice

high for his wife's benefit, which had the desired effect and acted upon her nerves like an electric shock, bringing her out of bed and into her dressing gown and slippers in a trice.

"I wants to be a angel, an' wid de angels stan',
A crown upon my fo'head, a harp widin my
han'."

Aunt Roe sang at the top of her voice to keep from hearing what the Squire was saying.

"An' thah, befo' my—"

"Roe!" yelled the Squire, "you ill-mannerly coon, stop that clatter when I am talking."

Looking up she caught sight of his disfigured visage, made doubly hideous by his ill temper. It was well for her that he did not see the broad grin that spread over her sable features. "Lawsey, I wonder who done hit him! I'se mighty glad, he-he-he-he."

After having kindled a spark of satan in the breast of each of the servants, he hissed the cat, scolded the dog, and wended his way back up the stairs. After fumbling awhile in his room, he splashed for a few minutes in the bath-tub, after which he entered his wife's room; going to the dressing case he began to pull things out and search through the drawers.

"Don't tumble things up so in that drawer, Mr. Spencer. What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for a pair of socks that

haven't holes in the heels as big as my head," snapped he. "If I had a wife to look after—"

"There are your socks on the back of that chair where I hung them to air." He looked crestfallen and disappointed, and as he could think of no remark which would just suit the occasion, he was seized with a fit of coughing—and such a cough—it was a reserve force which he always brought into requisition under trying circumstances; it was his own peculiar invention, and there was never another like it. It was as harsh, nerve-splitting, and confusing as the braying of a mule or the rasping of a buzz saw, and he had never been known to get through the exercise in less than three minutes.

Mrs. Spencer's patience was worn threadbare and that cough was the finishing straw. "I wish, Mr. Spencer, you could get along one Sunday morning without a tantrum; I dread to see Sunday morning come. And to think a man with common sense, to say nothing of one who professes to be a gentleman, will get upon the house-top and proclaim to the neighbors the faults of his family. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"What do I care who knows what kind of a family I have? Its no worse for the neighbors to know it than for me to know it."

"Your family is a credit to you and you

know it, and, Mr. Spencer, they are a thousand times better than you deserve."

"Oh! I know, Fanny, I don't deserve anything to let you tell it, nothing but to be hen-pecked, and, madam, that is something you can't do with a Spencer. You have tried it often enough; you ought to know by this time that it won't work."

"How far back did the Spencers take delight in disgracing their wives and children," retorted Mrs. Spencer. "A man who is brute enough to do such a thing is not worthy the name of man. It is a foul bird that will soil its own nest."

"Fanny, do you dare to call me a brute or foul bird? Do you know who you are talking to?"

"Oh, yes, its only a snob." Turning she got a full view of his face and burst into a laugh.

This was more than human nature could endure; he became white with fury. "If I am a snob, take that." He slapped her in the face, rushed out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

Next to Squire Spencer's inordinate pride that he was a Spencer was his pride of his wife and children. He was an affectionate husband and father, and provided luxuries with lavish hand. He was never known to strike one of his servants except for impudence, and when in his fits of fury he kicked

the cat, he grieved over it in secret. The neighbors understood perfectly well that the Squire was proud of his family. He was looked upon as a good husband, though fractious, and one who required to be dealt with carefully. He would not for worlds have anyone outside of his own family hear him say anything detrimental of them; his grounds were large and there was little danger of being overheard if he did talk in a high key, and while he loved his wife she aggravated him, and he took delight in teasing her.

Mrs. Spencer possessed neither tact nor fine perception, and her husband was at times as great an enigma to her as was her daughter.

Guyndine's room joined her mother's and she had been an unwilling listener to what had just transpired, which was a repetition of what she had heard many times. These scenes were so revolting to her that each time she felt she could never endure another. When she descended to breakfast there was a deep flush on her face and a determined look in her eyes. She held in her hand an envelope addressed to "Judge A. J. Kahree, Hotel Grande."

"Aunt Roe, give this to Jeff and tell him to deliver it at once. Mamma will not be down to breakfast, she is not feeling well."

There was no one at the table but Harry

and the twins, Bob and Zoe. The Squire had gone to the hotel for breakfast. Guyndine and Harry ate in silence; both felt depressed. They exchanged glances of sympathy, each felt sorry for the other, and both were sorry for the twins; but here silence was golden; it was a subject they could not discuss without admitting the faults of their parents and they were too refined for that.

After breakfast Guyndine went to the parlor. Harry's eyes followed her as she left the room; the expression in her face made him uneasy.

CHAPTER V.

Guyndine's carriage was superb, her close-fitting white dress was the perfection of art and simplicity. Her bright auburn hair was combed high and the soft fluffy coil was held in place by a white jeweled comb of rare workmanship. She wore no other ornament save a bunch of sweet violets.

Soon after she entered the parlor Judge A. J. Kahree was ushered in. "You see I am prompt," said he. "It is one of my characteristics; but if it were not I should have come promptly this time."

Three months ago he had stood in this room and made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune, which to his surprise, she kindly though firmly refused, telling him she did not love him. To say he was surprised does not express it; he was amazed. He had long ago made up his mind that no woman could resist him. He was a man of distinguished figure, with dark hair and eyes and dressed with exquisite elegance. He had a pleasant voice and quiet manner; he was a leader among men and accustomed to move in the most refined society. He was aware that he

was considered a great catch, and while he had flirted for years and broken the hearts of a score of women, this was his first offer of marriage. This girl was a mere child and he an experienced man of the world. Years ago he had looked upon women as somewhat mysterious, but of late years he had come to look upon them as transparent, possessing little variety. Was it possible he had found a new specimen? He was interested, and began to study her, with a view to classifying her. He soon discovered that she possessed a strong character, was womanly, and he saw that in her, which told him her fidelity would be "changeless as the green on the ivy leaf," constant as the stars, and he had rather possess the love of such a woman than be crowned the most imperial of monarchs.

Guyndine was one of those persons who possess that invincible magnetic power which draws every living thing to herself. Her eyes held that wistful, pathetic, appealing gaze, sometimes seen in the eyes of dumb animals, which moves our tenderest emotions of pity.

Judge Kahree did not realize the depth of the admiration which was stirring his soul till she assured him that the embracing tendrils of her heart refused to clasp his proffered love. Then it was that an insatiable longing to possess her filled him. To

be thwarted was a new experience. Heretofore, his wealth had made it possible for him to indulge every whim and now that his wealth possessed no persuasive power and he saw that mercenary motives had no place in her bosom, his love rose to fever heat. The past three months had been a period of unrest.

Guyndine's note to him was as follows:

Spencer Place, July 10, 18——.

Judge Kahree:—Will you kindly call at Spencer Place at your earliest convenience. I have something to say which I cannot write.

Guyndine Vauce.

When the Judge read the note, his heart beat high with hope. What else could she have to say? He lost no time, but, calling a cab, was soon standing in her presence.

As he entered the room she rose. He advanced and extended his hand. As she placed her soft fingers in his open palm, a peculiar thrill swept through every nerve of his being. He would fain have held it and enjoyed for a moment the new sensation, but she at once drew it away. His eyes swept her face with a quick, searching glance and the wings of hope mounted higher. With averted eyes and the color fluctuating in her face, she motioned him to a chair and seated herself by the open window. In expectant suspense, with his eyes riveted on her face, he sat waiting for her to speak.

She was evidently laboring under great embarrassment. He observed the lips part as if to speak, quiver, and close again without uttering a sound. After what seemed an age, with a shy, half frightened glance toward him, she said: "Will you kindly excuse me from telling you why I sent for you? It was one of my impulsive acts, and I am sorry I did it. I wish I did not have this impulsive nature; it so often leads me astray."

His heart sank like lead. "No, Miss Guyndine, I will do nothing of the kind; I insist on knowing why you sent for me." Again she was silent and again she flashed him a half frightened glance; in that quick glance she read in his face an expression which surprised and aroused her sympathy.

"Well, I am waiting," said the Judge. She covered her face with her hands. "Miss Guyndine, I cannot understand this; tell me, what does it mean?" After a moment she raised her head and drawing a long breath said pleadingly, "I cannot tell you; excuse me, I beg."

"Miss Vauce, I cannot excuse you, let me repeat, I insist on knowing what that note meant."

"Then answer me this," said she. "Has your mind undergone any material change since—in the last—three months regarding myself?"

"Yes, one cannot live three months un-

changed." She flashed him a quick glance and her face colored. He continued: "My love for you has had many links of strength added to it within three months. I realize more and more that life without you will be a dreary waste. Love to a man of my temperament and experience means something. I came here this morning full of hope that you had reconsidered, and that possibly you could love me after all. Am I again doomed to disappointment?"

There was another pause in which her fingers nervously toyed with the handkerchief in her lap. "I fear I have acted unwisely," said she, "I sent for you while under a high tension of excitement. I do not know how to express what I wish to say."

"Was it because you thought there might be hope that you could love me?"

"I do not know that there is, but I thought by longer association with you, if you would give me time, perhaps—"

"You might learn to do so; is that it?" She silently bowed assent. "Miss Guyndine, I do not ask to know the reason for this change in you. I have implicit confidence in your integrity and I will prove it by asking no questions, and you shall have all the time you require. This is a renewal of a cherished hope which even now I scarcely dare to entertain after the long, cold silence of the last three months and your words have fallen

into sorrow's cup like precious pearls, shedding a radiance of hope in my heart—so slender 'tis true, that I am reminded of Wordsworth's lines:

Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass.
Or a spider's web adorning,
In some straight and treacherous pass.

Although I am nearly thirty-five years old and have been closely associated with women from my boyhood, you are the only woman who has ever touched my heart. There are few men perhaps who can say this; most men have experiences along this line quite early in life, and they are expected at my age to have outlived this tender emotion, but with me years and experience adds to its strength, and though my cup of love has abounded with gall rather than honey, it has lifted me into a purer atmosphere; A young girl, sheltered as you have been, cannot perhaps understand how refreshing to a man of the world is a glimpse of artless simplicity and sincerity when embodied in woman; neither do you know of the traps and temptations which, even in what is termed the best society, surround men, nor how hard it is for them to resist."

She started, caught her breath, and leaning forward looked him straight in the eyes.

"But you have not fallen? you are morally pure? you have been true to yourself?"

His eyes fell, and his face flushed scarlet. The question was so unexpected, it found him off guard. Seeing his embarrassment, and realizing her own youth and inexperience, she thought perhaps such a question from so young a girl to a man of his age sounded pert and indelicate. Her face colored and she said, "I beg pardon if this is improper."

"There is no impropriety," said he, clearing his throat which seemed dry and husky; "but if I had been immoral, I would probably be base enough to deny it, so after all it is a matter of simple faith. Will you trust me, Guyndine?"

"Yes, I will believe what you say. If you tell me you have been true, I will not doubt it. I am sure you are not depraved enough to look me in the face and say you are pure when you are not. But, oh, I could never, never love you if—"

During the next few minutes Judge Kahree's mind endured a fiery ordeal. This was one of the severest trials of his life. Truth and love were fighting a mighty battle which no eye but God's could see. He was a man who regarded deliberate falsehood in its true light, whose honor among men was unimpeachable, whose word was seldom doubted. His fine eyes wandered past

her out into the grove. He repressed a rising sigh in time so that she did not notice it. The color slowly faded from his face. After a silence of some minutes his eyes returned to her face in which he saw a look of wonder. With a quick motion and a voice full of pain, he caught both her hands and held them close to his breast. "My darling, there are no 'if's'; will you trust me now and believe that the one aim and object of my life shall be to be worthy of you?" Without waiting for her reply he dropped her hands, and rising, went to the window and stood with his back to her for several minutes. She did not suspect how his soul was stirred within him, but his manner made her fear that she had offended him. When he turned his face was calm but very serious. "Did you say you would trust me?" said he.

"Yes, I will never doubt you now."

After he had left her, Guyndine sat for a long time in deep reverie. "I wonder if I have done wrong? I am afraid I have, but how could I endure this life any longer?" mused she, "and what if I fail to love him? but I must not, I dare not fail now. It would mean something terrible to him, he is deeply in earnest." After sitting for a long time with a far away look in her eyes, she said: "Oh! of course I can love him. First of all he is morally pure, and he stands head and shoulders above ordinary men intellect-

ually. I am sure he is handsome and refined enough to satisfy the most fastidious. How I wish I could tell Harry all about it and get his advice." Another long silence in which there was no sound in the room except the nervous little pat, pat, of her foot upon the floor. "Yes, I can learn to love him, of course I can. I will and that's all there is about it."

She was somewhat exercised over her impulsive, and, as she supposed, improper speech to the Judge. "I am afraid he will think me coarse. He was very much embarrassed and blushed like a girl. Perhaps it was because he thought I doubted his chastity; but I don't; I never thought of such a thing. I am sure I can't imagine whatever made me say that to him; but I didn't mean any harm, and I never could love him if I didn't know he had been true."

Her pure unsuspecting mind conceded virtue to the majority of men; it was the exceptional one who had gone astray, and her mother argued that it was invariably the fault of women.

She rose with a sigh and went to her mother's room. She sat down in a low chair by the window. "Mamma, I came to tell you that I have decided to try to love Judge Kahree. I think I shall succeed; if I do, I shall marry him." Guyndine was one of those straight-forward persons who never ar-

range a preamble nor preface what they have to say. She continued: "I must be a peculiar girl or I should have loved him naturally, for since I have opened my eyes and begun to study him, I cannot see a flaw in him. He has always been attractive to me in a sense, and I cannot imagine why I did not fall in love with him."

Mrs. Spencer looked up from the book she was reading, and the sad expression on her face changed to one of delight. "Oh, I am so glad that you have reconsidered; this is a wise step, my child."

"I am not so sure of its wisdom," said Guyndine. "One reason alone prompts me to take it. Life in this home has become unbearable, and you will not allow me to leave it unmarried. Such a life is not only humiliating but demoralizing. There was a time when it made me feel murderous, like some pent up wild animal and I wanted to throttle something. I have at the midnight hour walked the floor with clenched hands, forced to listen to that which filled my soul with disgust and loathing and before my conversion I was tempted at times to commit suicide."

"Hush, Guyndine, you frighten me; did you ever have such reckless feelings as these?"

"Yes, and I am fighting those very feelings this morning. I feel reckless and a few

more months of this will drive me—I know not where.”

“But, Guyndine, you must not give way to those feelings; it is very wicked. You must control yourself. God will——”

“Mamma, will you kindly leave God out of this? God and the atmosphere of this home are so diametrically opposite in every characteristic that it seems to me a sacrilege even to mention them in the same connection.”

Both were silent for a time; at length Mrs. Spencer said: “Judge Kahree is a gentleman of the highest type. I feel that I can give you into his hands with perfect safety, and his name will do us all honor; I feel very happy over the prospect.”

“You do not seem to feel much concern as to whether I can love him.”

“Oh, that emotion commonly called love is only a sickly sentimentalism. It is neither the result of reason nor common sense, but rather the fantastic day-dream of a frail mind. I have been married twice and I am sure the regard I had for my husbands was all a wife need to feel. That other sentiment you talk about and that poets and madmen rave about is nothing but passion of the lowest order.”

“Oh, mamma! you exasperate me,” and with face ablaze with indignation she left the room, slamming the door behind her. Before she reached the bottom of the stairs she

was sorry, and ashamed of her rudeness. Remembering that her mother was not down to breakfast, she went to the kitchen.

"Aunt Roe, have you taken mamma her breakfast?"

"No'm, she can't nebah eat no breakfas' when she got one her headaches."

"She is feeling better now; fix it and I will take it up."

A few minutes later, bearing a tray on which was a cup of coffee and a dainty breakfast, Guyndine knocked at the door of her mother's room. This was her acknowledgment intended as apologetic of her improper conduct.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Spencer, "you are very kind and thoughtful. I was feeling the need of some nourishment but I did not care to go down for fear the servants would notice my face; it is red and swollen, isn't it?" Guyndine blushed, passed out and closed the door without replying.

"How can mamma bring herself to refer to these things, even to me?" soliloquized Guyndine as she hurried to her room. "To take part in such a scene as that this morning would kill me; oh, it would kill me! Poor mamma, I pity her, but she is as much to blame as he, and she thinks there is love enough there. The servants indeed! and the neighbors! but the children are welcome to know all about it. Oh, if they could but

know how it lessens our respect for them! but the only alternative is to get away from it. It is useless to multiply words over it; I have tried that and all to no purpose." She closed and locked the door of her room, and threw herself upon her knees by the bed. Her flushed face which wore a disconsolate expression rested against the cool counterpane. She felt like one who in desert wilds in midnight gloom, has lost his way, and realizing his failing strength and exhausted resources, turns God-ward. "Oh, Father! all else have failed me; I have come to Thee. If I have made a mistake overrule it for good; and, oh, let me be the only sufferer!"

Only a part of that short prayer was ever answered. It is almost impossible for us to live in this world and suffer alone.

That evening when Harry returned from the afternoon service, he found Guyndine seated on the lawn with a book. He took his seat near her, but she was so deep in her book that she did not seem to notice him. He had his Bible and for a time they both read in silence. At length she raised her head with a look of disgust, "Oh, horrors! how could she?"

"What is it?" queried Harry.

"Oh, it is Lancelot and Guinevere. How I do despise her! How could she turn from such a superb man as Arthur to a vile libertine like Lancelot?" After a moment she

said in an absent-minded way as if talking to herself: "I imagine he looked like Judge Kahree."

"Which one?" asked Harry.

"Oh! Arthur, of course." She turned her head slightly and as she raised her eyes she looked full into the eyes of Judge Kahree who was standing a few feet away, leaning against a tree with face expressive of keen pain.

Guyndine dropped her book and took a step toward him. "You are ill?" said she inquiringly.

"No," replied he, "only a little weary. The heat is enervating and I have taken a longer walk than usual."

He took a seat near Guyndine. After a few minutes Harry rose with a sigh and left them. For some reason neither seemed inclined to talk; twilight shadows gathered and the moon rose throwing her silvery sheen over two silent figures. The silence was broken by Aunt Roe bearing a small round table and a vase of roses, followed by Jeff with a large tray filled with dainties. Aunt Roe placed the table near them, spread a snowy damask and placed the vase of roses in the center and proceeded to surround it with dainties from the tray. First came a plate of sliced boiled ham, a bottle of mustard, a dish of sliced tomatoes, fried potatoes a la Saratoga, a dish of cottage cheese, piled with whipped

cream, preserved damsons, cake, and last but not least, a plate of Aunt Roe's delicious beaten biscuit.

As the servants withdrew they seated themselves at the table in silence. She poured and handed him a glass of iced tea.

"And so," said he, "you admire King Arthur and detest Lancelot. Yet Lancelot was what the world terms a nobleman. But past history shows that neither kings' blood, nor crowns and scepters, make noblemen. It is principle alone that raises men above the brute level. The infidel insists that it is reason; but without impulses from a deeper source, neither reason nor genius can elevate men one iota. We have many examples of some of the finest intellects the world has ever known, who lived beastly lives and died brute deaths, and left the world worse for having lived in it; 'For a man cannot live unto himself, nor die unto himself.' But, my innocent girl, you have little idea of how few 'Arthurs' there are in the world."

"Then I am to be congratulated," said she, "that I have won the regard of a character so rare."

Judge Kahree's face looked very sad and he made no reply. "I am as full of flaws as an unfledged bird is of pin-feathers," said she, "but if anything upon earth could convert me into a veritable Amelia it would be

the love of a man like Arthur. He is my perfect ideal."

Judge Kahree sighed. "What was that?" said she, looking into his face; "a sigh?"

"Yes," replied he with a low laugh. "I am afraid King Arthur holds a sovereignty in your heart which I cannot outrival; unless I institute a 'Round Table' or find a miraculous stone from which I can 'unfix an Excalibar.' It is evident that unless I can successfully personate Arthur I shall fail to win you."

The wistful dark eyes looked into his. "To personate means to counterfeit."

His eyes fell, and his face again grew serious. "Guyndine, do you yet doubt me?"

"Oh, no, not for a moment, but I thought the word personate did not express the exact idea you wished to convey. I beg pardon. Mamma has been trying for years to teach me to think twice before I speak but it seems an impossibility. It is well for me that she did not hear the remark, she would have said, 'Why, Guyndine, I am absolutely horrified that my daughter has no more culture than to call to account one of her guests on his language.'" The Judge laughed, for she imitated her mother exactly.

After this assurance, he was so brilliant that Guyndine wondered she had not sooner

discovered what an irresistible charm he possessed.

As soon as the Judge had gone, Harry sought Guyndine. She was sitting in the moonlight where he had left her. "Guyndine," said he, "every temptation is a benefactor, if we make it a victory."

"Yes, I know it, I know it, Harry."

"Since your conversion," continued Harry, "your character is developing rapidly. I have watched your silent daily battles with self, and have been delighted with the result; but somehow I am afraid that today's temptations have taxed you heavily."

"Oh, Harry! don't talk so or you will break my heart, for I am all unstrung this evening." Her voice trembled and she turned her face away. "The shadows are deep about me tonight."

"Be careful, sister, that you do not take a step in the dark."

Guyndine did not reply. After a momentary silence, she asked: "Do you think that true marriages are foreordained? No, that is not what I want to ask either. Do you think that true love will recognize its mate at first sight and that no other love is genuine or do you think love may be cultivated? that we may grow into it, or force it?"

Harry did not reply at once but stood meditating; at length he said: "Well, really, I don't know. I have not given the subject

much thought. I should think though it would be impossible to force love into an unnatural channel. A person of strong will with a visionary and confiding nature might succeed in working up a spurious sentiment which would pass in their imagination for genuine love; and if nothing ever occurred to break a ripple in the stream all might be well. But why do you ask?" He looked straight into her eyes.

"Oh, I just happened to be thinking along that line," said she with a light laugh. "I am in my twentieth year; it is time I gave the subject some consideration."

There was a long silence which was broken by Harry. "Sister, what are you going to do with Judge Kahree?"

"What am I going to do with him? I don't know that I am obliged to do anything with him. I am not his guardian. If you have doubts about him being capable of taking care of himself, perhaps you had better consult the probate judge." Her tone was light and bantering.

Harry's face wore a look of sadness and deep concern. He stood leaning against a tree nervously twirling his watch chain. There were two little lines on his forehead which were there only when he was troubled or perplexed. He understood Guyndine perfectly. He knew why she had sent for Judge Kahree and what her light, reckless mood

portended. He read in the deep gray eyes the grief which she dare not express even to him.

"Guyndine, are you going to marry Judge Kahree?"

She looked into his face for a moment, and again laughed that peculiar little forced laugh which always grated on his ear. "Well, if you must know, I joined him this morning on probation, and I even went so far as to go into the dust of humiliation and ask him to take me. Now what do you think of that?" said she, with another little ringing laugh.

"Do you mean that you are engaged to Judge Kahree?"

"Perhaps it may amount to that."

"I beg pardon, sister; you know I am not asking these questions from curiosity, but I must ask you one more. Do you love him?"

Guyndine possessed a high sense of honor; she felt that she now owed the Judge an allegiance, and her loyalty would not permit her to disclose even to Harry the state of her mind. She had been prompted by a sense of duty to tell her mother, but she was sorry she had, and had decided to never mention the subject again, except to the Judge. So she evaded the question.

"I am surprised, Harry, to hear you ask such a question, after so often having heard me express myself on the subject of love

and matrimony. I shall never marry any man without love, you may be sure of that. You know with me marriage will be no light thing. I look upon it as a sacrament whose solemnity reaches into eternity, and that it is indissoluble except by an act of God. Do you think I could take such vows lightly?"

"I hope not, sister."

"Harry, you are such a funny, antiquated boy. You make me laugh sometimes, although I owe to you all I am or ever expect to be."

"To God, Guyndine, to God."

"Yes, to God first, for if it had not been for His goodness I should never had you. One day you said to me, 'It is not true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world; the conditions which rule the world are back of the cradle. It is the hand which was plighted in a celestial troth according to the ethics taught by the Bible, that may rock a cradle whose occupant shall rule the world. A perfect child with a mind which may be swayed by precept and example, does not spring into existence in opposition to all law, as did the fabled Minerva from the head of Jove.' This set me to thinking and I began the study of a subject on which I had never before thought, and, Harry, there is no danger now and when you see my hand bestowed

in marriage, bear in mind the recording angel is at work."

"You know, Guyndine," said Harry, "As a rule I am not superstitious, but somehow I now have a foreboding of evil; I cannot tell from whence it comes, or why it is, but my heart sickens within me at the thought of this marriage. It may be because of the knowledge that it will take you out of my life. I do not know how I shall live without you." His voice grew husky, and he looked away.

"You are not going to live without me. If I marry Judge Kahree, you will go and live in our home. You have chosen the law as your profession, and you can read law with him. I will arrange this in due time. It would be a Herculean task for me to be good without your help."

"You must draw your strength from a higher source than me," said Harry.

"Yes, I know, but remember, only a few short weeks ago I was a skeptic and I need earthly props, too. I had so long been watching the faults and failings of poor, weak Christians instead of looking to Christ, the perfect pattern, that I shudder when I think of what might have been the result had not you and Willie been so faithful."

CHAPTER VI.

“To wilful men, the injuries they themselves procure must be their schoolmaster.”

It was a bright evening in September. The Reverend Doctor Noble had just finished brushing his brown locks over the little bald spot on the crown of his head. Putting a few drops of eau de cologne on his blonde mustache and tying an immaculate white tie about his neck, he gave himself an admiring glance in the mirror, took his hat and cane, and sallied forth, turning his face toward Spencer Place. He did not always see Miss Guyndine when he called there, and upon two or three occasions he thought he caught the glimpse of a white dress going out of the back door as he entered the front, but he never suspected it was anyone trying to escape him. He invariably asked for Miss Guyndine, and when search was made and she could nowhere be found, he was deeply disappointed and imagined how she would feel when she learned that she had missed seeing him. Arriving at the gate his heart gave a great leap; under the trees in the

moonlight he caught the glimpse of a white dress, and the outlines of a slender form. She seated herself amid a cluster of vines, and he had her now just where he wanted her. He had never before had an opportunity of speaking to her alone. He could now tell her all that was in his heart.

A few minutes before his arrival at Spencer Place, Mrs. Tompkins, a white-eyed, tow-headed widow, with five white-eyed, tow-headed children, who occupied a pew in his church, arrived with a bundle of sewing she had been doing for Mrs. Spencer. After having delivered it as she started to return she was attracted to the pleasant seat under the trees. The seat was so surrounded by overhanging vines that even on a bright night it was deep twilight there. She was seating herself for a few moments' rest when she saw the Reverend Doctor approaching. Her heart gave a wild leap. "He must have seen me coming here and followed me; he could have been but a short distance behind me. If he comes to this seat I shall know that he followed me. Oh, joy! he is coming." She was so in the shadow that he could get but an indistinct outline of her face, but he was sure it was Guyndine, for he had watched her cross the lawn and he thought he knew the form. Hastening forward with heart beating like a bass drum, he stood before her. Mrs.

Tompkins' heart fluttered like a sparrow in a gopher trap.

With a profound bow, he said: "I cannot express my delight at finding you here. My heart almost leaped from my bosom as I watched the flutter of your white dress in the moonlight, for I realized the long-sought for opportunity had at last arrived when I may gratify the impatient wish that cannot know repose until I have told you my love and heard my answer from your lips." Taking a seat beside her he took her hand in his.

Mrs. Tompkins was about to collapse. She sat with her mouth open gasping for breath; she was completely overcome with the overwhelming intensity of the Doctor's affection for her; she was being literally smothered with it. She had long admired the Reverend Doctor, but she had little hope of her feeling being reciprocated, and now that the knowledge had come upon her so suddenly and unexpectedly, it was overpowering; and as she caught a whiff of perfume from his mustache, and realized the intensity of his sweetness, her breath almost stopped and she rested her head lovingly against his shoulder which did not surprise him at all.

He began by telling her how tenderly he had loved his Martha, and what a devoted husband he had been to her,—the Doctor's wisdom was not confined to theology alone—and how he missed her; of his lonely life

and how he yearned for companionship that close companionship which sweetens all suffering and makes men content even with poverty. He reminded her of that Sunday evening at the church, the first time he had ever looked into her eyes; he told her there was something in their gray depths that thrilled him through; that from that hour he was conscious that he never before knew what possibilities love possessed. He paused; she was silent, but she still continued to lean against him, which enhanced his ardor. He put his arm about her and drew her closer to him, and quoted Roe's lines:

"Can I behold thee and not speak my love?
E'en now, sadly as I stand before thee,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn."

To this he added Young's:

"Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Dost thou not circulate through my veins,
Mingle with my life, and form my very soul?"

And he finished with Shakespeare:

"O, my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calmness,
May the winds blow 'till they have wakened
death."

"And now, darling, all that remains to make my bliss complete is to hear you say you love me." He heard the soft "yes" and was satisfied. He was a little surprised at Guyndine's tameness, and yet when he stopped to consider the overmastering reve-

lation he had just made, he could not expect anything else.

The Reverend Doctor was accustomed to reasoning from hypothetical standpoints, and without arrogating to himself more than he felt was his just due, he called himself a sound reasoner. He reasoned now as usual. It would require time for her to recover her equanimity after the momentous disclosure he had just made. It would be considered an event in almost any woman's life, and it was quite enough to make almost any of them lose their equilibrium. He was in no particular hurry; he was enjoying himself, and could wait; so he took from her lips sip after sip of the most delicious nectarial dew. The Reverend Doctor was in man's paradise—"A full stomach, love and dotage."

Mrs. Tompkins felt that the bliss of this hour would repay her for all the suffering she had ever known. How very sweet he was! She did not know a man could smell so much like a fragrant flower. Her dear departed and late lamented had kept a livery stable; he was a good man and she had loved him dearly, but he was not fragrant like this.

At last the Doctor said: "Now, darling, let us go in and tell Brother and Sister Spencer."

They rose and as she stepped out of the shadow into the moonlight, he fell back into

the seat gasping: "Great Caesar! What do I see? What have I done?"

He trembled and his voice sounded husky. She clung to him, and with a terrified glance behind her, whispered: "What do you see? Is it a ghost? Is it Martha?" With a groan he pushed her away. She rent the air with an unearthly shriek and started toward the house. Before she had gone half the distance, she was met by Judge Kahree, the Squire, Harry, Mrs. Spencer, Guyndine and a half dozen negroes from the kitchen, who all cried in a breath, "What on earth is the matter, Mrs. Tompkins?" Breathless and speechless with terror, she pointed to the form of what they supposed to be a tramp, and all took it for granted that he had perpetrated some outrage upon her. Judge Kahree being the first to reach him, took him by the collar and brought him up with a jerk, just in time for the Squire to give him a tremendous kick. It was characteristic of the Squire to kick before he looked; he never did anything deliberately.

"You scoundrel!" said the Squire, "what are you doing here? I'll teach you to come into my grounds and insult a lady!" With another kick he landed him out into the moonlight. Although the Squire was small and the Doctor large, there was force enough in one of his kicks to make the Doctor bounce like a rubber ball. His silk hat fell off and

went spinning down the walk, and he, more dead than alive, fairly paralyzed with what he had just endured, and the mortification of facing this particular crowd under such circumstances made the Reverend Doctor look like a whipped cur. He stood there panting for breath, twitching with pain, and wishing in his heart that driveling simpleton, Mrs. Tompkins, could have received one of the Squire's kicks; he would willingly have taken one to have seen her receive the other; but after having raised such a rumpus to have her go scot free was too much.

"Je—rusalem, Dr. Noble, is it possible this is you?" gasped the Squire. "What does this mean?" whereupon he was seized with one of his rasping, nerve-splitting coughs, which for once was a blessing, for it gave the Doctor time to reflect, and decide upon what he should say.

Before he had time to open his mouth, Mrs. Tompkins rushed back upon the scene and, throwing her arms about the Doctor, shrieked, "Oh, what have you done! He did not insult me; he is my bethrothed husband, the dearest one on earth to me. Squire Spencer, you must be crazy. Oh, what shall I do! I think you have about killed him."

The Doctor shook her off with such force that she fell back against Judge Kahree with

a thud; a vehement expression escaped the Doctor's lips, which might have been "blamed fool" but it had a suspicious sound of something stronger. He brushed the disheveled hair from his face, turned a variety of colors, ran his front finger between his collar and his throat as if trying to get more air, cleared his throat and stammered, "I—I—ah—mistook Mrs. Tompkins—ah—for another person, and she becoming frightened, made an outcry which caused this commotion."

Every one there understood who the other person was, and there was a titter among the negroes, which afterward met with a severe reprimand from Mrs. Spencer. But the Doctor's agony of soul was too great for him to notice negro monkey shines, so Mrs. Spencer need not have worried.

Judge Kahree stepped forward and picked up the Doctor's hat, carefully wiping the dust from it with his handkerchief; bowing in his easy, graceful manner, he presented it. "I am truly sorry, sir, for the part I have taken in this unfortunate affair. It has been a mistake all around, which we shall none of us ever cease to regret."

The Doctor assured him that he was aware it was a mistake, consequently there was nothing to pardon. Wondering who he could be and what business he had at Spencer Place.

"Excuse me," said the Squire, "Judge, this

is our friend and beloved pastor, the Reverend Doctor Noble. My friend, Judge Kahree, Doctor. I am so upset by this affair that I scarcely know what I am about. Doctor, if you will kick me twice, as hard as I kicked you, I will give you fifty dollars, and I will give the family, negroes and all, leave to give me one kick all around; it will give some of them a chance to pay back old scores," said he, looking at Mrs. Spencer and laughing.

Mrs. Spencer was in tears; the thought that the Squire had actually kicked her beloved pastor was too awful. She begged the Doctor to go into the house and partake of some refreshment. He declined, however, as he felt that the most refreshing thing just now would be to get away, besides he was not sure he could sit down.

Mrs. Tompkins was quite overcome; the fright was bad enough for she was sure the Doctor had seen Martha. But to know that he had mistaken her for some one else was worse than seeing a legion of ghosts. She quietly slipped away and went home to the five orphans a sadder, if not a wiser woman.

The first thing the Doctor did upon his arrival at home, was to get water and castile soap and wash his mouth. Judging from the faces he made one would think he had just swallowed a dose of Epsom salts; he

lathered, rinsed, spit, and actually gagged. He ground his white teeth in fury: "Bah! and how I did slobber over the simpering simpleton!" Again he spit and shuddered.

He then proceeded to examine his bruises and found a full-sized imprint of Squire Spencer's boot which resembled pastel work; the shading was exquisite and blended in the most artistic manner, from royal purple down to a shell pink. There were two, but the large one was the Squire's masterpiece, and showed the depth of feeling he had put into it. But tonight the Doctor had no eye for the beautiful.

CHAPTER VII.

Judge Kahree's business trip to his boyhood home at A——, which he had expected would necessarily continue three months (as he was attorney for the Cranston heirs in the great legal contest of 18—) had lengthened into almost twice that time. But there was no question in the minds of the neighbors in the vicinity of Spencer Place as to why he lingered.

It was a balmy evening in September. The Judge had as usual spent the evening at Spencer Place, and hat in hand was bowing his "good night." Guyndine stepped out upon the broad stone step beside him. "What a magnificent night," said she, "With your permission I will walk with you as far as the gate." He silently took her hand and drawing it through his arm held it as they slowly passed down the broad gravel walk in and out of the shimmering moonlight and the shadows of the trees. The mocking-bird, swinging on the dewy bough overhead, ran through his sweetest length of trills, and was answered from the garden and the hedge. The spirit

of fragrance was in the air ; the soft wind was wooing the magnolia tree. The extraordinary sensation which always came with Guyndine's touch, was traversing his body.

At the gate he turned, placed a finger under her chin and raised her face so that the moon's rays fell full upon it. Looking straight into her eyes, he said in a low, tender voice: "Guyndine, I have never said one word to you on the subject nearest my heart, since that sweet Sabbath morning in July, when you told me I might hope. The suspense has been long; may I not have my answer tonight? Will you not now give me the right to carry with me as I leave you the warm touch of these lips, the sign of that pledge which unites soul to soul?" He paused; all was silent save the sweet twittering voice overhead. He resumed in the same soft, pleading tone. "My proud heart is in complete subjection to this all-absorbing love. Knowing this, you surely would not have allowed me to drift on and on, unless it was reciprocal to some extent. Let me hear you say tonight the sweetest words that ever fell from human lips, 'I love you.' Will you say this to me tonight."

All was silent, even the mocking bird had hushed his song. Her face flushed and her eyelids quivered under his burning gaze, but her lips seemed glued together. The color receded from her face, a little tremor passed

through her frame, her lips parted and an impassioned sigh fluttered out upon the perfumed air. He read his answer, and his fond dream of months leaped into positive reality. "It is well, my darling, it is well; mine at last and no mistake."

Her indomitable will had conquered, and she was beginning after continuous effort to bring her affections to a focus. Her intense nature was all aglow with admiration for a being in whom her conception had centered all the beauties which belonged to her ideal, excluding everything defective and unseemly. He had become the prince of earthly perfection in her eyes.

Judge Kahree walked back to his hotel on air. On arriving there, too happy to sleep, he sought a moonlight balcony which opened out of his room. For awhile he walked back and forth, letting the cool night air fan his flushed face. He looked up into the midnight sky, spangled with a thousand stars, and quoted:

"Were my life to come one heap of troubles
The pleasure of this moment would suffice,
And sweeten all my griefs with its remembrance."

"Ah, Lee! When you wrote those lines had you ever tasted of the cup so rare? Did you really know what bliss was? The discerning sage declares that it does not belong to this mundane sphere, but am I not tasting it now?"

Oh, if it should be dashed from my lips! If it should!" He lighted a cigar and sat down amid blue curling wreathes of smoke to spend a while with his castles in Spain, after which he retired and courted Morpheus for an hour. At last, as he was sinking into sweet repose, there came wandering into his room a shadowy form with bright hair and wistful gray eyes. Silently she glided to his bedside, stopped and looked down upon him with the expression of one who is taking a last look of a coffined face; there was an expression of such intense agony in the eyes that he sprang up to catch her in his arms, and lo! his arms were full of empty air. The dream was so real that he struck a match to see if there was anyone in the room. After a time he again slept, and was aroused by hearing Guyndine's voice: "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! ayez pitie de moi." The voice rose in a plaintive wail. He sprang up and looked about him. Day was breaking, sleep was out of the question for this time, but a heavy weight seemed resting on his heart. "Pshaw! it was only a dream." He ordered his horse and took a canter before breakfast, and returned with a good appetite and buoyant spirits.

CHAPTER VIII.

“Oh, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss was warm upon my mouth, in fancied bliss, he had kissed another woman, e'en as this.”

It was an October noonday. Misty vapors in which were blended every tint and color, hung, like a gauzy veil over the sun's bright face. There had been a shower and the clouds were piling up in great fiery billows in the southwest, and reminded one of a castle all on fire. Rain drops sparkled on leaf and brier, and the green moss underneath was studded with gold, thank offerings from the trees to mother earth.

Awake, O south wind, and bring your sweetest offering from orange grove and spicy garden. Come forth, ye feathered songsters, and sing your tenderest notes, and if you touch the minor strains they must be pianissimo, for this is Guyndine's wedding day. The sacred hour has come; she now

stands under hanging garlands, arrayed in soft white folds of clinging silk, bridal veil, and orange flowers. Her hand is clasped by the hand of him she loves, to whom she is dearer than life; can there be anything wanting? Surely this is an ideal wedding. Every eye is turned admiringly upon the twain who are being made one. A finer specimen of handsome manhood than the bridegroom it would be hard to find, nor could you find one who takes his vow with more solemnity and intelligence. Both realize that eternity will not efface the records of this hour.

Languidly the autumn wind pushed aside the filmy curtains and stole in at the open window; he re-arranged the folds of the bridal veil, kissed the orange wreath, and lifted its fragrance to the bridegroom, and passing on distributed to each guest a share of the perfume. But to the bride his touch was chill; she shuddered as he passed. The man of God repeated the words "Until death do you part." There was a hush in the room like the hush of death and her cold lips could scarcely articulate, "I do." Her voice sounded faint and far away, and died out upon the perfumed air like a little moan. Rev. Brown's voice trembled as he pronounced the benediction and somehow he felt as if he was officiating at a funeral. The vow is

taken, the die is cast, and Guyndine Vauce is the wife of Arrel Kahree.

Every guest felt impressed with a deep solemnity, tears glistened in the eyes of some and mingled with the congratulations.

"Until death;" these words continued to sound in Guyndine's ears. As Willie Dobson filled the rooms with the most exquisite music from the piano, all marched to the dining room. Between the tones, like the distant tolling of a muffled bell, came wafted to the ears of the bride, "Until death." She was happy, very, very happy; why should these words ring in her ears? The answer came, "Until death."

"Eternal God! bear me witness that whatever may follow it shall be until death." As her spirit amid its gay surroundings whispered these words, her hands involuntarily clasped and her eyes glanced upward. The Judge observed the glance and the attitude and wondered what it meant.

Sir Robert Stapleton says, "The man that breaks a promise, degrades himself; he can never pretend to honor more." What can we think of men and women, who stand before the altar and swear to a pledge that is sealed above, a pledge so sacred that beholders stand with bated breath while it is given and breathe a sigh of relief when it is over; what can we think of one who takes

such a pledge, turns away and deliberately tears it asunder? It is weakness to believe them. The true man, the true woman, will stand by the vow, when the chain shall prove a galling weight; when the lamp gives a sepulchral light; through sleet, snow, sorrow, oppression, despair, "until death." Marriage is destiny; true marriage is fore-ordained; but if we force destiny, and by our self-will invite sorrow, by making marriages of juxtaposition, we have no recourse to the law of God. There is no such a thing as a divorce except for adultery; and the law of the land has no right to say a man may be divorced when Almighty God has said he shall not.

Ye law makers, small creeping things of earth! How dare you set up your simple judgment in opposition to that of your Maker? How dare you set aside his perfect decree and place in its stead a defective, and corrupting human mandate. You have sown anarchy; do you now expect to reap loyalty? When individuals refuse to recognize your laws, and attempt to do what they please with impunity, you loudly denounce them as criminals, hurling after them bitter anathemas, recommending that inexorable justice be meted out to them according to their deserts. Justice indeed! If justice had been done, Almighty God would have

exterminated you in the beginning of your irreverent career. You, with an open Bible before you and looking squarely into the face of your Maker, have dared to annul one of his laws. Like a masculine Medusa, you sit before the gate of justice, guarding it with your Gorgonian terrors, turning the minds of all who behold you into stony forgetfulness of the laws of Jehovah, the great "I Am."

"Her wing shall the eagle flap o'er the false-hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap ere life be parted,
Shame and dishonor sit by his grave ever,
Blessings shall hallow it never, oh never!"

A few hours later, dressed in a gray suit, with gray ostrich plumes falling over her bright hair, Guyndine was lifted into the carriage by her husband, who after bowing a last farewell to admiring friends, took his seat beside her, and was whirled away to the station, thence by rail to Kansas City, Missouri, their future home.

Despite her happiness, a feeling of sadness came over Guyndine as she thought of the beloved ones and the familiar scenes she was leaving behind. But she had the comforting thought that Harry would be with them in their new home the following week, he having completed arrangements for the study of law in the Judge's office.

Oh, woman, whose name is mother! Your

golden opportunity in which to set your misguided child aright has slipped by; you, by your ignorance and foolishness, have driven her from home, as it were. Could you see the weary interval in which her soul will be tossed upon the waves of pain, when from the fated path she cannot turn, when with thirst unslaked, footsore, heartsick and weary, she must bear the heavy load over the unknown way; could you look into that sealed book, the future, and see your sweet, sensitive plant with its leaves crushed and broken, swept by an Arctic blast, and covered with chilling snow, you would now, instead of being exultant, feel like him

“Who shot so high he lost his shaft,
And found it in his forehead.”

Never did train run so smoothly, sunshine smile so sweetly, zephyr blow so gently, as on the day that happy pair were being borne northward. Who says that bliss does not belong to earth? The poet says, “The bliss e’en of a moment still is bliss.” “Vain schemer, think not to prolong your joy, but cherish while it lasts the heavenly boon.” To-day the clouds are not clouds, but feathery pictures floating in misty panorama. Yonder in the blue ethereal ocean whose purple billows toss against mountains of snow, are queens with flowing robes and gilded crowns, and great bearded kings on massive thrones,

who melt together into fleecy lambs led by dancing cherubs; and in the south floating on a pillow are three fluffy, white puppies huddled close together, watching, with wondering eyes, as a great sea monster transforms himself into a fairy with silver wand. Behold how fair is earth and sky today.

CHAPTER IX.

The home of Judge Kahree was a beautiful modern structure, not so large as the Spencer mansion, but very elegant. The frescoed walls, plate glass windows, decorated with "mosaics," delicately tinted carpets and beautiful furniture, were works of art and showed the fine taste and wealth of the owner.

It was dark when they arrived at Kansas City. The Judge's carriage was at the station. At home they were met by the housekeeper, a kind-faced woman of fifty, who showed Guyndine to her room, telling her that dinner was waiting. She soon arranged her toilet, and descended to the hall, where the Judge met her and conducted her to the dining room, which was spacious and brilliantly lighted. He proudly seated her at the head of his table, which was spread with snowy nappery and sparkling with cut glass and silver. Taking his seat opposite, the Judge felt that his cup of joy was indeed full. He was at home, there were no guests,
L. of C.

and his treasure was all his own. The servant waited on them and withdrew.

The dinners at the home of Judge Kaliree were on a sumptuous scale. He had the reputation of being a princely entertainer, which means, of course, that he was exceedingly popular. Two thousand years have not detracted from the attractiveness of the loaves and fishes, and the throng follows them as of old.

"As my barque glides down the stream of time," said the Judge, "Somewhere away in the shadowy future, memory may play me false, my right hand may forget its cunning, and I may cease to remember my own name, but the happiness of this hour will remain when all else is blotted out; this hour which marks the installing of my heart's queen as mistress of my home."

Guyndine glanced around the beautiful room. "I perceive I have married an artist, as well as a prince, and to be installed queen of such a heart and mistress of such a home, awakens within me a pulse of ecstasy. It is beautiful; it is exquisite."

His face flushed with pleasure. "Thank you. I may have had a little taste to start with, but it is doubtful whether it would have developed without Cupid's assistance. I drew all my inspiration from him. He kept me awake all night to plan it. I thought I owed

him a grudge, but since you are pleased, he and I will call it square."

Guyndine looked at him admiringly. "Not the least bit effeminate," thought she, "yet so delicate in manner and taste." Then she said: "A woman who could not be happy with such a home and such a husband certainly could not be happy anywhere; but it does not in the least resemble the home which has always figured in my dreams; that was a cottage, very small, beside a hill, with a willowy brook, and porches hung with ivy where swallows twittered and built their nests in spring, and there was the glimpse of a river in the distance which was always sparkling and smiling as it tumbled over a dam. Mamma always said that my dreams were not like other people's, and I believe it is true."

"How about the man who figured in those dreams of the cottage," queried the Judge.

"Ah, a perfect man, of course," said she, laughing, "like my real husband, an artist; and, like him, pure and spotless as the beautiful snow."

Judge Kahree felt the color surge into his face; keep it back he could not. "What has become of my self-control," thought he. "If you continue to deal out such sweets as this to me," said he, laughing, "You will have me spoiled. I have a faint recollection of having been told not long since by a certain Georgia girl that she admired me because I

was not egotistical. She evidently did not know me. She is in a fair way to get better acquainted with me now, however."

"To know is but to love," said she, looking at him fondly.

While the Judge was perfectly sure that Guyndine loved him, this was her first voluntary admission of it. He was accustomed to being toasted and flattered, but these were the very sweetest words he had ever listened to; yet there was the drop of gall, and he caught himself in the act of drawing a deep sigh; he turned it into a cough and she did not notice it. A servant entered to change the course and the conversation was not resumed.

After dinner he conducted her to the handsome parlors. Neither ever forgot that first evening in their new home. Guyndine thought it strange that there should be an idea extant that perfect bliss did not belong to earth. The Judge's cup was brim full, but it tasted of the bitter. For three days the stream of bliss flowed on without a ripple, except as now and then the Judge's retentive mind took retrospective glimpses and compared notes with his sweet wife's trust in his purity, which invariably brought the long-drawn sigh, and impelled him to take her in his arms and hold her close to him.

It was evening; she was reclining upon a couch in the library; he sat at a table reading

aloud from Shakespeare; he came to one of those indecent passages for which Shakespeare is noted. Laughing, he said: "That reminds me," and began telling her a story along the same line.

Her face flushed scarlet. Looking at him with eyes which expressed surprise and grief, she said: "I did not know that your lips were capable of framing language such as this."

"Why, I was talking to my wife. I thought a man had a right to express himself freely to his own wife."

"I do not dispute your right," said she, "but it is a poor compliment to your wife to think she would appreciate such entertainment. I never before heard anything so vile. And to think it came from the lips of him whom I had placed upon a high pedestal, and was learning to bow down before!" Leaning back upon the cushions, she interlaced her fingers and placed them over her eyes; the fingers trembled and there was a quiver about her mouth.

The Judge was surprised and somewhat embarrassed, and was at a loss to know how to excuse himself. He sat looking at her with a half-puzzled, half-amused expression.

"Guyndine, you are young and unsophisticated. You will not always feel this foolish modesty with me. Can you not realize that I am now a part of yourself, and that we may

unreservedly express every thought to each other? I cannot understand this extreme delicacy. It is common for men to speak freely to their wives, and most ladies think nothing of it. I am inclined to think you are just a little too fastidious on this point."

She remained silent; she had caught a glimpse of something in his nature that disappointed her. Her ideal was a man whose lofty mind would not harbor vulgar thoughts, and whose chaste, refined tongue would not give expression to coarse language. She was not angry but she was deeply grieved. Sequences from little words and small acts often dispel illusions, which will lead to the severance of the closest human ties. She recalled her own faults, reviewing them one by one; thus by depreciating herself trying to excuse him, or rather trying to cover his faults with her own. But fix it as she might, he had fallen a degree in her esteem. All the woman's lovingness within her cried out with passionate appeal against releasing for one brief moment her perfect trust in her husband as her ideal, but love and respect are so closely allied it is impossible to touch one without affecting the other.

The Judge was not a little chagrined at the turn the affair had taken. Her modesty was the very essence of all her sweetness to him; he would not have her lose it for worlds. But somehow he had the uncomfortable feel-

ing that his dignity had received a slight jostle, and the rapid transition of his mind, inspired by a naturally refined nature, soon filled him with a sense of shame and self-reprehension. He crossed the room and bending over her drew her hands from her face. Kissing her cheek, he said, with a low laugh, "Shall I now go on my knees to my wife and beg pardon because, forsooth, I repeated a story to her which was—well—a little indelicate?"

"A little indelicate, did you say? Do you then know a worse one than that?" He laughed again. "Why did you not repeat this story a week ago?"

"We were not married a week ago; I had no right to become so familiar."

"And so," said she, "marriage is an institution giving men and women a right to be vulgar and impure, is it? and to cultivate that frailty in our nature which of all others we ought most to fear and shun?"

"It is an institution," said he, "which removes all restraint and places us upon a basis of perfect freedom."

"And I am to understand," inquired she, "that men—gentlemen—really enjoy this style of conversation, and that they esteem it a privilege when the 'restraint'—as you say—is removed, to be allowed to talk thus to their

wives? Does such a privilege make her more congenial to him?"

"Ha-ha-ha, Guyndine, this is a new role for me to assume. I am in the habit of placing others on the witness stand and doing the cross-questioning myself; but you reverse the order of things, and with all the coolness and sang-froid of an old practitioner, you force me on it and proceed to wind me up in first-class shape. You are a natural born lawyer." Again he laughed lightly. "Supposing you take a business partnership with me; I'll guarantee it would be the most popular firm in the city."

Guyndine continued to look at him with sad eyes. If he could have glanced into the secret recesses of her soul he would not have felt like laughing. Although he tried to jest it off, deep within was a feeling of unrest, a dim realization that this girl's spirit and his did not perfectly affiliate.

"Nature by magnetic laws
Circle unto circle draws;
But they only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet."

How sad the young wife felt. What had happened away down deep in her heart. She felt like one "who stands and listens amid the twilight chill for the return of a vanished form." Life's sweet chord has struck a

minor: "A shadow is in the light, a spray of cypress is twining with the bridal wreath."

"Well," thought she, "he is but human after all. I should not have expected perfection. I must remember that I am imperfect and I must not allow the fact that I have discovered a flaw to affect my love for him. But oh! I wanted to look up to him as a veritable Sampson of strength in purity and nobility of character. I wanted to feel that the heart that beat responsive to my own was pure gold. Oh, I wanted something to worship." Instantly a crucified form rose before her mind's eye. "Yes, I see it all now; I was wrong, all wrong; blindly going into idolatry. God forgive me."

The Judge sat close beside her with both her hands in his and thought: "She is pure and chaste as a snowflake. Oh, if she had but come into my life ten years ago, what a different man I would be today; then I was pure and the very thought of those innocent eyes would have kept me from falling. I could then have looked into her face and felt that I was worthy of her; but if she could view some of the scenes of my life as I view them tonight, she would not so much as let me touch her hand, much less kiss her sweet lips." Bending he kissed her again and again. "Guyndine, pardon me. I will not offend you in this way again. Yes, marriage

is a heaven-born institution, made for pure purposes alone. I was abusing its privileges when I repeated that story. I hope you will forget it."

Silently Guyndine pressed his hand, and lifting it to her lips let it rest there, as she tenderly stroked and kissed it. His face flushed and a spasm of pain flitted over it. There was a whirlwind of emotion in his heart. The thought of practicing deception upon the woman he loved was revolting; his sweet girl wife, who trusted him and held possession in the most secret foldings of his heart; but he had sown the wind, and he must now reap the whirlwind, and mingling with his cup of bliss were pangs and madness. He looked down upon her with burning gaze and anguished spirit. "Oh, would to God I were what she believes me. My conscience hath a thousand tongues, and every tongue brings me a several tale, and every tale condemns me for a villian. But, oh, it is too late! too late! I could not live without her. No, no, I cannot give her up. Demoralizing as it is, and humiliating to my better self, I must play the farce to the end, feeling that every time my lips touch hers shame and degradation is heaped upon my head. Oh, I never dreamed that I, with my proud nature, could condescend to falsehood. How

one false step will lead a man on down—God knows where.”

Ladies, refined and elegant, if you would have a true concept of your own character, and see the image of your true self, analyze the love you inspire in men.

While Judge Kahree’s nobler and better nature was writhing as under the touches of a red hot iron, Guyndine felt the dash of a cold, premonitory wave over her spirit.

Her marriage had been prompted by motives of the purest love. Could anything but blessings result from it? She had just had a glimpse of a possibility, and the wavering consciousness, vague as it was, was accompanied with continually varying phases of unrest which haunted her for many days. Still she could not have defined it. Had she been interrogated as to her faith in her husband, her reply would have been that it was implicit, and she would have felt that she had answered truthfully.

As the Judge’s hand rested upon her lips, his wife felt him shudder; glancing up, she was startled by the expression in his face. “What is it, Arrel? Are you ill?”

“No, no.”

Again she felt a shudder.

“Why, Arrel, what makes you shiver? You are surely ill.”

“Oh, no, I am not.”

He rose and went to the window, drew

aside the curtain and stood looking out into the night. Guyndine seated herself at the piano. With delicate touch her fingers swept the keys for a moment, and glided into the minor chords, and her sweet, pathetic voice, in which there was no affected shake, sang:

“Flee as a bird to yon mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain
Where you may wash and be clean.
Haste, for the avenger is near thee!
Call and the Saviour will hear thee;
He on His bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin:
Oh, thou who art weary of sin.”

The Judge now stood close beside her. As she finished the last verse, he threw his arms about her and held her so close that he hurt her. It was only for a moment; without a word he went to the hall, took his hat and left the house. He was gone an hour, had walked continuously, and had not left his own grounds; back and forth, back and forth, trying to still the tumult within. His mind was dwelling with a sort of agonized fascination upon all the details of his past life. He was haunted by a presentiment that in the coming years, he must pay a heavy price for past indulgences, and the heart-cutting comparison of himself with Guyndine's ideal,

urged itself upon him till it transformed itself into a veritable Nemesis.

You who deny future punishment, answer : If this man should die tonight, which way would you advise him to go to find Heaven? You may take him if you will, to the gold-paved streets of the "New Jerusalem;" clothe him in the robes of an angel white and glittering; seat him at the right hand of the throne of God; place upon his brow a diadem, sparkling with a thousand jewels; put into his hand a palm of victory; then tell him he is in Heaven, and ask him to sing a song of glory. Your answer will be the demoniac yell, "Take me away from here; the light is too intense. I am in hell! Fool, do you expect me to endure the search-light of the eye of Almighty God, when under the lashing of a guilty conscience I could not endure the presence of a pure woman?" Self-condemned, he will tear off the robe, throw down the crown, and flee into outer darkness, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth. And this man is neither "a murderer, a thief, nor an infidel." He is simply an elegant, cultured, fastidious leader of society, who once so far forgot his dignity as to play the role of libertine. Some will say: "Oh, is that all? Then

what is the use of all this fuss?" You would not make a fuss over so small a thing; oh, no! Where there is no fine feeling, and no conscience, there is no criticism on the violation of moral and divine law.

CHAPTER X.

“Of all the seed that in my youth was sown,
Was none but breaks and brambles to be mown.”

When we reflect that the same Maker breathed into all men the same soul, and contemplate the vast difference in these souls, because of physical and moral environments, we find ourselves confronted by a deep problem; and when we meet any one of those beings with such lofty natures we feel almost as if we had been given a glimpse into another sphere.

Judge Kahree sometimes had this feeling in regard to his wife. Her nature reminded him of a harp whose quivering strings were tuned to the touch of seraph fingers, and susceptible to the breath of the softest zephyr. She possessed that faculty which could convert the common and dull things of life into poetry and rhythm. Music held her in a soul-entrancing spell which lifted her above the grosser elements of earth, and bore her on its pinions to a height where voices of angels and archangels mingled with her own, and the fire

from the celestial altar burned the dross away. And when the terrific storm-cloud darkened the sun and threatened the earth, he watched her in amazement. To her it was a thing of majestic beauty; the more terrifying it appeared to others, the more it attracted her. The grand reverberations that roll through space, with their low modulations and swelling crescendos, form a deep-toned basso profundo which, mingling with the warbling wind and pattering rain, form a grand sonata, in which she hears the chord of the tonic sweep into the dominant seventh, take on its interrupted resolution, and glide into its relative minor.

“Anon through every pulse the music steals
’Till her listening heart forgets all duties and
all cares.”

At such times the Judge studied her with a feeling akin to awe, and he felt down deep in his heart that they were strangers yet.

“After months of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in fair lands,
After touch of wedded hands;
Why thus joined? Why ever met
If they must be strangers yet?”

Their lives seemed like a circle within a circle which never touched; yet each seemed to be reaching towards the other with an unsatisfied longing for closer communion.

They had been married eight months. It

was a June evening. Their home was brilliant with gaslight and flowers and filled with guests. Judge Kahree's friends had just been served to one of his princely dinners. The Judge had a slight headache, and as the air indoors seemed rather oppressive, he stepped through a French window and walked along a gallery which led to the back of the house. At the end of the gallery he stopped near an open window; two gentlemen were conversing inside.

"I wonder what the Judge has done with the fair Joan of the olden time?" said one.

"Oh, he weaned her years ago; it broke her heart, and she is a wreck. She is now an inmate of Madame LaMont's."

"Poor Joan! It seems too bad that women will act the fool. It really seems incredible that such a woman as Joan could go down with such rapidity. She took a tumble from the top round of the ladder. Ten years ago she moved in the best society."

"The Judge led a gay Lothario's life, I grant you, but he was not to blame for her first step downward. I happen to know something about that; but when he threw her off she became desperate and went to the bottom in a hurry; she was madly infatuated. The Judge is one of those honorable fellows who will be true to his marriage obligation,

however. By the way, he is the first man I have seen lately who is really in love with his wife."

"Marriage is of little worth these days," said the first speaker.

"Oh, that is altogether owing to the standpoint from which you view it. To the attorney it affords a lucrative business," replied his friend, laughing.

The Judge did not wish to overhear a conversation which was not intended for his ears, and he turned and left the spot. As he reached the French window and was about to pass in, a lady's skirts swept his ankles, and Guyndine passed in, in front of him. She did not look at him. There was a flash in her eyes, a smile on her lips, and a deep flush on her cheeks. In a few minutes she was the center of an admiring group, and for the remainder of the evening the most brilliant and attractive woman present. This was a new mood; the Judge's eyes followed her with surprise as her low, musical laugh rippled out on the evening air, and somehow it gave him a feeling of unrest. She was usually quiet, and entertained without apparent effort; but tonight it was evident to him she was taxing every energy.

Not once during the evening did she glance toward him. When he managed to get near

her, she glided away and disappeared among the guests. At last they stood together in the hall as the last guest was bowing good night. The Judge closed the door and Guyn-dine sank wearily upon a chair, the color slowly fading from her face. "Oh, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, ayez pitie de moi," she moaned.

As the peculiar wail fell on his ear he remembered his dream. He looked into her face and the same expression of intense agony was in her eyes.

"What is it, darling? What is it?"

She covered her face with her hands, and did not seem to have heard him.

"But I will not believe it. It cannot be. Oh, Arrel! My Arrel! Tell me, tell me, that the cruel story I overheard tonight is untrue. Who is Joan? and what has she ever been to you?"

His face took on a marble hue. "She was never anything to my heart, and I have never been the first cause of the downfall of any woman. Joan was a frivolous society belle, who was a fallen woman before I ever met her. She hounded me with every possible temptation. At the time I speak of she moved in the best society and we were thrown together almost every evening. She was a beautiful and attractive woman and to her I owe my downfall."

"Oh, my God!" she wailed, "I thought I had married 'Arthur,' when suddenly the

scales fall from my eyes, and lo ! it is 'Lancelot.' ”

He was white to the lips. He walked back and forth through the room a time or two, then stopped close beside her, and in a coaxing voice said: “Come, Guyndine, darling, be reasonable. I have not broken the marriage vow, and have never had it in my heart to stoop to a low act since I first looked into your dear eyes. You have been my guardian angel. I could never go wrong after having loved you, and God knows how well I love you.” ,

“Supposing I should tell you that I had been true to my marriage vow, but before that I had been untrue to myself, would that satisfy you? But oh ! let us talk no more about it, for I am sick at heart and to talk about it will kill me.” She sank into a perfectly inert silence. She had spoken in a calm, dispassioned voice, but it was the calmness of despair, and the tide of her love, which had scarcely reached its full, began to recede. This hour marked an epoch in their lives. Guyndine continued to treat him with the utmost respect, and never by the slightest insinuation referred to the matter ; but there was a look in her eyes which he had never before seen there, and something in her manner which made her unapproachable to him. He knew that during her waking hours it was

continually in her mind, and that only during sleep and hours of extreme business pressure was it out of his. The expression of dumb agony in her eyes haunted him, and while there were neither sighs nor tears, that look betrayed the depth of her distress. Outwardly she triumphed but in secret her courage failed, and he read in her set face the pathetic resignation of desperation.

Was the Judge's suffering less, think you? Every fiber of his being was rooted and grounded in her, and he felt to lose her would be to lose his reason. He was conscious that he had lost her confidence and respect, but he felt that with her, love was not so light a thing that it could be shaken off with one effort. He built his hope for the future on this foundation, and resolved to live down the past and to do all in his power to regain what he had lost. If his life was to yield any beauty, splendor of coloring, or subtlety of perfume, it must be drawn from her. To lose her now would be to cut loose from hope and aspiration, and black despair would settle over his life like a pall, yet he was conscious that slowly but surely she was slipping away from him. Oh, the bitterness of the thought that he might have to stand passive and watch his idol drift out of his reach; and again he was reminded of that horrible

dream, when he had found his arms full of empty air.

Gentlemen, he is harvesting; his seed has yielded a hundred fold, and his crop is not yet all in. It will continue to increase with each year. Your crop will be ripe one of these days, and you will be obliged to go out under the rays of the scorching sun, and with your little hand sickle, reap it alone. Remember, after a seed leaves your hands there is no getting it back a single seed; it comes back in bundles. The word of God is truth itself. Listen: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If you do not believe this, go on; your cup of gall is waiting for you. You may not have to drink in the very same way Judge Kahree drank, but sooner or later you will drain the cup to its dregs. Society says you are an elegant fellow; but your own heart tells you that you are as vile as Satan. Yet you walk up and down the earth searching for the very purest girl in the land for your wife. Ah me!

It was midnight one week after the Judge's unfortunate exposure. The house was quiet, the servants were all asleep. In the library with the gas turned low, Judge Kahree was walking the floor. Above in her room Guyn-dine had been walking back and forth for hours. At times she wrings her hands in agony. "Oh, the bitterness of this cup! Can

it be? Can it be that Arrel, my Arrel, is impure? Oh, can it be that he has deceived me? Must I give it up and realize that he, my cultured and refined husband, is a common libertine? Oh, how can I live and endure the thought." She shivered like one in a cold draught. "Merciful God, let me die!" She sank into a chair, limp and weak; but with an effort she again arose and began to walk. "This will never do. I must bring my will to bear upon myself. My idol has fallen and is shattered; it is gone, gone, gone, and I must continue to live. Oh, if I could have died while I believed him pure. Father, can I endure this?"

"Until death." The words came tolling in upon the midnight air and struck her heart like a dirge, reminding her of her obligation to him who, if not the embodiment of her ideal, is her wedded husband. Ah, Guyndine, God's pruning knife of sorrow will not spare you, for thus can he make your life "blossom and bear fruit, sending forth beauty and fragrance, into the waste places." As the words "until death" sounded on her mind's ear, the clock struck one. She sank on her knees. "God in Heaven, help me to be true."

The door was softly pushed open and the Judge knelt beside his wife and clasped her waist. "Oh, my darling, I cannot endure the sight of your agonized face. The knowledge

that you are spending the nights grieving over my sins, is killing me. I feel that you are slipping away from me, but I cannot blame you, for I knew before I married you what your ideal of manhood was, and it was none too high. But, darling, you do not know, you cannot guess, the temptations which surround men. Try to realize this and forgive me, and, oh, is there nothing I can do to regain your confidence? Guyndine, little wife, for Christ's sake, forgive me."

She shook and shivered like one in an ague. He waited. "What does this silence mean? Does it mean that you will not forgive me, even for Christ's sake? ,

"Oh, Arrel, you know it does not. I forgive you freely, but we have crossed a line over which it is impossible to return. I am powerless to reinstate you in the old place. How gladly would I do it if I could! I would blot it out of my memory and confide in you as of old, if I had it in my power. But oh, this is the heart-crushing thought, that Arrel, my noble, my ideal husband is gone forever. All I can do now is to take you in his place and give you the best that is left."

"Ah, Guyndine, that answer, like a drift of cruel snow, falls over hope's tender shoot, chilling it through and through. But though I am forced to drain the draught to its bit-

terest dregs, I will not murmur, for I alone am to blame. Yet for all this, as you say, it is heart-crushing."

"Remember this, Arrel," said she, as she lay her hand over his, "no sorrow can ever crush you without crushing me also."

Their lives glided on in this groove for two years; their home was a popular resort for the refined and cultured; it was universally believed to be a model home. The Judge and Guyndine, both in public and in private, treated each other with the utmost deference, which was frequently commented upon.

Judging from the disrespect which married people so frequently show to each other, one would think that the proverb, "familiarity breeds contempt," was made especially to be applied to the marriage relation. When men and women learn that it requires the same tact to retain love that it took to gain it, the divorce courts will not be in such demand.

Guyndine's vow to "love, honor and obey" is as fresh as the hour she took it, and her grief at learning of her husband's deception still weighs heavily upon her. But in the two years of severe trial it never occurred to her to write and tell her mother, or call in some friend and with sighs and tears bemoan her fate, disclose her husband's faults, and thus get help to bear her burdens. This did

not accord with her idea of keeping the marriage vow. Beware of the man or woman who can do this. In the language of Abe Mulkey, "Louisa, let that woman alone," and, Abe, take your own advice and give that man a wide berth.

CHAPTER XI.

“Oh, Breckenbury! I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul.”

Judge Kahree was a well balanced man of sound judgment and fine reasoning ability upon almost every subject except one, and Guyndine had decided that upon this he was a monomaniac.

He was absolutely determined that she should bear no children; he assigned no reason, except that he did not want them. He never showed obstinacy upon any other subject, and was always ready to concede any point that seemed likely to affect her happiness or conscience and this affected both seriously; but he was inexorable and refused to hear or discuss the subject. It was a mystery to Guyndine; he was totally unlike himself when the subject was broached; he at once became excited and showed the intensity of his feeling by the flushing and paling of his face, and for hours afterward he looked sad and depressed. What made the mystery greater, she had observed that he was pas-

sionately fond of children, and could not resist even a pickaninny.

Winter was over. The trees were yet leafless. Nature's face wore a dark frown. The voices of the wind sounded petulant and shrill. The violets in the flower seller's basket looked chilled and pitiful. It was one of those bleak, early spring days which make a bright, cozy home seem doubly attractive. The Judge was late that evening and it was after seven when they arose from the dinner table. Guyndine had been in delicate health for several weeks, and the Judge had been deeply concerned; but tonight she was looking unusually well, was becomingly dressed and his eyes followed her admiringly and more than once a sigh escaped his lips as he remembered that he had fallen from his high estate in her esteem. She did not seem to notice his sighs nowadays and avoided any subject which had a tendency towards sentiment. They seated themselves in the library under the light of the chandelier. The Judge proceeded to cut the leaves of a new Scientific Monthly. There was something in the sound of the sougning wind that filled Guyndine with a sense of approaching sorrow. She took a book and tried to read, but soon laid it aside and sat with her hands crossed in her lap, gazing into the glowing coals in the grate. At length she said in a timid voice,

"Arrel, I have something to tell you." He looked up in surprise. She seldom called him Arrel now. Her face was flushed and her eyes downcast, and one who did not know her well might have thought she was about to confess to a crime. He waited a moment, expecting her to resume the colloquy. She remained silent, and did not lift her eyes.

"Well," said the Judge, "I am listening."

Still she was silent. "Guyndine, why do you hesitate?"

She flashed him a shy glance. "I am afraid to tell you," said she.

"Afraid? Afraid of what?"

"Of your anger."

He gazed at her with increasing astonishment. "Did you ever see me angry?"

"Never."

"Guyndine, are you quite sure that you are in a perfectly sane condition?"

She was smiling now. "If there is any doubt about it," said she, "perhaps you would not care to take my diagnosis of the case."

"Perhaps not," said he, leaning toward her with a smile and taking her hand. "Let me feel your pulse." He raised it to his lips. "And so you are afraid of me? Well, that is the last thing I ever expected to hear you say. How long since you began to feel symptoms of this terror?" There was something so comical in his expression and ironi-

cal voice that she laughed merrily. "But," said he, "you have piqued my curiosity. What is this dreadful thing you have to relate? You haven't killed anybody lately, have you?" The comical expression was still on his face and the merry laugh again rang out. His face lit up with pleasure for he had not heard her laugh for more than two years. He drew her face to him and kissing her lips, said, with a sigh. "My own little wife, what is it you have to say?"

"Seriously, I am afraid to tell you," said she, looking into his eyes. "I know how you feel about it and I know it will disappoint and displease you, and yet the prospect to me is so very sweet. Oh, Arrel, if you could only think differently. I cannot see why it is you have such a prejudice."

"Well, Guyndine, the longer you talk, the more I am convinced that there is something wrong up here" (tapping her on the forehead.) "I haven't the remotest idea what you are talking about. I have been racking my brain to try to guess but I give it up and as I have become such a 'Blue Beard' in your imagination, I cannot conceive how I am ever to ascertain."

"Bend over and I will tell you," said she.

He leaned forward and she whispered something which made him start and turn pale. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, quite sure." He sat silent for an

hour holding a daily paper before his face. Then he rose and walked the floor for half an hour with a troubled look in his eyes. At length he said: "I am going out for awhile and it may be late when I return. Perhaps you had better not sit up for me."

"Oh, Arrel," said she, in surprise, "You surely are not going out in this storm, and it is growing late."

"Yes, I think I must; there is a matter I had better see to tonight, if possible."

As he was putting on his ulster in the hall, Harry came down stairs. "Why, Judge, you are not going out tonight? It is raining."

"It is rather an inclement night, I know, but I have some business which demands my immediate attention. I have not far to go, so I guess I can make it, if it is a little blustery;" and as a cold wave swept in he passed out into the storm. The wind came in gusts, which at times almost took him off his feet, and the rain felt as if it were just ready to turn into sleet. After walking about four blocks he ascended the broad stone steps of a two-story brick residence and rang the bell. The door was opened by a colored boy. "Bob, is the Doctor in?"

"Yes, sir; he up stai's."

"Is he alone?"

"Yes, sir."

The Judge ascended the stairs and knocked at the first door to the left. It was opened

by a middle-aged gentleman with a blonde mustache. "Why, hello, Judge! you out this stormy night,"—as the Judge began to remove his ulster and overshoes in the hall—"But I see you are not going to take me out in the storm, so I am doubly glad to see you. Come right in," and with a bow and a smile the Judge passed into the pleasant, brilliantly lighted room and the Doctor closed the door.

The next evening Doctor Ardery dined at Judge Kahree's. In the course of the evening the Judge said: "By the way, Ardery, Mrs. Kahree has been ailing for some weeks; I wish you to see what she needs and prescribe for her." He felt her pulse, asked a few questions, and as he happened to have his medicine case with him, left her a few powders, directing her to begin early in the morning and take one every hour. The next afternoon the Doctor was sent for. He found her lying in a comatose state, which seemed to create no surprise, and very soon she was entirely unconscious. He remained with her all night, all the next day, and far into the night. By this time her life was hanging on a mere thread. The Doctor's face unmistakably wore a frightened look. The Judge, with heart throbbing with fear and anguish, walked the floor incessantly. His face was ghastly, and dark circles were about his eyes. "My God, Ardery, how is this going to end?"

"Don't ask me," snapped the Doctor. "It

may end in two fools going over the road in handcuffs." The Judge groaned, not, however, at the prospect of handcuffs; he knew that hands filled with gold seldom wore them, but he saw that the Doctor had little hope of Guyndine; and he felt to lose her now in this way would kill him. He walked to the bedside and bent over her. "Oh, Ardery, for Heaven's sake don't let her die."

"Judge, I am doing my very best but the crisis is upon us," (the Doctor was white to the lips) "and God alone knows what will be the result; but whatever it is you must be brave and bear it."

"Bear it?" said the Judge. "Do you tell me to bear seeing my wife taken away from me in this way? It will bear me to the madhouse and from there to the grave. Oh, Ardery, save her! and take every dollar I have on earth."

"You had better call on a higher power," said the Doctor, "for to tell you the truth I have about exhausted my skill."

After several hours, which seemed to the Judge to have been ages, Guyndine opened her eyes and looked into his; after glancing at the Doctor and the nurse, who stood on the opposite side of the bed, she wearily closed them again.

"I think now I can leave her for a while," said the Doctor, "but a feather's weight will

turn the scales and place her beyond hope. Keep her very quiet."

For many weary days Guyndine lay hovering between life and death. The Judge hung over her, like a fond mother over a sick babe, and was untiring in his attentions; his devotion was remarkable. Watching him through her half-closed eyes, as he came to her bedside so many times each day and night and hung over her with such fond tenderness, her heart received a new baptism of love and pity. She thought: "I know he has been sinned against as well as sinning. I must forget as well as forgive, and take him back into my heart and confidence, even if he did deceive me. Such devotion would touch a heart of stone. God knows I have never ceased to love him; and poor dear Arrel, how he has suffered; his face shows it." As he bent over her she opened her eyes, and putting both arms up she drew his face down to hers, kissed him and held him in a close embrace. If she had struck him in the face it would not have been a greater surprise.

"Arrel, dear, forgive me if I have been too hard with you; the past shall be forever buried in oblivion, and from this hour we shall begin anew. I love you, Arrel dear, and from henceforth I will trust you, for I sincerely believe you are worthy."

It would be impossible to give the reader an adequate idea of all that was passing

through the Judge's mind at this moment, but remorse was paramount. As the sweet cup was pressed to his lips, gall was swimming on the top, mingling in the center, and its dregs were at the bottom. "Guyndine, darling, I have deserved it all, but I have one plea to offer. I worshipped you; and, believe me, the hardest thing I ever tried to do was to practice deception upon you. It was this overmastering love that held me back that Sunday morning from confessing the truth, when you asked me if I had been true. That was the first deliberate falsehood my lips ever uttered, but I knew what it would mean to confess to my immorality, and I had not the strength to surrender you. My dear wife, you will never know what it has cost me to thus deceive you. But if you will again confide in me, I will strive from henceforth to be worthy of your confidence."

With a tender smile she held out her transparent hand to him. A pang shot through his heart as he took it and remembered what had made it so pale and thin. Lifting it to his lips, he murmured: "God bless you, my darling."

Who does not pity this man with his great, tender heart? That credence we call hope was trembling within, but close beside hope stood that "oracle of God," conscience, and there was continual unrest.

CHAPTER XII.

Another month went by. It was a soft, spring day; the green earth was sending up its incense sweet; the streams had burst their icy fetters, and leaped in wild delight as they joined with twittering bird and humming bee to sing again freedom's glad song. Guyndine sat watching the sunlight as it stole in through the stained glass, and crept down upon the lilies of the valley and the pale moss roses at her feet, converting her delicately shaded carpet into a bright-hued, variegated flower garden, in which she had green lilies of the valley and blue moss roses.

The little clock on the mantel struck five. "It seems an age since I was down stairs; I have a mind to dress and surprise them all by going down to dinner." She stood before the mirror and drew the pins from her hair.

"How pale and thin I am, a mere shadow of my old self." Her face grew sad. "And how sorry I am it was all for naught. I wonder why God has dealt with me thus? And what

could have caused it? But I must not murmur; it is for the best or it would not have been so; a great relief for poor Arrel. It is strange that he should be so averse; passing strange!" Just before the clock struck six she rang for the housekeeper to assist her down the stairs.

"Sure to glory," exclaimed Mrs. O'Connor, "it's yoursel' that's a'looking like the swate shadow of Mrs. Kahree. Indade, I niver thought to be a helpin' yez down the stairs, I expected to see yez coming down fate first, with the Judge followin' all decorated with crape. Sure it was a sorrowin' time we had here fer awhile; Mr. Harry, in the library a cryin', and the Judge pacin' the flure in the hall above, niver atin' enough to kape a mouse alive, nor slapin' at all, at all. It was mesel' that was sorry fer him, and sure it was;" and she left the "swate shadow" standing at the head of the table while she went to the library to announce dinner.

As Guyndine stood there waiting, with her hands crossed over the back of her chair, her faultless form arrayed in the drapery of dark green shot silk, out of which rose her waxen neck, and the pure face with its crown of bright, wavy hair, she reminded one of a magnificent white lily.

Harry, the Judge, and Dr. Ardery entered the room. Harry was first; he sprang for-

ward. "Oh, sister, I am so glad!" Putting his arm about her waist, he kissed her. "Judge, she is growing handsome," he added, laughing.

The Judge's face lit up with pleasure, as he saw his wife in her old place. "She has never been anything else but handsome since I knew her," said he. As he passed her he lifted her hand to his lips and murmured: "This is an unexpected pleasure. I cannot express my delight."

The Doctor offered his hand and congratulations. She colored slightly as she took the proffered hand.

"Doctor, you will excuse the extravagant remarks of these gentlemen under the circumstances."

"I think," said he, "flashing a meaning look at the Judge, "almost any remark is allowable under the circumstances."

Little did Judge Kahree think that his lips would never again touch that flesh that was so dear to him. After dinner he assisted her to the parlor; he pressed her close to him for a moment as he seated her in an easy chair.

"I shall have to be excused," said Harry, "as I have an engagement, so I will bid you good evening."

"Well, Judge," said the Doctor, "let us take a short walk and a smoke before we

settle down for the evening. That is, providing Mrs. Kahree will excuse us."

"I will excuse you for a walk, but I never excuse a smoke," remarked Guyndine.

"How is this?" asked the Doctor. "That trait does not belong to the sunny South; southern ladies do not object to gentlemen smoking."

"Why not? Perhaps you think us less refined and fastidious than ladies of the North."

"Oh, no! but southern people are credited with being more adapted to the voluptuous philosophy of Epicurus, and I thought as a consequence men were accorded more freedom along those lines; but I see I shall have to admit that women the world over are creatures of prejudice. But since they have had such wide experience in being deprived of what they consider their rights, it does seem as if they would be more sympathetic toward their gentleman friends; for you see we inherited our morbid appetites from our mother Eve."

"Ah!" said she laughing, "it is evident you are a true son of Adam. But you surely would not make such a ridiculous comparison as that of women asking for the ballot, which has for its object,—though it may fail to accomplish it—the purifying and upbuilding of society, with men gratifying the habitual demands of the palate, which must tend to the annihilation of the sensibilities of the

soul? I believe I voice the sentiments of a majority of my sex, when I say we do not care to vote; we feel that we are debarred by the demands of motherhood and wifeness; besides government means law enforced, and we have not the physical strength to enforce them. If we should be allowed to help create a law that would interfere with what men term their 'liberty,' what would it amount to? For instance, saloon men and gamblers do not object to good laws, but it is the enforcement of them they dread. We have good laws that lie dormant year in and year out; they are a dead letter because they are not enforced."

"You are right about that, Mrs. Kahree. It would be a blessing to us men if you women had a little more muscle; but since you haven't," said he laughing, "and since mother Eve has brought this upon us, all we can do is to cry 'more Keeley.'"

"Oh, Doctor," said she, "you are incorrigible."

Laughing, they bowed themselves out. The Judge looked back and touched his lips, and said: "We shall not be gone long." The door closed and she was alone.

A feeling of depression settled down upon her at once. The same shadow that seemed to hang over her the last evening she spent in these rooms was hanging over her tonight. Was it a presentiment? Was it the illusive memory of some evanes-

cent joy, or the shadow of an approaching sorrow? or was it caused by her extreme weakness? The future seemed to loom up before her like a cold dark wall. She felt faint and weary. She rose and went into the library; throwing herself upon a couch, she fell asleep.

After a time her slumbers were broken by the murmur of voices in an adjoining room. She was half asleep, but she recognized the Doctor's voice.

"It was a fearful shock to her system; I think it doubtful if she ever fully recovers, and, Judge, you haven't money enough to hire me to take another such risk."

The Judge drew a long breath. "The recollection of it is harrowing," said he, "and I hope it will never be necessary to repeat it."

"Necessary to repeat it? Why, you had better cut her throat and be done with it; in fact, it would be a mercy rather than to repeat it."

"So far as I am concerned," said the Judge, "I have no desire to live that experience over."

After a silence of some minutes, he resumed: "In fact, I had rather die myself than to live it over, but—"

"But," repeated the Doctor, staring at him in wonder, "You do not mean to say

that you could be induced to attempt such an experiment again?"

The Judge was silent.

"I cannot understand, Judge, why you are so averse to having a family, and dislike children so much. It amounts almost to a mania with you. As a rule men admire children and desire a family."

"I do not dislike children," said the Judge. "I am passionately fond of them, and the greatest grief of my life is the knowledge that no lisping baby lips will ever call me by the sweet name of papa; no human flower ever bloom in my home; no earnest, confiding, boyish eyes ever look up to me for a father's example. And when the dark days come, and old age creeps on apace, and the chill wing of woe hangs over me, no fair daughter will smooth my silvered hair and kiss my troubled brow." He stopped, overcome by his emotion. After a moment's silence he resumed: "The dream of Guyn-dine's life is to have a family of children; but it cannot be, it must not be, it shall not be!"

The Doctor sat gazing at him in open-mouthed wonder. "Is there hereditary insanity in the way?" asked the Doctor, thinking he saw signs of it.

"No."

"Well, what in Heaven's name is it then?"

"It is this. A few years ago in my profligacy I contracted a contagion which has so

inoculated my blood with poison that I dare not transmit it. Ardery, the sins of my early manhood are hounding me to death, and I believe they will pursue me to the end. If I had married a woman out of the common herd, one with loose sentiments along this line, it would probably have made little difference; but what man with right sentiments could love such a woman? and while I tremble for the result, I would not give my peerless wife for ten thousand of that class."

Guyndine was wide awake now. She raised up, gasped for breath, and for the first time in her life fell back fainting. When she recovered consciousness all was silent in the adjoining room. Claspings her hands over her heart, which felt as if it had almost ceased to beat, her pallid lips murmured: "Father of Mercy, let me die." She lay for hours rigid and motionless, with white, set face. As the clock was striking eleven, the Judge came in. At first glance, he started back in horror, fearing she was dead. Hastening forward he stooped and was about to raise her up, when she waved him back. "Do not touch me."

"Guyndine, what has happened to give you a relapse? I see you are very ill."

"I am worse than ill," gasped she, "I am dead, dead, dead. My life's lamp has gone out, the ashes of all life's dreams lie scattered at my feet; hope is ruined; all is low and

fallen and hollow; clay from first to last. I have lost all; I can lose no more; the play is over, let the curtain fall." She panted for breath. "A little more than two years ago, I stood before the altar and vowed before God to love, honor and obey you until death should separate us. This night I heard your lips confess to that which has cut the throat of love, killed honor, and made it impossible for me to longer obey you, without myself becoming an accessory to crime."

The color faded from his face, and he sank into a chair.

"Oh, Guyndine, my darling, my wife."

"Hush, Arrel; never call me that again. I am no longer your wife. My promise was only to continue until death separated us. Death has separated us. Ay, even murder! Oh, Arrel Kahree! whither are you drifting? Tamerlane in youth wept over a dead bird; afterwards he caused over a million to be slain. I have heard you say that in your boyhood days you could not kill a butterfly. Now you can deliberately take a human life, and that the life of—"

"Oh, Guyndine, for Heaven's sake!"—he put out his hand imploringly.

"Arrel, you know I would not wound you unnecessarily, but the time has come when to remain silent would mean condemnation to me. You have committed a crime, which if unforgiven, will forever separate you from

God and Heaven, which has already separated you from love and wife, and, if published to the world, would mean a felon's cell. Oh, Arrel, Arrel! How could you! Oh, how could you!"

His face was white as death.

"My darling, you do not mean, you cannot mean that you are about to abandon me? Surely you will not turn from me. Tell me anything else but this; anything but that you have ceased to love me. A felon's cell is nothing compared with losing you. I had rather go to hell with you than to Heaven without you." He stretched his arms toward her. "Oh, do not abandon one who loves you better than he loves God or Heaven."

"Arrel, I am powerless; there is now an impassable gulf between us; you yourself made it. You have crushed every particle of love and confidence from my heart. I could no more pick up and replace the broken petals of my affection, than I can replace in freshness and fragrance on yonder bush a rose which your heel has crushed. The sweet dream is over, and we must now face bleak realities, which once seemed to us as impossible, and from this hour—oh, can it be? Can it be?—from this hour our paths diverge!"

She sank back upon the pillow and looked like one dying.

The Judge hastened to the dining room

and in a few moments returned with a glass of wine which he pressed to her lips. This revived her and brought the color back to her face. Soon she rose to leave the room.

"You are not strong enough to go alone. Let me assist you."

He rose and took a step toward her. Again she waved him back. "Do not touch me, I beg of you."

"Guyndine, don't go till you tell me that you will not abandon me."

"I will be true to my marriage vow," said she. "Nothing now remains but friendship; you shall have that to the end. If you wish it I will continue to be your wife in the eyes of the world, but I will not consent to live in adultery, and the marriage relation between us is forever at an end. All that made it sweet and sacred is gone. Oh! Arrel, it is over; it is all over, and I can see nothing but a dark, illimitable ocean of trial and suffering spread out before us, a waste of deep waters on which we must toss at the mercy of relentless wind and wave."

He stood there looking like a pale statue of himself. "Nothing then remains for me," said he, "but this unsupportable anguish? this hopeless despair?"

"And for me simply duty and a broken heart." As she passed him she took his hand

between both of hers and pressed it. "God shield thee, helpless one! Good night."

He attempted to catch her in his arms, but she glided past him and was gone, leaving in his hands a light shawl which was about her shoulders. Left alone, he threw himself into an easy chair, and sat gazing into the open grate till the last bright coal turned to gray ashes. It was cool and a little fire had been kindled for Guyndine. He was taking a retrospective view of his life, and as it passed before him in panorama, a part of it filled him with shame and remorse. But how sweet the memory of his meeting with and marriage to this pure, sweet girl; and in all his association with her he could not recall one word, look, or act that would tend to lessen his respect for her. She who in the bud had given promise of no great perfection, had under the power of the religion of Christ, unfolded into a beautiful character flower, whose fragrance stealing over him now breathed a mystic language to his heart, touching him like a sublime poem, pointing him to faith and God. He recalled that sweet night when he held her face to the moonlight, and in the downcast eyes and quivering lips, read that which made his heart leap with joy; and again he recalled the dream of that same sweet night, when he sought to clasp her in his arms and found she was not there. He rose and with outstretched arms, wailed:

"Oh, Guyndine, it cannot be that it is all over and that I must drag out an existence without you!" Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead; his hands were clenched, and every nerve was strung to its highest tension.

Could the score of women with whom he had flirted—some of whom had shed such bitter tears—see him now, would they not feel that a Nemesis had well accomplished her task? He walked the floor till the gray dawn began to steal in at the window; exhausted he fell upon a couch and sank into a heavy slumber, from which he was aroused by a call to breakfast. As he opened his eyes and looked about him, his great sorrow met him and fell on him like a pall.

Guyndine had been obliged to resort to a sedative; there was no sleep for her without it, and in her weakened condition and present state of high nervous tension, a sleepless night would be a dangerous experiment. She slept well and awoke at daybreak. But there was a load weighing her down; what was it? What had happened? It was several minutes before she could collect her scattered senses to recall the events of the preceding evening, and when it came it rushed upon her with such force that with a low wail she sprang up and pressed both hands to her heart. Quivering and throbbing with pain as a sudden wave of memory carried her back to the

sun-crowned days of perfect trust, when living and breathing in the presence of him in whom she believed as the embodiment of honor and virtue, converted life's rugged pathway into a delightful avenue winding through gardens of dewy fragrance. She saw herself as she tripped on and on, parting the blossoming boughs to pass into unexplored paths of sweetness, when lo! among the daisies at her feet is a little heap of ashes, all that is left of life's radiant hopes.

Of all the sorrows, which the blighting curse of sin has cast upon this earth, there is none to compare with that of finding one we have trusted and believed pure, lying nude and repulsive at our feet. Oh, it is sickening.

No human will ever know Guyndine's struggle of the next two hours; but with the help of God and her indomitable will, she mastered herself. Fresh from her morning ablutions, she dressed herself with her usual care and calmly descended to breakfast.

When the Judge entered the dining room he found Harry reading the morning paper, and Guyndine standing by the open window. It was one of those refreshing spring mornings that seem to give one a new lease on life. The windows were up, and a choir of chirruping minstrels was in the trees without. The breakfast was steaming on the table and

as he entered, Guyndine, with a smile and a bow, took her seat at the table.

She was determined that for once Harry should not read her; he should never guess that she was disappointed nor that the Judge had a fault in her eyes. No one but God should ever know. She knew she would have to play her part well. As her eyes met the handsome dark orbs of her husband a pang shot through her and she was conscious that love still lived deep within.

Language is too tame to portray the emotions of this petted man of the world, who had heretofore been accustomed to having things go his way; who now feels that he is impoverished, utterly ruined in all that would tend to make life sweet; master of hundreds of thousands, yet unable to purchase the one thing needful to his happiness. Oh, how he covets the affections of that pale, slender woman sitting opposite him! He would willingly give up every dollar and go forth homeless and feel that he was rich, if he could but have her love. His fine eyes rested upon her face for a moment; with a sweeping glance he took in every article of dress. She wore a pretty morning gown of dotted Swiss, in navy and white over pale cowslip yellow. How becoming it was with its quilling of soft lace falling away from the white throat! Never had he loved her as now. He envied the bunch of sweet violets

that nestled so close against her alabaster neck, and he wished for just one because it had touched the flesh that was so dear to him. His glance wandered to the pretty hands—the wedding ring was gone from her finger.

Harry was in a jolly mood, read aloud an amusing article from the paper, had some pleasant down-town news to relate, and the breakfast passed without anything unusual becoming apparent.

That evening at dinner, the Judge found a note on his plate which ran: "Friend Arrel, our room is at your disposal tonight. I have removed my effects to the adjoining room. Harry and the servants shall never know. Your friend, Guyndine." As he finished reading the note, their eyes met, and she never forgot that look. Oh, how she pitied him! He saw her eyes fill with tears and it gave him hope. But the words, "Friend Arrel," spoke volumes and they haunted him; but he determined not to relinquish her without one more effort.

After dinner they adjourned as usual to the library. Guyndine seated herself with a book which she held open, but did not read. For awhile Harry attempted to carry on conversation with the Judge, who seemed strangely absent-minded and complained of a severe headache.

After a time, Harry took his hat and went

out. Guyndine arose and stepping through a French window disappeared among the shrubbery. The Judge followed her, and coming up with her, he threw his arm about her and his earnest, eloquent lips began their pleading. With a low cry of pain, she drew herself from him, hastened back to the house, up to her own room, and, throwing herself on the bed, she buried her face in the pillow.

The Judge never knew what it cost Guyndine to turn from him that night. It took all the strength of her strong will to resist him. They drifted on. No pen can portray the anguish of these two noble hearts.

They entertained together, visited together, attended church together, spent evenings at home alone together. He read to her, and she sang and played for him, and through it all she refused to hear one word on the subject nearest his heart; the least hint in that direction was a signal for her to bid him good night. Yet, hope lingered in his breast. She was all to him that any pure, right-minded woman could be under the circumstances. Sister, comforter, counselor, friend. Home was a sweet, restful place where he was always met with a smile. If he was ill her soft hands were ever ready to minister to his wants; always willing, never weary. He was surrounded with all that money and worldly influence could give to make a man happy, but to say that he was happy would

be to make a most erroneous statement. He felt like one, who tied hand and foot, was dying of hunger in sight of a feast. A man of less judgment, with his passionate love, would in all probability have made it impossible for her to live under the same roof with him. But he felt that in justice and equity, his side of the question would admit of no argument. All he could do would be to plead, and his pleading would necessarily be at direct antagonism with her conscience, and he knew that under existing conditions silence was wisdom, for purity, honor and God himself were on her side.

CHAPTER XIII.

“O, let me help thee bear thy heavy cross up the *via dolorosa*.”

Years have glided by. The sun rose clear and bright on a sweet October morning, the seventh anniversary of the marriage of Guyndine Vauce with Judge A. J. Kahree.

Harry had gone back to Georgia and was practicing law at the city of A——. The Judge and Guyndine were alone, and as they seated themselves at the breakfast table their thoughts were similar. Both remembered the day and, with sad hearts, recalled their transient felicity. After the exchange of a few commonplace remarks, they ate in silence. Twice during the meal their eyes met and there was so much sadness and despair in the look that the heart of each went out in sympathy to the other. After breakfast Guyndine went to the library, and the Judge, instead of going down town as usual, followed her. She stood by a window, with her back to him. He walked directly to her, put his arm about her and drew her to him. She looked up surprised and tried to draw away. “Let me hold you for one brief moment.

My arms have not encircled you for long years. Guyndine, this life is killing me. I can no longer endure it. Once more and for the last time I have come to ask you to forgive and forget the past, and return to me. That I have sinned, I do not deny; have I not suffered enough to atone for it? Remember, to forgive is divine."

"Why, Arrel," said she, looking up into his face in surprise, "of what are you talking? I forgave you years ago, and I have tried to show by every act of my life that my heart was full of forgiveness and pity."

"Yes, oh, yes!" said he. "You have been kind and sweet; but forgiveness and pity cannot satisfy me. I must have your love or I cannot longer endure life under the same roof with you; it has become extremest torture. I must have my lost wife back again, this precious head must again be pilloved upon my bosom, and I must be allowed to kiss your lips as of yore or I must leave you forever."

"Oh, Arrel! you are asking for what I have not the power to bestow. Love is not to be called up and dismissed at will. I know your suffering has been intense, but I have suffered with you; for every pang that you have felt a corresponding one has struck me. I told you that dreadful night that the throat of love was cut, but I did not know my own heart. I learned later that it was only

stunned, and for many weary months and years I have fought it."

"Oh, thank God," he interrupted, "then you yet love me."

"Hear me through," said she, "after years of struggle I think I can say that I have conquered. If I could stifle conscience and return to you, a life of adultery would be the result, and the loss of your soul and mine the ultimate consequences. Even if I loved you I should not dare to live the life I should be forced to live under existing conditions. In the sight of God I should be no better than those poor creatures who resort to houses of assignation. You know it, and it would be but a question of time until you would cease to respect me, but the kind of love you would have for me then, I do not want from any man."

"There is no hope then?"

"None whatever."

Withdrawing his arm from her waist, he took a step away. For some time he stood leaning against the mantle, silent and thoughtful. At length he said: "During these years of silent daily and hourly torture, there has never been a time when there was not a lurking hope that your love might revive and outweigh your scruples. That hope is now crushed; and I must leave you, leave you forever; go into foreign lands and try to forget you. In three days I shall leave

this city for an extended tour in the old world hoping thus to be able to blot from my heart the only image that was ever enthroned there. And, Guyndine, I exonerate you from all blame. You have been faithful and true. You have done everything but compromise your purity. I wish you to remain here, retain the servants, forget the past, and try to be happy."

Guyndine was silent, but while he was yet speaking she had decided upon the course she would pursue.

"With such love as mine," he continued, "in such an environment, life becomes unbearable. But I would not have you feel that I look upon our marriage as having been a failure. It has been my salvation, and your Christian example will be a purifying influence in my heart and life, bearing me upward through all eternity."

Clasping his hand in both of hers, she sank on her knees at his feet. "Oh, thank you! and thank God! All my suffering is as naught since you have told me this." Holding his hand in her warm clasp, she bowed her head upon it.

He felt the old thrill creeping upon him, which always came with the touch of her hand. "At first," continued he, "I was drawn to you by an irresistible, magnetic

force, which completely overwhelmed the animal nature, and would probably, in a way, have held me even if I should have ceased to respect you, but after seven years of life with you, having made a close study of your character, I feel my spirit held in thralldom by a force stronger than magnetism. You have walked before me in such a way as to restore my faith in woman. I had come to believe that the sex was devoid of conscience, that it was a compound of selfishness and vanity. I was mistaken. I know there is one woman of pronounced convictions, who will follow the dictates of a pure conscience under any and all circumstances, and that woman, thank God, bears my name, and the world calls her my wife, and for the sake of my mother, who died before I can remember, I thank God that He sent you to me to teach me this. And, Guyndine, the purest and best that is within me bows in adoration to your God, and I promise you that from henceforth I will strive to love and follow your Christ. For your sake I will never cease my effort till I stand before God in a justified state, pardoned for Christ's sake."

Guyndine sank upon the floor in a limp heap and sobbed like a broken hearted child. He had never before seen her weep. He was a man whose emotional nature was well under control. He stood for a moment with folded arms looking down upon her, and his

agitation became so great that to keep from breaking down and sobbing with her, he left the room and the house, wiping away tears as he went.

When she heard the street door close behind him she broke into fresh sobs. It sounded to her like the first clod falling on his coffin lid. "Oh! I shall never look into his dear eyes again, never, never. Oh, Arrel, Arrel, how can I endure it." For a long time she lay there, her frame shaken with sobs. At last she rose and stood with her hand on the door knob, looking about her. "Good-bye, beautiful home, I must leave you; duty demands it. 'Tis hard for one protected as I have always been to turn from such a home as this, and go forth to face the cruel blast with unsheltered head, but when I remember my Elder Brother who left the glory land and for the sake of duty faced the same cold, unfeeling world for thirty-three years, it gives me courage and strength. I shall not go alone, thank God." Smiling through her tears, she passed from room to room. "Farewell, dear home, a long, long farewell. Tenderly have you sheltered me, while in those ideal days I dreamed life's sweetest dream, learned its saddest lesson, and died its bitterest death. Oh, heart of mine, are you breaking? or have you endurance to suffer on? Shall you ever know another throb of joy? ever again feel the warmth of sun-

light, or beat responsive to laugh of happy child or bird's glad song? Dear old trees that seem to bend and kiss the roof, reaching out strong arms protectingly, as if to ward off earth's storms; how oft in twilight's mystic hour, while yet the rose tint lingered in the clouds, and the breath of flowers mingled with the dew, have I listened as you sang to me, whispering ever of my hero, my husband. And later, when bowed in grief, I sat in solitude, you changed your tune and sang a mournful song, and I fancied you pitied him and pitied me. But today we part forever, and forever. You will never sing to me again; but I cannot die. I must live on, and live out life's dreadful tragedy. And shall I charge it to fate that hope was blasted in the bud and my life left in throes of grief. Oh, mamma! I must not blame you, but how I wish you had set me right. If I have sinned it was unwittingly, and God can overrule it for His honor and glory as He did in Joseph's case when his brethren sold him into Egypt; for we who trust God are not as autumn leaves, frail playthings of the wind, but by faith we wrap the purple drapery of royal robes about us, and give all our mistakes into the hands of our Sire, the King."

In the back parlor was a life size picture of Judge Kahree, taken just before their marriage. As she entered the room and looked up, the handsome dark eyes met hers with a

look of such pleading tenderness that she fell on her knees and again wailed: "Oh, Arrel! Arrel! How can I leave you? How can I bear the thought that I shall never look into those kind eyes again? It is killing me!"

She rushed out of the parlor, and up to her own room. Throwing herself upon the bed she lay moaning piteously.

After awhile she said: "Oh, why do I falter? This will never do." She arose, bathed her face, brushed her disheveled hair, and opening a wardrobe, selected from it her plainest articles of clothing, and packed them in a trunk, which she locked and securely strapped. Putting a few toilet articles into a small valise, she changed her pretty wrapper for a brown cashmere. Taking a purse from a drawer she counted the contents. "When I arrive at St. Louis, I shall have but ten dollars left. It seems a risky thing to do, but there is no other way."

Kneeling, she asked God's protecting care over the one she was about to leave forever. She consecrated herself afresh, promising that if He would lead her and make her efforts a blessing to the world, she would neither swerve to the right nor to the left. Rising, she rang the bell. Mrs. O'Connor came.

"I wish you would send Jones to me."

"Well, mum, sure and I will thin." Mrs. O'Connor glanced back; she saw that Guyn-dine had been weeping. "I wonder what ails

the swate one. Sure it can't be anything the Judge has done for he worships the ground she walks on, and ivery hair of her head is pure gold to him."

Jones soon appeared. "Jones, I am obliged to make the eleven o'clock St. Louis express, and I wish this trunk taken to the depot at once." She looked at her watch. "It is but an hour till train time, so do not lose any time."

"You want the surrey?" asked Jones.

"No, I will take a cab."

Jones eyed her curiously; he, too, saw that she had been weeping. "Well," soliloquized he, "I guess it's no difference how good a time anybody has in this world, they always manage to find something to cry about; but I'm blamed if I can see what she's got."

Seating herself at her writing desk Guyn-dine penned the following: "Dear Arrel:— Did you think I could remain sheltered in your home, while you were driven into foreign lands to escape me? When you read this I shall be many miles away. Try to forget me as quickly as possible. You have been all that a husband could be with the environments. Good bye, dear Arrel, and may we meet in the land where no good byes will ever be spoken. God bless and keep you, is the prayer of your desolate Guyndine."

Putting on a brown hat and veil she went in search of the housekeeper. "Mrs. O'Con-

nor, please hand this note to the Judge. I am unexpectedly called away and this will explain to him." Going out she walked a block, hailed a cab, and was driven to the depot, where she found the train waiting.

Mrs. O'Connor told the other servants that, "Mrs. Kahree got a dispatch tellin' her that her mother or her brother or somebody was sure a dyin', an' she put on her hat an' started right off, just waitin' long enough to write a small note to the Judge."

When the Judge came in at six, Mrs. O'Connor met him in the hall with Guyndine's letter. His heart sank as he recognized the handwriting. He went to the library and closed the door before opening the letter. The dinner was carried from the table that day untouched and the gray dawn found the Judge again pacing the floor. Mrs. O'Connor reported to the cook and Jones that "he was such a baby about her that he could nayther ate nor slape when she was away."

One week later, strangers had possession of the Kahree home, and it was reported that the Judge had unexpectedly received a business call to Europe.

A few minutes after Guyndine entered the car, she was moving eastward as rapidly as steam and steel could carry her. Dazed and heartsick, she sat gazing out of the window, seeing nothing. Whirling before her eyes,

was a confused mass of earth, sky, fences, trees, houses, horses and cattle. Mingling in her ears was the roar and rattle of the running train, and the chatter and chatter of the passengers about her; but she heard it not. Her face was white and set, and her eyes seemed to be looking away into the distance. What was to be the end of all this? If for a moment she turned her eyes backward, duty said: "Remember Lot's wife." Ahead all was inky darkness, and only as she looked up to God could she find a ray of light.

"Tickets," shouted the conductor. She did not hear. He stopped close beside her. "Tickets, please." She was still unheeding, and he touched her on the shoulder. She started like one aroused from sleep. As she handed him her ticket and was turning again to the window, she met the gaze of a pair of dark brown eyes in a seat opposite. He was a man of exceptionally fine appearance, and for a moment her attention was attracted to the portly form and fine physique; the broad, intellectual forehead, dark curling hair, long silky mustache and refined classic features.

Strange beings are we that, during the most intense mental or physical anguish, we should note details with perhaps more acuteness than in our moments of happy restfulness. We will observe the smallest insect that may pass before our vision, and notice any peculiarity it may possess, even while our

senses are dulled and blunted to every earthly interest. The drowning man will see the little fly that buzzes about his head, or a tiny spider swimming on the water; and to the last he will wonder if the spider could catch the fly if it should fall into the water. Guyn-dine gave the man in the opposite seat but a passing thought: "A man far above the ordinary;" and turning away she returned to her retrospective mood where the conductor had interrupted it. She lived it all over, the sweetness, the sadness, the anguish. For hours she sat, scarcely moving a muscle or changing her position, her elbow on the window sill, her face resting on her hand, and looking straight before her.

The man across the aisle was intensely interested. Perhaps it was the shadow of the great sorrow on her young face which first drew his attention; but the longer he studied her the more absorbing became his interest. He had gazed upon many more beautiful faces, but never upon one where the play of soul was so perfect. Her spirit seemed seated on a throne apart from the surrounding world, and, oblivious to externals, seemed to be living in another sphere where gladness was never known. He knew he was not mistaken when he read in that face character of the highest type. What would he not give to know her history!

The gentleman whom we are now introduc-

ing to our reader, has figured conspicuously in the highest political and social circles in America and as he has not yet had the "late lamented" mentioned in connection with his name, these pages will know him as the Hon. Edgar Grannell, who has recently returned from a two years' absence as minister to a foreign country. His political career was one to which had been attached no stigma. No shadow had ever touched his fair name. He did not belong to that herd of politicians who wander up and down America's fair soil, disgracing the name, who, Proteus-like, as Mason says, "must alter his face and habit, and, like water, seem of the same color as the vessel that doth contain it; who, with passionate oaths, with sighs, smooth glances and officious terms spread artificial mist before the eyes of credulous simplicity." Ah, no! and he did not belong to the "fawning, lying, parasitic herd," that herd of "busy, buzzing, burdened knaves," that herd of "quaint, smooth rogues," who, infidels at heart, do not scruple at entering the church and polluting the fair robes of Christ by drawing them over their vile forms for policy sake. Nor had he chosen his profession from a groveling motive. His genius and inclination ran that way, and he saw in it an opportunity to help his fellowmen, and to develop his noblest and most virile manhood, While he was not a Christian, he made the

real needs of humanity a study, and he left selfishness so far out of the question that he never failed to use his influence to arbitrate every malicious case that he could out of court; and he made it a point to never take a case that he had a suspicion had not right on its side. A man can be true and be a lawyer, yes, even a lawyer.

CHAPTER XIV.

Man is at heart a dreamer. He builds his airy castle and with his wife and children moves into it, and floating above the clouds of smoke and the din of earth's workshops, he quaffs from the cup of bliss. But when he finds himself in possession of the real wife and children, and the building material for the structure—that he once thought it would be next to impossible for him to obtain—is at hand, he toilsomely begins the erection of his building, and forgets his dream, and why he would build, and the poetry of life gives place to the hard, prosaic business that grinds the soul. The reality of his dream has absorbed all the soft, pleasant fancies of his emotional nature, and left—alas!—a man cold and grim.

Go, Morpheus, to the vale of Trophet!
He sacrificeth there to Moloch,
Go, kiss his weary eyelids,
As thou didst in days of yore.
Let him float on fleecy billows;
Rest his head on downy pillows;
Oh, let him dream his youthful dreams
once more!
Lift him to that bright elysium
Where he may see the land of song:

And let him thirst beside the sacred stream
 That flows from Helicon.
 His round of dreary task work,
 Has robbed his life and soul
 Of the poesy from dreamland
 That was wont to hear his call.
 His mind makes no more pictures
 Of fountains large and fair,
 Of cottage home, or palace,
 With wife and children there.
 Alas, his dreams are realized.
 And tossed by wind and wave,
 Though he may be a castled lord,
 He is a wretched slave.

“Wretched is the man,” says Goethe, “who has learned to despise the dreams of his youth.”

The Hon. Edgar Grannell, though but thirty years of age, has ceased to dream. His airy vision was dispelled at twenty when the bird with the sable wing swooped down and seized a little rustic maiden of sixteen, around whom his every plan for the future was circling. With this, his first great grief lying heavily upon his heart, he rushed into politics, hoping thus to get away from the cankering memory of his sorrow. As he outlived his sorrows, he outgrew his dreams, and he had quite forgotten that he ever dreamed. But today he was retrospective, walking through the shadowy past, breathing the fresh air of life's morning;

Standing again in the sunset glow
 With the girl he loved in the long ago.

“Ah, how I dreamed of perpetual bliss,

eternal sunshine, perspectives of endless joy."

It was night when they reached St. Louis. The Hon. Edgar Grannell kept Guyndine in sight till she entered a cab and was driven away, when he surprised himself by drawing a long sigh. Smiling he soliloquized: "This is marvelous; after having turned from scores of beautiful women without caring for a second glance, I now find myself gazing, and actually sighing after—I know not whom. Ha, ha, ha, it is incredible. Dotage does not commonly overtake a man at thirty; it must be natural born imbecility; but she is certainly *sans partie*."

That night in his dreams he was a boy again and was weaving a crown of apple blossoms for Roxey, his old sweetheart. As he finished the wreath and was about to place it upon her brow, she unfurled a pair of snowy wings and flew away, pointing to a form which stood near, she said: "I cannot wear it, Edgar, crown her." A peculiar thrill swept through him as he gazed into the deep gray eyes before him. He took a step toward her. She waved him back. "No; see, I am already crowned," and on the fair brow, falling over the bright hair, was a wreath of cypress and tuberose.

After driving several blocks, the cab bearing Guyndine stopped in front of a two-story frame house in a respectable locality. A servant admitted her and she was ushered into

a small, neat parlor. She handed him a card and remained standing.

Soon there appeared a sweet-faced old lady, with a soft voice and refined manner. Seeing Guyndine she suddenly stopped, took a step forward and stopped again. "It cannot be," she said, "and yet—"

"It is, though," said Guyndine, extending her hand, which was caught and kissed again and again.

"Oh, Mrs. Kahree, how very glad I am to see you once more. My heart has ached for the sight of your face and the sound of your sweet, kind voice. But where is the Judge? Is he well? How I would like to see him."

"He is in Kansas City, and very well, thank you."

"But," said Mrs. Danks, "I must not keep you standing here; you are weary and need rest and refreshments. John," said she, calling to a servant, "have this trunk taken to number ten. Now, Mrs. Kahree, if you will follow me, I will see that you have refreshments at once."

Number ten was a large, well ventilated, well furnished front room. Mrs. Danks arranged everything for Guyndine's convenience and comfort, saying as she left the room, "When you are ready please ring and I will send the supper up."

Mrs. Danks had for one year been Guyn-

dine's housekeeper. It was she who opened the door to admit her the first time to her Kansas City home. The faithful creature had become tenderly attached to her. It was mutual and Guyndine felt that among all her aristocratic acquaintances there was none to whom she could turn in her hour of trial as to this unpretentious Christian woman.

After having refreshed herself with a bath and changed her heavy dress for a light negligee, she rang the bell. John soon appeared bearing a tray, the contents of which he arranged in nice order on a small round table. Bowing very low, he said: "Is da anyting else you wishes, please, ma'am?"

"It is nearly midnight, but I should like to see Mrs. Danks again. Will you kindly tell her?"

"Y-e-s-'-m," and with another flourishing bow, John withdrew.

John was a yellow dandy, and his bow, which he called his "bend-a-ma-lah," and on which he spent much time practicing before the mirror, was something wonderful. He divided his time between practicing the "bend-a-ma-lah," kissing and saying sweet things to Lena, the chambermaid—who next to himself he considered the sweetest thing upon earth—"dressin' hisse'f up," and a small amount of work.

When Mrs. Danks appeared Guyndine said: "Dear Mrs. Danks, I have something

to say to you, which I must say tonight. I know you to be a true Christian woman, on whom I can depend. I have turned to you in an hour of deep trouble." She paused and a slight tremor passed over her face. To be obliged to give utterance to what she must now say seemed a degradation; she felt benumbed to everything but inward throbbings. Her inexperience had prevented her from considering details, and she had not reflected that her own lips would be required to make some sort of explanation, and to do so seemed like sacrilege. As a strong body struggles with a stiff current, her mind struggled with its finer self. The bitterness of it all came upon her with a new vividness. A sob rose in her throat; with a mighty effort she suppressed it as she continued: "I have told you that Judge Kahree is well, but, Mrs. Danks, I am a widow."

Mrs. Danks threw up her hands in astonishment.

"He was a kind, loving husband," continued Guyndine, "but there are circumstances over which neither of us had any control, which made it impossible for us to remain longer under the same roof. He insisted upon supporting me and wished me to remain in the home and let him go into foreign lands and strive to forget me. I left him without his knowledge or consent. I wish to remain with you for a time. I shall support myself

by teaching music and French. I wish my history to be withheld from even your closest friends."

Mrs. Danks was quite overcome by the knowledge of the breaking up of this model family. She sat silently wiping the tears. "I would not think of questioning you, Mrs. Kahree, but I cannot realize this, nor understand it. He was the most devoted husband I ever saw and you one of the truest and tenderest of wives."

"Perhaps," said Guyndine, "I had better be a little more explicit lest you form an erroneous opinion. The real trouble between us was the Judge's aversion to my bearing children."

"How very strange," said Mrs. Danks, "I thought he was especially fond of children; in fact, I have heard him say as much. Could you not have prevailed with him?"

See how carefully Guyndine guards his secret. Her marriage vow is still green in her memory. If she cannot love and obey, she will honor to the last. "No," replied she, "my powers of persuasion have long since been exhausted without avail. "

"Surely," said Mrs. Danks, "he will not give you up so easily; he will search you out, concede the point in question, and take you home."

She continued to wipe the tears which would flow in spite of her efforts to keep

them back. Remembering Judge Kahree's kindness to herself, and his devotion to his wife, she could not reconcile herself to the thought of his wandering friendless and alone in foreign lands, separated from the wife she knew he once idolized.

"Mrs. Danks, while I look upon marriage as a sacrament whose solemnity reaches into eternity, that it is indissoluble, except by an act of God, I have left Judge Kahree forever. I am bound to him by a vow which only death can sever. I shall remain true to my vow, but I shall never see his face again. I have not chosen this path; fate seems to have chosen it for me; but I know my duty and I shall do it though my heart breaks."

"Although I do not understand it," said Mrs. Danks, "knowing you as I do, I feel sure that you know you are doing right. I have had glimpses in the past of the clear vision, and undaunted determination and moral loftiness of your character which I know, under God, will lead you right. You certainly take the correct view of marriage, and of that crime so widely practiced. I am thankful that you have the courage to stand out and hold up the banner of purity. I shudder at the thought that this crime is popular even in the church. Verily the people are being saved in their sins. The reason for the loss of vitality in the Church, for the blight that has settled on all the denomina-

tions, in the whole land, is obvious; the condoning of this evil, together with the church entertainment, which started as a parasite and, by tolerance, has grown into an extortionate monster, is sucking the life from the sacred body into which Jehovah breathed the breath of life; and the watchmen upon the walls who have not lifted up their voice against these evils should read Ezekiel 32:6, and look at their hands which are red with innocent blood. They have helped to build high places for Chemosh and Moloch. They have helped to beat the drum and cymbal loud as innocent offerings were passed through the fire to these grim idols."

"The age has come," said Guyndine, "when there is no possible excuse for the individual who fails to study the word of God for himself."

"God's blessing will surely follow you," said Mrs. Danks. "Our smallest acts of self-sacrifice, when the motive is pure, are always followed by a blessing; and, like Moses, you have deliberately turned from all that the world calls great and good for the sake of right. This act of noble self-sacrifice will set in motion influences which will evolve into a chain of events that in the dawn of eternity will amaze you with its immensity."

"Oh, I thank you for those words of comfort," said Guyndine.

"I appreciate the honor you have done me

in thus turning to me, your former servant, in your trouble," said Mrs. Danks. "And if the friendship of one so humble can comfort or help you, it is freely given."

These words fell upon Guyndine's troubled heart like a soothing balm. She retired, feeling rested and comforted, and slept well all night. But sorrow was still on her track, Three days later she read in a daily paper the following:

"The city of A——, in the state of Georgia, has been visited by a cyclone. The family of Squire Spencer, consisting of himself, his wife and two children, were all killed."

The shock was so severe that Guyndine was prostrated with grief. She felt that her burdens were almost more than she could endure. Mrs. Danks was untiring in her efforts to console her. Many times a day she came with her Bible to read some comforting passage, or pray beside her that God would give her strength to endure and grace to be thankful for affliction. The voice of the kind old lady fell upon her weary spirit like oil upon troubled waters, and she bravely and patiently took up the burden of her solitary, loveless life, animated only by a purpose to do right. The stoical heroism within her made her oblivious to every voice but the stern voice of duty, and the dregs of the cup of wormwood became sweet to her taste because she drank for Christ's sake.

CHAPTER XV.

The illustrious king who hails from the Levant, whose daily walk extends to the dark nakedness of the western isles, is just raising his imperial head to look over what is said to be one of the most beautiful and attractive spots in the world, the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. There are the Alps, and "clear, placid Lemon"; Jura with her shroud of purple and gold, and the somber, historic castle of Chillon. The spirit of genius seems to pervade the air. The names of Byron, Rousseau, and Gibbon are blended with these scenes, and numerous great events of history are inseparably associated with them. As the sun's rays touch the lake, one is reminded of the rosy, dimpled face of a child, with clear, pellucid eyes and smiling lips.

From the hotel at Villeneuve, walking slowly in the direction of the castle of Chillon, comes a gentleman. As he approaches, we recognize our friend, Judge Kahree. He arrived at this pilgrim's rest only yesterday. At first glance we think he has changed but

little, although it has been seven years since we last saw him. But closer scrutiny reveals a few silver threads among the dark locks, a settled look of sadness in the eyes, and about the mouth are lines which none but sorrow's pencil could have traced. When the lips can tell of the heart's sorrow, alleviation has begun; but mute lips and anguished heart will create a canker that will eat into the vitals.

The hotel stands facing the water. In front of it is a portico. A lady stood leaning against one of the pillars, her face turned toward the water. As the Judge turned to retrace his steps, his eye was caught by the flutter of a white dress among the green vines. Watching her as an indescribable stream of splendor from the eastern sky fell over her, he said: "No Greek dream, however extravagant, of the white-armed, ox-eyed Hera could surpass yon form of flesh.

She was tall and stately, with calm, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, and small mouth, which wore a perpetual smile. Her crowning beauty was her magnificent waving golden hair.

Rose Ruthvon was the petted and only child of a college chum of Judge Kahree, who was an invalid, and, accompanied by his daughter, was traveling for his health. A year ago they had met by accident in Wales,

and had decided to continue their travels together.

For some weeks Mr. Ruthvon had been failing. The doctor recommended Villeneuve. They had come there for a few weeks rest, hoping and expecting him to recuperate.

As the Judge ascended the steps to the portico Rose turned, her eyes drooped and a faint wave of color swept over her face. This mystic language was one with which he was quite familiar, and could read as from an open book. The time was when it would have given him pleasure, but his flirting days were over and his heart was too sore to care to renew them; besides he was a Christian now, with a conscience, and a heart washed in the blood of the Lamb, from which selfishness and lust had been removed. But his tenderest sympathy went out to Rose. His heart was permeated with that fellow feeling which "makes us wondrous kind." He could do nothing more; he was not to blame for this state of affairs, and he could not give what he did not possess. His heart was all Guyndine's and while he knew he was separated from her forever, he had never thought of a divorce. When he took his marriage vow, he took it for eternity.

Years ago, Rose had met Judge Kahree at Newport, where, with her mother, she had spent a season. Mere child as she was, she left her heart with him and from that time

she had dreamed of him and him alone. Beautiful, accomplished, and sought after, she coldly turned from the advances of all and was looked upon as somewhat eccentric.

Mr. Ruthvon had never heard of his friend's marriage, and the Judge had allowed him to remain in ignorance, not thinking of harm coming of it. It was beginning to dawn upon him, however, that he had made a mistake, and he was full of regret for his thoughtlessness. In the olden days he had watched the fluctuant color, the quickened breath, the fluttering sigh, with a fascination similar to that of a cat watching a mouse which she has tossed and worried beyond the possibility of its escape; but there was no exultation now; only shame and remorse at the recollection of the past.

The Judge lifted his hat and was passing on into the hall when Rose said, "Judge, papa sent me to find you with the request that, as soon as you have breakfasted, you will call at his room."

"Have you been to breakfast," inquired he.

"No; it is rather early; it is only five minutes past six," said she, looking at her watch.

"I did not expect to see you out so early after yesterday's fatiguing journey," said the Judge, "but you look as fresh as a morning-glory."

"Oh, I could not remain in bed with such a prospect as this before me," said she, with

a sweeping glance at the beautiful landscape.

"I could scarcely wait for daylight."

They turned their faces toward the water and stood drinking in the fresh breeze, silently gazing upon the sparkling wavelets and the beauties of the surrounding scenery. After a long silence he said:

"Isn't it grand and awe-inspiring?"

"Magnificent," replied she. "I have all the morning been thinking of beautiful Byron; poor, unfortunate, wicked, gifted Byron. I imagine his shade still haunts the place he loved so well."

"Yes, the surrounding scenes still bear his epitaph which this mighty poet placed upon them, and while there remains a wavelet in 'clear, placid Lemon,' his shade will continue to haunt it. I, too, have been thinking about him and I have been thinking that his wickedness and mine compare well."

Surprised, she turned and looked into his face. He looked steadily into her eyes. "It is true, Miss Rose; I am not worthy of the love and respect of a pure woman; and though I stand before God in a justified state, I do not deserve and never expect to ask any woman to waste her affections on me."

A flush rose to the roots of her hair, but she made no reply. He turned toward the castle, and after a few minutes, said:

"What a grand, melancholy old pile! quiet and peaceful today, but once the scene of

cruel tyranny and oppression, in which the warm blood of many a hero mingled with the dust. Ah, what a fearful thing is uncurbed human passion! How relentless and cruel is godless ambition which the closest bonds of nature are powerless to restrain, trampling down love, faith, conscience, and would, if possible, scale the Heavens and usurp Jehovah's throne. Yet the infidel tells us about the grandeur of human nature. It is vile, vile, except as it has been redeemed by the blood of Christ. Past history shows that without the touch of the redeeming blood, human nature and brute nature are synonymous terms."

"What various motives fired their bosoms! What trivial provocatons led them into seas of blood!" said she. "And what they called bravery we would term recklessness and downright foolhardiness."

"You do not term the provocation which Paris gave Manelaus slight, do you?" said the Judge, smiling.

"Perhaps not; still very much depends upon how Helen conducted herself behind the scenes. I could better judge had I been permitted to have a glimpse of her before the abduction."

"Ah! I see you would gauge your judgment by the amount of flirting she did with Paris and you would place the responsibility

of what followed upon Menelaus instead of Paris."

"Not exactly," said she. "Yet if she was a flirt—and I have always had a suspicion she was—Menelaus was a simpleton, and the price paid for her was fearful."

"Their ideas of true nobility were very crude," said the Judge. "I am thankful I did not live at a time when all questions of honor were settled at the point of the sword."

"I cannot understand," said Rose, "how a Christian nation can unhesitatingly plunge into war to settle its disputes!"

"A Christian nation cannot. When we are a Christian nation in deed and in truth, we will settle our disputes by arbitration. We have usurped the right to place the name of Christ upon our national banner. The foundation stones of our nation, instead of being cemented with the Christ principle, are cemented with blood. Our towns and cities are built with blood money. Churches all over the land are erected with the glutton's money; monuments, not to Christ, but to ice cream, cake, and third-class theatricals; and strange to say, ministers and laymen look into each other's faces with perplexed horror and ask: "What is the matter with the Church? God seems to have turned his back upon us."

"How else can they get the money to build

churches but by having those things?" asked Rose.

"The Bible teaches that ten per cent of the Christian's money belongs to God," said the Judge. "If he fails to pay it he is a robber. In the church is no place for a robber; if he will not pay his honest debt to God he should be excommunicated. The reason why the church treasury is empty is because the majority of its members are defrauding God. Many people are trying to beat their way to Heaven, while they sweetly sing the words: 'I care not for riches, for silver nor gold.' No one is too poor to pay God the tenth, and he has promised to return it a hundred fold." Glancing down at Rose, the Judge saw in her eyes that expression which always appealed to his sympathy, and his voice had a note of tenderness as he said: "This breeze is too strong, Miss Rose. You should have something about your shoulders."

Her heart quickened at the tone, but she did not reply. Breakfast was announced, and as they passed into the breakfast room a low murmur went the rounds, "Beautiful as a dream." "What a handsome couple!" "Who are they?"

After breakfast the Judge excused himself and went to see Mr. Ruthvon, whom he found lying on a couch looking much worse.

"Why, Ruthvon," said he, extending his

hand, "How is this? You are not looking so well. Do you feel worse?"

Mr. Ruthvon took his hand and pressed it warmly, motioning him to an easy chair. "Draw it up this way, a little nearer. Well, Arrel, old friend, my days are numbered. I sent for you because I want to have a long talk with you while I have strength."

"Come now, Ruthvon, this will never do. You must not give way to despondent feelings."

"I am not despondent, but I understand my condition. Suffering has made me tired of life, and I do not care how soon release comes, only for poor Rose. I feel myself going; I shall not be here many days. I have a load on my mind, Arrel, and I cannot die easy till I have disposed of it."

He stopped and closed his eyes. After a few moments he opened them and turned them full upon the Judge's face. "My burden is Rose, poor little Rose. I cannot die and leave her without a protector. She is not so young; she is twenty-eight. She understands the ways of cultured society perfectly, but she knows nothing whatever of the rough side of life. She is innocent and unsophisticated in all that is harsh and taxing, and is not calculated to battle with the world. Perhaps we made a mistake in so carefully shielding her from contact with these things, but it is too late now to correct

mistakes. While she has always been in the best society she has lived very exclusive. It is her nature. I never knew her to have any intimate companion. She has had scores of lovers, but strange to say, she seemed to care for none of them. Since her mother's death she has clung to me and has cared for no other, except—well, I may as well say it—for you, Arrel.”

Again he closed his eyes and lay silent for some time. “I had hoped that you might—” He stopped and cleared his throat. “That you could have loved Rose well enough to marry her. Do you think you could, old friend?”

“Ruthvon, I have a living wife. I have been married fourteen years.”

Mr. Ruthvon had risen on his elbow. He sank back upon the pillow white and almost fainting. The Judge stepped to a table and poured some cordial into a glass which he gave him, and he soon revived.

“I have had it in my mind several times,” said the Judge, “to tell you about my marriage, but the subject is one which is so painful, and so overwhelms me with remorse, that I have avoided it on that account. I did not begin to sow my wild oats quite as early, perhaps, as some men, but I sowed them all the same; after which I met and married the only woman I ever loved. To-day, when my hair is beginning to silver, and

my heart yearns for love and home, I am a wanderer upon the earth, reaping the harvest of that sowing, and draining the cup of sorrow to its dregs. You know what my life has been—”

“Yes, Arrel, and mine was no better,” interrupted Mr. Ruthvon.

The Judge resumed: “I added to those sins the blacker one of palming myself off as a morally pure man on one of the purest and sweetest girls that ever drew breath. For a few blissful months the farce was a success; but one day she overheard me confess my profligacy to a friend. Oh, that horrible day!” He stopped, took out his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead and leaned his head back in the chair wearily. When he again spoke his voice was trembling. “She was too true to abandon me, but from that hour she refused to be my wife. Of course, her confidence was forever gone and I thought her love had flown with it, although she was always kind and sweet and never reproached me. But I learned later that she had loved me all along and that her heart had been bleeding with mine. For five years we lived under the same roof and played a farce for the benefit of the world, when I could endure it no longer. I had repented in sackcloth and ashes, but we had passed the line where re-

pentance could avail to restore to me my lost treasure."

"Would she not forgive you even when you had repented and God had forgiven you?"

"Yes; she forgave me at once but her conscience would not permit her to live in wedlock under the circumstances. I knew she was right, but, Ruthvon—" after a long pause—"it is a fearful thing to love as I loved her; it is such love that turns brains and breaks hearts. I am a strong man physically and I have lived through it, but I wonder how I did. I would have sold my soul if her pure hand had not held me back. I had it in my heart to lay my hopes of eternity upon the altar of that which Milton says "taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms." But I can say now that I thank God that she would not permit it, though she was never dearer to me than she is at this moment. At one time honor, reason, conscience, were all subservient to my wild, passionate love for her."

"Then," said Mr. Ruthvon, "I am to understand that the separation is final?"

"Oh, yes; it is all over between us. I never expect to see her face again in this world," said the Judge, with a long sigh. He rose and began walking the floor nervously,

as he always did when he allowed his mind to dwell upon the past.

Mr. Ruthvon closed his eyes and waited for several moments till the Judge resumed his seat. "Well, Arrel, you are as good as the average man. It is no use for me to have nice scruples along these lines after the life I have lived. I am going to make you a proposition. I know Rose loves you, and you know it, too; you are not blind. It is for her happiness I am planning. I want your promise that you will apply for a divorce at once and as soon as you have received it you will marry her. She will make you a true wife and as for beauty and accomplishments she has few peers."

"Rose is beautiful and accomplished enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste," said the Judge, "but I cannot do it; such an arrangement would be unjust to her. She would not marry me if she knew I did not love her."

"She need not know it," said Mr. Ruthvon. "It is an easy matter to deceive a woman when she wants to believe a thing. It will never hurt her if she doesn't know it; besides, you could not long be closely associated with as sweet and attractive a woman as Rose without loving her. It does not belong to human nature, or rather to man's nature at your age, to resist youth and beauty. You say yourself that your heart

yearns for love and home; a perfectly natural feeling. The trouble with you is that you have become morbid over this other woman. If you marry Rose you will naturally drift into loving her and forget the other, which is the very thing you should try to do. Life is too short for a man to sit down and nurse remorse. If you marry Rose, in two years you will be as madly in love with her as you ever were with the other one. The past is gone; let it go; you cannot change it. The future is yours; make the best of it. Arrel, my heart is set on this and I cannot give it up. Remember, I once at the risk of my own life, saved you from drowning. You now have it in your power to lift a load from my dying heart. Will you refuse to do it?"

"Ruthvon," said the Judge, "are you prepared to die? Have you made any preparation for a home for your immortal soul?"

"Hush! do not bother me about my soul till this other matter is settled. I can think of nothing else now. Arrel, answer me, will you let me die in peace, or will you refuse to grant the dying request of your boyhood's friend?"

There was a long silence, in which the voice of time on the mantle proclaimed the escaping seconds in strong accents and the tick, tick, tick, seemed to grow louder each second. The Judge was wrapped in medita-

tion. Mr. Ruthvon watched him narrowly, anxiously glancing now and then at the clock. The Judge arose and again began the old nervous walk, back and forth, back and forth. He stopped before the window, his eyes wandered to the grand old pile in the distance, but he saw it not. After what seemed to Mr. Ruthvon an age, he returned to his seat. "Ruthvon, it is hard to refuse an old and valued friend a dying request after—as you say—he has saved your life and you feel you owe him a debt of gratitude such as can scarcely be repaid. I cannot refuse your request, yet I tremble at the thought of granting it. I will grant it, however, on conditions."

"What are the conditions?"

"That I be permitted to tell Miss Rose the whole story."

"Oh, that will never do, never!" said Mr. Ruthvon. "Rose would not refuse to grant my dying request even if she knew you did not love her, but it would make such a deep wound that I cannot permit it."

"Very well, then," said the Judge, decidedly, "I will have nothing more to do with it. I have practiced my last deception."

He rose and started toward the door.

"Sit down! Sit down!" cried Mr. Ruthvon, excitedly, looking so weak and nervous that the Judge again administered the cordial. For a long time he lay with closed eyes.

At length he reached up and rung the bell. A servant answered. "Send Miss Ruthvon to me, will you?"

In a few moments Rose swept into the room, bringing with her an air of freshness and perfume. "How well the name suits her," thought the Judge, as his eyes swept her form from the crown of her golden head to the perfect feet. "She is not of that flaming variety, which suggests that her glory might have been drawn from the blood of some Caesar; but dainty, faint-hued, and fragrant as some rare tropical exotic." There was not a flaw; the small perfectly shaped head was poised upon a neck of snowy whiteness; her forehead was white and smooth as marble; between the parted ruby lips was a glimpse of pearly teeth. "The carmine of sunset seemed to linger upon her cheek, and the dew of the morning upon her lips." As she passed him and the dainty white skirts brushed his ankles, he felt the least perceptible quickening of his pulses. "Many a man has plead in vain for the love of this exquisite creature," thought the Judge, "and she loves me. She has poured the rich treasures of her heart at my feet and I may gather them up if I will. I may feel those pretty arms encircle my neck, the pressure of those soft lips upon my own; may rest my head upon that perfect bust and feel the heart-throbs all my own if I but will. Shall

I? Conscience says 'no,' and I dare not; and, Guyndine, for your sweet sake and the sake of your Christ, my Christ, I will not. Lord, help me to be true."

"Oh, papa!" said Rose, keeling beside her father and placing a hand on his forehead. "You look so very ill today, you frighten me."

"My daughter," said he, putting an arm about her waist, "I am very ill, and you must begin to think of what you will do when I am gone."

"Oh, papa, hush! hush! I cannot endure it."

She hid her face in his bosom and for some time all was silent except as the silence was broken by her sobs. Mr. Ruthvon lay with closed eyes, tenderly stroking her hair, while now and then a tear stole down his face and fell upon the pillows. Judge Kahree's great, tender heart was swelling with sympathy as he sat watching this sad picture.

After a time Mr. Ruthvon said: "Rose, dear, I sent for you to tell you that I must soon leave you, and I wish to arrange for your future. I cannot die satisfied till I have done this."

His answer was a fresh burst of sobs. "Oh, papa, I cannot live without you; do not die and leave me, I beg of you."

Again there was nothing heard for awhile but her low, pitiful sobs. The tears chased

each other rapidly down Mr. Ruthvon's face, and his arm pressed her waist a little closer. The Judge again drew his handkerchief from his pocket; this time it was his eyes he wiped instead of his forehead.

After waiting some time, Mr. Ruthvon said: "Now, dear, calm yourself and listen while Judge Kahree tells you the story of his life, after which I have a request to make which if you refuse to grant you will break my heart."

"Papa," said Rose, "I grant your request even before I know what it is. You would not ask me to do anything wrong, and I promise you that whatever it is, it shall be as you wish."

"Go on, Arrel," said Mr. Ruthvon.

The Judge began with his boyhood days, and, without reservation, related all down to the present time. His voice was low and deep, and it had a tone of pathos that went straight to her heart. At times she was shocked at his sins and again her heart bled for his sorrows. He could only see the side of her face as it was covered with her hands and rested on her father's bosom; but when he spoke of Guyndine and his marriage he saw the color come and go. When he said that Guyndine was the only woman he had ever loved, a little shiver passed over her frame and the color faded from her face and neck, leaving it white as marble. As he fin-

ished his story he leaned forward and placed his hand on her bowed head. "Miss Rose, you see by my confession that I am unworthy of the love of any pure woman; but I have this day promised your father that, with your consent, I will take his place as your protector. For me to do this without a marriage ceremony would be to bring reproach upon us both. I cannot offer you a husband's love. I gave that to one woman. If death should sever the tie, and my love would be acceptable to you, I would strive with all my strength to love you as I have loved her. But I can give you a husband's care and protection and a brother's love, but the marriage relation in its fullest sense would not, under such circumstances, be as God intended. It would be impure. The only way that I can support you and keep you with me is to take refuge under a marriage ceremony. We can live as pure lives as if we were brother and sister, and there will be neither reproach nor sin connected with it. Miss Rose, will you marry me'?"

What a strange offer of marriage! She recalled the scores of offers she had listened to in which were the tenderest protestations of love, which had fallen upon her heart like water upon a stone. And this offer was from the man she loved. "Oh, papa! Spare me, spare me, I pray you." She raised her head and looked into her father's eyes. "Do not

insist upon this marriage. How can I marry him knowing that he does not love me, and that I am only a burden to him! Let me enter some home as a household drudge, but spare me this horrible fate. Oh, spare me, papa, I beg."

"Rose, dear," said her father, "there is no other way; you have already promised. You will not now refuse to grant your dying father's request."

"Miss Rose," said the Judge. "You will not be a burden to me. I need the sympathy and companionship of just such a sweet, pure sister as you will be to me. I have wealth, more than I shall ever care to spend upon myself; let me have a sister upon which to lavish it. I never had a sister. You will not refuse me this as it will be a real pleasure."

"Oh, papa, spare me! Spare me!" she said, again lifting her head and looking pleadingly into his face.

"Rose," said he, "you do not know what you are doing."

"Oh, I cannot force myself upon a man for the sake of protection and support."

"My beautiful queen of flowers," said the father, "you are very unsophisticated or you would know that the man sitting there can no more resist you than he can resist the air he breathes. Marry him, child, and win his

love. It will not be two years till he will be madly in love with you."

Her face grew scarlet, and she broke into fresh sobs. "Oh, I am humiliated into the very dust."

The Judge's fine, sympathetic nature was all alive to her trying position. How he pitied her; he longed to take her in his arms and wipe the tears from her eyes and try to comfort her. "Rose," said he, "I plead with you to marry me for my own sake; let that be the only consideration. There are few pleasures in my life now. I really need you, and I will do all in my power to make you happy."

"Your promise, quick! My time is short," gasped Mr. Ruthvon. She raised her head and looked into his face. It was ghastly. "Yes, papa, I will; I will."

He smiled and passed into eternity, unprepared; thinking more of the trivial affairs of this life than of how he should appear before the Judge of the quick and the dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

One week later Judge Kahree left Ville-neuve to return to America. Rose accompanied him as far as Bologna, where he secured for her a quiet boarding house, "My little sister must be brave and try to do without me until such a time as the marriage ceremony can be performed, which will be within a year. You will be lonely, I know, but there is no other way. I shall be lonely, too, and shall look forward to the time when we can renew companionship."

He bade her farewell, and she stood on the pier gazing with mournful eyes upon the ship that bore him away till it faded into a speck and then disappeared. Then all her courage forsook her and a sense of her utter loneliness and friendlessness swept over her. She sank upon the sand in a little heap and was sobbing out her grief when a voice close beside her said:

"I see, my child, that you are beginning to learn life's lesson. It seems sad when one so young and fair is made to bow at sorrow's

shrine." Looking up, Rose saw an elderly man, dressed in the garb of a priest.

"Oh, father!" she wailed. "I am so very desolate. How can I endure it? If I could but die and get away from it! I see no other hope."

"My child, human life is a gloomy pilgrimage to the shrine eternal. The Church is a blessed retreat, where you can find that peace which the—"

"Hush! Do not talk to me about the Church," she interrupted. "I will not hear it."

"Listen, O my daughter, I bring you an injunction from the Most High. The human heart should be made a solemn sacrifice to Heaven. You are called upon to dedicate yourself"—he pointed to a large, gray building in the distance—"if you would become an ideal woman; if you would take part in the great struggle of the human to make itself divine; if you would form a direct personal alliance with that which is most exalted; bury behind the sacred walls of yon cloister the ashes of your heart. I leave the message with you and the responsibility, which, if you evade, it will be at your peril. I assure you, your obligations are commensurate with the exalted range of your opportunities."

She had risen and stood before him, looking like a Venus. Her sapphire eyes blazed

indignantly, and there was a round, red spot on either cheek.

"You make me feel as if I were going into a hideous nightmare. What do I care for the convent, the Church, or Heaven itself. I know what a fraud monasticism is. I had a friend who died in just such a den as that, died of a broken heart, because that, too late, she learned that behind those walls she was denied the peace which she had expected to find there." She pointed across the water. "Every pulse of the engine of yonder ship is bearing further and further from me the only being on earth I have to love. I have asked or cared for nothing but his love. God has refused me that; and now you tell me to cover, as in a funeral urn, the ashes of my heart and offer it as a sacrifice to Heaven. I will not do it. I will not bow to Heaven. I do not love God. I love but one, and he sails yonder."

"Girl! girl! What are you saying? Take that back before it is too late. Take it back, I tell you. Do not leave this spot with such fearful words standing in eternity against you."

He placed his hand on her arm, but she flung it off. "I will not take it back."

He looked at her in amazement. "Girl, you are insane."

"I am sane enough to keep out of the Convent of the Stricken Heart," said she,

with a light laugh, "and from henceforth I shall endeavor to be sane enough to keep my lips closed and let my heart break in silence."

It was not like Rose to talk thus to anyone, much less to a senior and a minister; and had the Judge heard her, he could not have believed this to be the calm, quiet, well-bred little lady he had traveled with for a year.

The high tension to which her usually calm nerves had been strung for the past week had brought her to the verge of hysteria, and she felt that to continue this colloquy another moment would be to drive her mad. "I beg pardon," said she, as she turned and hurried from the spot.

The priest stood looking after her. "As fair as Belial and as mad as a March hare," mused he. "Very sad, very sad."

The ship Argo, manned by its Thessalian heroes, as it sailed away in the Euxine in search of the golden fleece, carried no greater hero than Arrel Kahree, once a libertine, now washed in the crimson flood, going forth upon what he believes to be his errand of duty and self-sacrifice. If he is making a mistake, it is an error of judgment and not of the heart. It is unsafe for a Christian to follow the advice of the unregenerate in the smallest affairs of life, and to take their advice in a step of such vital importance as the one he is now taking, is hazardous in the extreme.

CHAPTER XVII.

“Earth’s crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God.
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit ’round and pluck blackberries.”

Classic features and the most exquisite art that human thought has yet conceived to produce facial beauty, cannot compare with the delicate touch from the mystic hand of that transformer of the human countenance, Christly spirituality. Under the touch of this artist the coarsest and most repulsive features are chiseled down, softened and illuminated till they become lovely to behold. Every intelligent and close observer has seen this for himself and knows it to be a fact. One has said: “Facts are the finger prints of God.” This fact without any other evidence is proof conclusive that Christ is divine. This is the only spirit that will transform the face of a demon into the face of an angel and illuminate it with a spark of celestial light; the only spirit that will elevate man to a state where he is a fit companion for God. Com-

pare this pure and holy light with that which shines in the face of the spiritualistic medium and the infidel. Take a devout Christian and an agnostic and place them side by side; select twelve intelligent men who have never seen either, take them one at a time and let them guess which is the Christian. Not one of the twelve will make a mistake. Why? Because the pure face of the one reflects the Christ life; the cold, hard expression of the other plainly says: "Crucify Him." It is a sad comment that this spirit illuminates the faces of only a few professing Christians, but there are enough to establish the fact. "This is one of our pillar fires, seen as we go."

Guyndine had but little time, and she had little disposition to brood over her sorrows. Her daily bread now depended on her own exertions.

Judge Kahree left America without having heard of what had transpired at Spencer Place, and supposed that Guyndine was safely sheltered there. He would gladly have made a settlement of a comfortable income upon her, but he knew that she would not accept it.

It was Sunday morning, the twenty-second day of June, the eighth anniversary of Willie Dobson's healing and Guyndine's conversion.

"Ah," soliloquized she, "the religion of Christ is fitly named the 'pearl of great price.'"

How could I have endured all this suffering without it. I fear I should have committed suicide. It enables one after every earthly prop has been removed to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable. What a great change have eight years wrought in my life! But I feel that God's hand is leading and it is all right, and the reward is sure when one patiently suffers for the sake of right. Harry and Willie are together today. Poor Harry is where he can see the desolate old home, but he also is happy in the promise, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' This is their fast day and I will fast with them." Kneeling, she prayed that Willie and Harry might be anointed afresh for their life work. She thanked God for the beautiful church at A——, built by Willie Dobson's thank offering, which had received the sign of God's approbation in the healing of many and conversion of hundreds. As her mind reverted to the traveler in foreign lands, her head sank lower and there was a sob in her voice as she begged that God would follow him with his choicest blessings, make and keep him pure.

She rose and descended to breakfast. John hastened to meet her with his profoundest "bend-a-ma-lah."

"I wish nothing this morning, John, but a cup of chocolate and a cracker."

With another grand flourish John started

to the kitchen. As he passed Lena in the back hall, she said: "John, yo' knows what yo' 'minds me ob when yo' makes yo' ole bend-a-ma-lah?"

"No," said John. "What does I mind yo' ob?" He expected her to say: "Ob dat French gen'man what boa'd heah and teach dancin'."

"Yo' looks jes' like ol' fishwo'm squirmin' roun' on a hook. Yo' suah nuff does."

"I knows what yo' aftah, ole Lena. Yo' jes' tryin' to get me to kiss yo'."

John looked very much crestfallen.

"He-he-he!" giggled Lena, "its ketchin' fo' hangin'."

She started to run; John made a dive at her, catching her by the sleeve, but the old sleeve tore out, leaving a yellow arm dangling behind the rags; she dodged into the kitchen running plump against old Aunt Cinda, who was carefully crossing the floor with a crock almost level full of milk. Down went Aunt Cinda, milk, crock and all, with a splash, a crash and a yell like the last shriek of a lost soul.

John made haste to get his cup of chocolate and get out before Aunt Cinda got the milk out of her eyes, but her tongue was loose. and if it had been as dangerous as it sounded, his mortal career would have ended then and there. "If I evah lives to git up off dis floah I's gwine to kill yo' two niggahs,

shuah's my name's Cinderella. Look at me, Lena; look at yo' mammy!" Slowly she arose, while little streams of milk trickled down her nose, forehead, chin and finger tips.

"Did it hurt yo' much, mammy?" asked Lena, beginning to grin.

"Shut up," yelled Aunt Cinda, "yo' nasty little blubber-mouth fool! Go git a bucket an' mop and clean up dat slop fo' I makes soap grease of yo' hide. An' if dat no count, good fo' nothing yallah imp, John, cross my path any mo' today I'se gwine to scal' him, I shuah will. I'se tired dis niggah foolery I can't stan' it no mo', and I'se not gwine to try."

In less than three minutes after John left the dining room he was back with his cup of chocolate, bowing and smiling as if his death warrant was not at that very moment being read. Guyndine had no idea of the threatened tragedy in the kitchen. But John was in a greater dilemma than his appearance indicated, and in the midst of his smiles and bows, his mind was busy trying to formulate a plan. Sunday morning was the only time he was ever in a hurry. He liked to get through with his work early and "fix hisse'f up," and promenade in the front yard as the people were returning from church. He usually had something new to exhibit; this morning it was a gorgeous red necktie. Even

if he had not had the tie it was an affliction to miss a chance to exhibit his wonderful "bend-a-ma-lah." Somebody was sure to glance his way and he never lost an opportunity. He had overheard Lena say, "John shuah do know how to make a wa'm bow," and he imagined himself the subject of complimentary comment on all sides. John's philosophic mind at once realized the impending danger of a visit to the kitchen while Aunt Cinda continued in her present mood. She weighed two hundred and was a virago when her temper was up and Mrs. Danks out of sight. Mrs. Danks had raised John and was very partial to him, which aroused Aunt Cinda's hatred. He was honest as far as the circumstances in the case admitted, and Mrs. Danks could depend on him for almost everything but work. As Mrs. Kahree was the last one to breakfast and no longer needed his services, he skipped up to Mrs. Danks' room and gently tapped at the door. "Miss Sally."

"Well, John, what is it?"

"Aunt Cinda done washed her ole black face in a crock ob milk." John looked very serious.

"Why, John!"

"Yes'm, she suah did; I done ketched her."

The door flew open and out came Mrs. Danks. She knew Aunt Cinda's weakness, and although there was not a pot in the

kitchen as black and shiny as her face, if she were told that a milk bath would improve her complexion she would try the experiment. John now had a free passport to the kitchen and with a broad grin he followed Mrs. Danks. They found Aunt Cinda standing in the center of the room, the picture of Ethiopian fury, with nothing on but a short red skirt and a short-sleeved underwaist, and with a towel trying to wipe the milk from her wool. Lena, about to explode, but not daring to let Aunt Cinda see her laugh, was down on her knees picking up the broken pieces of crock.

"Now, Miss Sally," said John. "Jes' see fo' yo'se'f."

There was murder in Aunt Cinda's eyes as she turned on him.

"Miss Sally, dat coon knock me down an' trow a whole crock of milk in my face."

"Did I, Lena?"

"No; mammy know you nebah; I run 'gainst her myse'f. I nebah meant to, an' she fall down and spill de milk in her own face. John nebah touch her."

"I was 'bliged to go aftah you, Miss Sally," explained John, "cause Aunt Cinda wouldn't let me come in de kitchen to do my wo'k. I'se not 'fraid of Aunt Cinda, but I'se mighty skeered of dat hot watah she carry."

"You ought to hab some ob it right now," yelled Aunt Cinda. "Yo' ain' got no mo'

mannahs dan a hog, standin' heah gazin' at a lady when she dressin'. I hates a yallah niggah anyhow. If I mus' 'sociate wid niggahs, give me a gen'leman African what got some brains an' hab some reason. I don't set myse'f up fo' no gran' precep' fo' nobody, but, Miss Sally, yo' can' larn dem bloody yallah coons nothin'; it no use tryin'."

"Cinda," said Mrs. Danks, "you are unreasonable to get so angry over an accident. Now I wish to hear no more about this: It is time you were all at your morning work." Mrs. Danks withdrew.

There was an ominous scowl on Aunt Cinda's face which made John feel uncomfortable, and he began to plan how to get her in a good humor. "Aunt Cinda, if yo' knows how good lookin' yo' is in dat red skirt and white wais, wid yo' putty fat arms, an' bare ankles, yo' would'nt nebah put on yo' dress no mo'. She look jes' like show pictuah, don' she, Lena?"

"Yes," said Lena, with a grin. "If mammy would dance she would be shuah 'nuff show."

"Oh, git away from heah," said Aunt Cinda.

John glanced at her face. The muscles about the mouth were beginning to relax.

'Lena, I wishes yo' took mo' aftah yo' mammy; jes' look at yo' little ole yallah skinny arms. I don' know what make me like you so good, 'cause I think de fat, black

gals heap the purties'. If I jus' been roun' when yo' was a gal, Aunt Cinda, oh golly! Lena, if yo' don' drink mo' milk I'se gwine to trade yo' off."

"Dah's some right down dar she bettah lick up," said Aunt Cinda, with a smile.

The cloud is past and John's troubles are over for this time. With a wink at Lena, who understood, and answered with a giggle, he drew a long breath of relief and went to his morning work.

After having restored peace and quiet to the kitchen, Mrs. Danks and Guyndine wended their way to an unpretentious little chapel a block distant. Guyndine was in a devotional frame of mind and took her seat without glancing about her. The man in the pulpit was one whose life and doctrines were alike pure, and she knew that here a feast awaited her. Nor was she disappointed, and she was so absorbed in the inspiration of the hour that she was oblivious to all else.

"He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin when you should woo a soul."

Guyndine felt that she had been refreshed by the service and that with renewed energy she could take up life's burden and plod on. As she turned to leave the seat she met the gaze of a pair of searching dark eyes. Where

had she seen those classic features and penetrating eyes? They seemed to recall some sad, half-forgotten dream, or in some way to have been connected with the most desolate period of her life. She was quite sure that at some time she had stood face to face with this man but all efforts to recall the time and place were futile.

The Hon. Edgar Grannell had started for a stroll this beautiful Sabbath morning and had continued to stroll till he was two miles from home. Passing this chapel as the people were congregating he concluded to go in and rest. As the usher was seating him, a lady passed into the pew opposite. His heart gave a leap. There was the face which had haunted him for months despite the fact that he had poured rivers of contempt upon himself and called himself hard names, such as "imbecile" and "idiot." Throughout the service, he, too, felt that he was being fed and refreshed, but that which was "manna" to Guyndine's soul was tasteless to him. His thoughts were along another line and produced a dreamy, delicious sort of repose, similar, perhaps, to that produced by eating the lotus leaf; and when he arose to hear the benediction, he felt as if he had been aroused from a delightful dream. He passed out of the church directly behind her and walked behind her till she entered the gate of the little boarding house. One week later he

called there and engaged board. He remained a month, but not a glimpse did he have of the one he sought. As a last resort he enquired of the landlady, and was told that she had no knowledge of any such person, that no lady answering to his description had ever boarded in her house.

"I am reminded of Orpheus," soliloquized he, as he left the place, "when he came up out of the long, dark passage, followed by Eurydice, when just as they reached the upper air she was drawn back and the gate was closed between them. No wonder the poor fellow sang songs of woe, but I will profit by his fate and keep my woe to myself. Three thousand years have made little change in human nature and the bacchanals of the nineteenth century are as relentless as they were when they tore Orpheus limb from limb. Verily, it is wiser to laugh with this abominable old world than to weep in its sight."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Years have sped away and not another glimpse of the one he sought has the Hon. Edgar Grannell had. He has long since given up the search, and smiles when he remembers what he is pleased to term his "old time idiopathy. A fellow will grow morbid now and then in spite of himself."

On a bright autumn morning, just as Helois was passing through Aurora's gate with his golden car and its glorious white horses, a train steamed into the city of St. Louis and a gentleman of distinguished appearance stepped from it. The Hon. Edgar Grannell is returning from Havana, where he has been for nearly three years. With a searching glance he looked about him and his eyes encountered a familiar form. He stepped forward with outstretched hand and his face lit up with a glad smile. An old white headed African stood a few feet away, a very tall and somewhat battered silk hat in one hand, and a yellow silk bandana, with which he was wiping the tears of joy that

stole down the furrowed old face, in the other.

"Hello, Uncle Tom. It seems good to see you again." He clasped the sable hand warmly. "How are all at home?"

"Dey's all well, thankee, sir, thankee, sir, but, Mister Edgar, I can't hardly speak to you; I'se so busy thanking de Lawd for bringin' yo' home. I never 'spec to see yo' no mo'. An' Rich done cried so much when she heah yo' was sick dat she done wore troughs clean down from her eyes to de bottom of her chin."

"Poor old mammy," said he, entering the carriage. Uncle Tom closed the door, and climbing upon the driver's seat, cracked his whip and away they sped to the Grannell mansion. Arriving there the driveway gate flew open as by magic and with a grand flourish Uncle Tom brought the carriage up before the broad piazza.

As Mr. Grannell stepped from the carriage and ascended the broad, stone steps, the hall door was flung open and out sprang a slender girl of fifteen, with purple eyes and black waving hair. Her sweet, refined face was all aglow with pleasure but as she threw herself into his outstretched arms, she sobbed: "Oh, Uncle Edgar!" and as he held her to his breast her delicate frame was convulsed with sobs. "My poor little Anna," said he, as a tear stole down his face and fell among her dark

locks. "It is hard, dear, I know, but you must be brave and try to bear it."

Three months ago, Anna's mother was carried from this beautiful home and placed beneath the sod. The poor child was almost crushed by this great sorrow. She now had neither father, mother, sister nor brother; and but for this kind, loving uncle, would be desolate indeed.

He took his handkerchief and wiped the tears from her face, and smoothed the dark hair from her fair brow. Putting his arm about her, he led her into the hall and up the broad stairway. Before they had reached the top a plaintive voice called out from below: "Mister Edgar, has yo' done fohgot all about po' ole Rich?"

"No, indeed," replied he, as he turned and retraced his steps. "I could never forget my old black mammy. And how I missed her when I was sick." He patted her fat shoulder.

"Did yo', honey, sho' nuff? Honey, isn't I nebah gwine to git to kiss my man-child no mo'?" He bent his handsome head and the sable lips touched his forehead and cheek. This may seem strange to those who know nothing of the customs of slave times and of the real affection that existed between master and servant. Uncle Tom and Aunt Rich were born in the Grannell family. They had been the property of Edgar's father and Aunt

Rich was Edgar's nurse. Since the emancipation of the slaves they chose to remain with their "own white folks," as they termed them, "an' they is shuah gwine to die at home."

Six months before Mr. Grannell sailed for Havana, his only brother died, leaving a wife and daughter in straitened circumstances. Edgar at once purchased this handsome home and placed them in it, surrounding them with every luxury. But elegant surroundings could not avail to keep pent within its house of clay the tired spirit and spreading its glad wings the soul of Mrs. Grannell flew away in search of fairer climes.

As Mr. Grannell, an hour later, descended to breakfast, Anna met him in the hall. She slipped her arm through his. "Uncle, you remember I wrote you about a lady of whom I was taking French and music lessons, who was with mamma when she died and whom she requested to remain with me till your return?"

"Yes."

"Well, she is still here. You will meet her at breakfast, and she is just elegant; I know you will think so, for mamma thought so. She is not common; she is a refined lady."

"What is her name?"

"Mrs. Kahree."

"Miss Kahree?"

"No, not Miss; she is a widow."

The thick Axminster carpet gave back no sound as they walked down the hall and entered the dining room. Suddenly he stopped as if he had been shot. There by the open casement, the morning breeze stirring the pretty white cashmere wrapper, and the autumn sun pouring a tide of golden splendor over the fair form, converting the bright hair into glistening metallic threads, and making the jewels flash and sparkle in the white comb that glittered among its folds, stood his lost Eurydice. The side of her face was turned to them. She was intently watching a little boy and girl playing with a football in the adjoining grounds. In a low voice she said: "The dear children! If I could but forget."

"Mrs. Kahree," said Anna. Guyndine turned, and as her eyes rested upon Edgar Grannell's face a puzzled look crept into them. "Permit me to present my dear uncle Edgar. My friend and teacher, Mrs. Kahree."

Stepping forward, Mr. Grannell bowed low and extended his hand. "You have placed me under deep obligations to you, Mrs. Kahree, in having extended to Anna your protection and sympathy in her bereaved and lonely condition. I sincerely thank you, both for myself and in behalf of those who have passed beyond the power to utter their thanks."

Bowing slightly, she replied: "If I have been of service to you or yours, the knowl-

edge that I have helped to console and comfort this dear child, repays me doubly for any exertion or sacrifice I may have made; and all I ask is that you will feel yourself under no obligation and never refer to it again."

The servants placed the breakfast on the table and Guyndine took her accustomed seat behind the coffee urn. The Hon. Edgar Grannell sat opposite. He smiled to himself as he thought, "Now if the gods would bring some ambrosia that I might eat and feed her, my troubles would be over. I was never ready for it till this moment."

Guyndine sat a moment, hesitating, then opened a small Bible and began to read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. He at once forgot the ambrosia; the exquisite poetry of the chapter, together with the expression and musical intonation of the low voice, held him spellbound. "Or ever the silver cord be loosened, or the golden bowl be broken, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Perhaps it was the thought of the recent visit of the death angel to his home, the vacant place at his table, the sad face of the bereaved orphan opposite him that helped to impress Mr. Grannell with such profound solemnity. As she read the two last verses, he sat in deep meditation. "Let us hear the conclusion of

the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

As she finished, Guyndine glanced at Anna. She sat with her head bowed and her hands crossed waiting for the usual prayer. Guyndine's face flushed slightly as she said: "Mr. Grannell, excuse me, sir, but will you return thanks."

A thunderbolt from a clear sky would have been no surprise at all compared with this. He straightened up, cleared his throat, changed color, and thought, "What in Heaven's name am I to do? I am ashamed to refuse, but what shall I say?" This man who, with his o'ermastering strength of mind, his classic style of eloquence and undaunted eye, has swayed the mightiest ones of earth; who in the political debate is ever ready with the tart reply, the logic and the wit; who can speak words as soft as feathery flakes of snow, sweet as siren's tongue, now sits confused and actually trembling before this pure woman whose only aim is duty. Her first impulse that morning was to omit the service, feeling that since the master of the house had come it was no longer her duty; but her second thought was, "Let God be first and all."

Edgar Grannell had never heard his own

voice in prayer except long ago as he repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep," which his mother had taught him in his babyhood. In an instant his mind took in the fact, and he was filled with a sense of shame. The involuted page of his life began to unfold itself before his eyes. He saw first a baby, surrounded and sheltered by the love and care of the best of parents; then a boy, with all the advantages a boy could ask to fit him for a life of usefulness; and now he sees a man, gifted with a master mind, blessed with health and all his faculties, the possessor of a palatial home, surrounded with friends and luxury, year after year accepting all this as a matter of course, making no return whatever, not so much as a word of thanks. "Oh, shame!" thought he. "What an ungrateful dog I have been! I am not in the habit of treating my black servants with such ingratitude. I not only pay them well for all they do for me, but I tell them that I love and appreciate them. Even my dog has received more attention than my Maker; and soon the 'silver cord shall be loosened, the golden bowl shall be broken,' and I; what answer shall I give, when I stand before Him whom I have disregarded?" These thoughts passed through his mind swiftly. After a slight hesitation he bowed his head reverently, and in a voice whose magic stirred the soul's depth he peni-

tently acknowledged his sins and ingratitude ; asked God to forgive, and promised that from henceforth the King of kings should be paramount in his heart and the supreme ruler of his life ; and that with God's help he would now strive by a life of consecration to make amends, as far as possible, for the omissions of the past. His confession was so humble and childlike, that when he finished, Anna was sobbing and Guyndine's eyes were filled with tears. Each felt that months of association might not have knitted their hearts together as this circumstance had done, and they rose from their first meal together feeling as if they were old friends.

Guyndine went to her room and began preparations for her return to Mrs. Danks. She was busy removing the contents of her dressing case to her trunk, when Anna tapped at the door. "I have come," said she, as her eyes filled with tears, "to beg you not to leave me. I cannot live in this great house without you. Uncle will be down in the city at his office all through the day. I shall see him only at meal time, and I just cannot stand it. I have become so attached to you that no one else can take your place. Uncle wishes you to remain and sent me to ask you to kindly come to the library as he wishes to speak to you about it. If you will but stay a few months longer till I become accustomed to living without mamma, per-

haps then I can do without you ; but now I cannot think of it."

"Well, Anna, dear, I have had the heart-ache all the morning at the thought of leaving you, and if my staying can add one ray of sunshine to your sad life, I shall be only too happy to do so ; and it is certainly no sacrifice to exchange a boarding house for a mansion."

"Oh, thank you," said Anna, bending and kissing Guyndine, who was kneeling by her trunk. "Come now ; I will send Dolly to put those things back ; you shall not do it. Let's go down and see Uncle. And, oh ! Mrs. Kahree, he says he is saved ; that his sins are forgiven ; that today marks the beginning of a new life for him and that it was your example that set him to thinking."

"I am very thankful," said Guyndine, "if I have been instrumental in bringing this about."

They descended to the library where Mr. Grannell awaited them. It was soon arranged that Guyndine was to give up all her pupils except Anna and remain in the Grannell home ; after which the time till lunch was spent in delightful interchange of thought. Mr. Grannell observed that Guyndine seemed to parry every remark which had a tendency toward herself and the past. This deterred him from any reference to their meeting on

the train or at the church, and more than once he caught her eyes fixed on him with a peculiar wondering gaze and he suspected she was trying to recall where she had met him.

After lunch Mr. Grannell went down town. He returned at six, and dinner was at once announced. As he entered the dining room his heart was swelling with gratitude to God. Never had his home seemed so sweet and cheerful as now, and his heart was rejoicing in that new found peace which follows the regenerate state. "I wish that every individual on earth could have just five minutes of the sweet experience that I have enjoyed today," said he to Guyndine. "Not a human being would remain one hour out of the Kingdom if they knew."

"Now, Uncle," said Anna, as they arose from the table, "you shall have a treat. Come on." And taking him with one arm and Guyndine with the other, she led them to the back parlor. She seated him in an easy chair near the piano and placed Guyndine on the piano stool.

Some one has said that "music resembles poetry; in each are nameless graces which no method teaches." When Guyndine played she had the feeling that the piano was a living thing and her touch was like a caress. At once her spirit began its towering flight and she became oblivious to externals. As her

graceful fingers swept the keyboard, Mr. Grannell closed his eyes and imagined the soft south wind breathing over a bed of dew-besprinkled carnations; it lingered there for awhile stealing the odor and, like the honey bee, filling its wings with sweetness; rising it swept into the tree tops, rustling among the forest leaves, arousing the nightingale and the thrush so that they competed in melody for awhile, till the nightingale soared away singing as it went. And now the warbling wind returns nearer and nearer, till over the trees it hangs sighing and wailing like a voice from a broken heart, and at last, with a dying lament it seems to sink into the bed of carnations. Suddenly he opened his eyes. The last strain from the piano was so like a wail of human agony that he looked searchingly into Guyndine's face. It told him nothing; it was illuminated by an expression which he could not read. He recalled the face as he had studied it that day in the car more than three years ago. The agonized look had been replaced by an expression of sweet resignation. "I am sure," thought he, "that it was no common sorrow; perhaps her husband had just died under peculiarly distressing circumstances."

With Edgar Grannell music amounted to a passion. He had listened to the soul-entrancing song and harmony of the world's most renowned artists, yet never had he been

more deeply stirred than he was at this moment; for he was impressed with the feeling that her spirit had been breathing to his a tale of her life's tragedy. Here is a soul that can rise with hers to the celestial realm. No artist's touch is too delicate, no language too fine for him to appreciate and understand.

The days glide into weeks, and weeks into months. Such sweet days they were that time seemed to fly on eagle's wings. There was not a ripple in the stream of peace and joy that flowed in the Grannell home. The hearts of this trio were daily becoming more closely united. The heart of one was, all unconscious to itself, being stolen from her bosom. The image that has enshrined itself within has crept in so stealthily and naturally that, not seeing her danger, she has made no effort to resist. She believed her exalted sense of honor and the ever present consciousness that she was united for life with another rendered her heart invulnerable. Like many a hero, believing herself secure and failing to fortify, she loses her ground and her cause. This was what Paul meant when he said: "When I am weak, then am I strong." Nor did it occur to her that possibly she possessed charms to which Mr. Grannell might be susceptible. She was conscious of a strong affinity between them, but to her mind it was

simply pure friendship. Of course Mr. Grannell could not love her after having met and been associated with the most beautiful women in the world. She considered him as not in the slightest danger. It surprised her, however, that life was now so very sweet to her; her face had grown to look almost child-like. "I did not think it possible," she mused, "that the world could ever again appear fair to me. It is because I am busy and useful and feel that I am essential to the happiness of this family. Dear Anna could not live without me, and I believe Mr. Grannell is happier because I am in his home. He often says this 'rambling old house would be very desolate now without the music. How he loves it! It is a pleasure to render it to one whose spirit it can wrap in ecstasy. When I play for him I seem to feel his spirit float out with mine."

The winter came and went. The sweet-scented honeysuckle, the seven sisters and the prairie queen clambered over the verandas, vieing in their efforts to give beauty and shed fragrance on the air, as in the dewy morning and the shadowy twilight the master reclined in a hammock and indulged in dreams of exquisite possibilities in the near future; or closed his eyes in half somnolent repose as he listened to a low voice reading, or was lulled to sleep by strains of music from the room beyond.

CHAPTER XIX.

The summer slipped away and bleak November was ushered in with its long, delightful evenings in the library where the red light from the glowing grate was wont to fall over and illuminate a picture, which to Edgar Grannell's mind, had become a Venus of moral and spiritual, as well as physical perfection, on which his eyes never tired of resting.

Guyndine had been in the Grannell home fourteen months and was the only member of the household who did not suspect that the master was threatened with heart trouble. Anna was subject to smiling fits, the secret of which no one could prevail on her to divulge; and sometimes a merry little laugh escaped which always made her hang her head and blush for it attracted attention to the fact that she was again amused without any apparent cause. Guyndine said she must have a lump of sugar hidden away in her mind somewhere upon which she feasted on the sly. One evening Anna went to visit a friend. As the clock struck six, Guyndine

and Mr. Grannell passed into the dining room and took their respective seats at the dinner table. Within all was bright and cheerful, but without the wind sounded wild and weird. Guyndine poured the coffee and as she raised her eyes to pass him the cup she caught his gaze fixed upon her with a peculiar expression. Instantly her heart gave a leap and she felt the hot blood sweep into her face. Her heart had read the language of that look and responded without stopping to ask her leave. Her hand trembled as she passed him his coffee.

"It cannot be," thought she. "I did not read aright; it is all my imagination. But what revelation is this that my fluttering heart is making to me? I thought myself secure. What a mistake I have made! Can it be that I love him? Yes! Yes! Oh, what shall I do, since now in my blindness I have stumbled into this? But I will not believe that he loves me. No, no, I was mistaken in that look, and I will overcome this foolishness. None but God shall ever know that I have been so weak."

As time and circumstances had widened the gulf between herself and Judge Kahree, the inspiration of her finest feeling was transferred from the sorrows of the past to her strong affinity for Edgar Grannell and his splendid character. All the ardor of her womanly nature that had been so long pent

up and prevented from spending itself upon her husband now revealed itself in enthusiastic sympathy, which gradually overcame the old vague sentiment, and now to her consternation asserted itself and took definite form. As she recognized the force of his strong intellect and high moral standard, she had submitted her mind to his and was so deeply impressed by the grand energies of his nature that unconsciously her spirit entered into closer communion with his than it had held with any other. She had not thought such a thing possible, and now she was confronted with a new problem. Had her affection reached a stage of maturity, which would make her strength insufficient to master it? The answer came with peculiar clearness, but she refused to hear it, and resolved to relentlessly crush the life from this pure offspring of nature, and to listen to no voice, however sweet and persuasive, but the voice of duty.

The dinner was eaten almost in silence, except as each, realizing the unusual quietness, ventured a commonplace remark now and then. More than once during the meal she was thrilled with a penetrating consciousness that his eyes were resting upon her face; and for the first time her eyes refused to meet his.

As they arose from the table he silently opened the door for her to pass out, expect-

ing her to go to the library as usual. In the hall she bid him good night and went to her own room. For a long time she stood by the window with her forehead pressing the cool glass, looking into the flickering light of the wind-swept street. She was permeated by a sensation not unlike that produced by vibrating harmonies, and her mind was busy with a twofold argument. After a careful survey of the whole situation she drew a long breath of relief and seated herself before the cheerful grate. She listened to the storm king as he rushed past her window and thought with pity of the shelterless poor, and with David she said: "What am I that God should be mindful of me."

A servant knocked at the door and handed her a note which ran: "Mrs. Kahree, will you kindly come to the library for a few minutes? I wish to speak with you. Edgar." She had so far persuaded herself that she had mistaken his look, that she now wondered what he could have to say. With the note in her fingers she descended to the library and knocked at the door. He opened it, bowed silently and motioned her to a chair. She sat down and waited, winding the note first over one finger, then over another, wondering at his peculiar mood. He seemed to be in deep thought. With folded arms he walked back and forth through the room

for several minutes. "He acts strangely," thought she. "What if I read right after all; but no, it cannot be; I will not think it."

At length he took a seat opposite her. He looked pale and she thought: "Something is troubling him and he is going to tell me about it." Suddenly he leaned forward, and placing a hand over each of hers said: "Mrs. Kahree, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She threw his hands off, and flushed scarlet. "Hush, for Heaven's sake. I am a married woman."

He grew pale as death and his eyes flashed indignantly. "Why did you not tell me this months ago?" Both rose to their feet. "I had a right to know this. Why have you kept me in ignorance?"

"Because I failed to recognize your right to know it. I could not foresee this and I did not know it could make any possible difference to you whether I was married or single. And you did not ask me. Besides, I could have made no explanation. I can only say now, the man I once loved I do not now love as a wife should love her husband. My conscience is clear before God. I have not wronged Him; neither have I wronged you."

They stood looking into each other's eyes, each heart beating like a caged bird against

its prison bars. "May I ask you one question?" inquired he.

"As many as you wish."

"Are you the wife of Judge A. J. Kahree, of Kansas City?"

"Yes."

She turned toward the door and paused with her hand on the knob. Human language is too tame to describe the agony that was depicted on those two faces. She turned away that he might not read it and he believed himself the only sufferer.

"Mr. Grannell," her voice was faint and tremulous. She spoke, not because she had anything to communicate, but to break the painful silence. "I think I had better return to Mrs. Danks."

There was a sarcastic ring in his voice as he replied: "I see you have a philosophical idea. You proceed to lock the stable since the horse is stolen."

She glanced at him in surprise. He was not himself tonight; that sarcastic tone did not belong to him. He continued in the same withering tone: "Your sex is credited with intuition; knowing without the slow deductions of reason. You are a woman above the average in intellect, yet with all this, we have lived under the same roof for more than a year and you have failed to discover that for months I have been worshiping you. Do you think your going away now will mend

matters? It seems to be a small thing with you, to turn the heart's sweet current into gall,' to blast the spring of love and hope. Yes, go! and it may give you pleasure to know that I wander, it matter not where. No clime, however fair, can restore me my peace. Go, and take with you the knowledge that one who believed you spotless as an angel, carries ever a wound inflicted by your hand, a wound bleeding and cruel, for which earth has no balm; a despairing heart for which there is no hope of cheering release."

His words cut her like a knife. Slowly she turned and opening wide her dark eyes, looked him steadily in the face. A sweep of dignity came into her manner and countenance; her form seemed to grow taller as she stood there in her conscious innocence. "Mr. Grannell, I was not till this minute aware that you were capable of such injustice and unkindness. I thought of all men, you would be the last to misjudge me." She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

As he stood there with folded arms, looking down upon her, his eyes flashing and his proud lips wreathed with a smile of sarcasm, he looked like a Greek god. The knowledge that he, Edgar Grannell, who prided himself on his nobility of character, had for months been carrying in his heart the image of another man's wife, was almost beyond endur-

ance; and the consciousness that the image was indelibly stamped there, exasperated him; and like his father Adam, he blamed it all on Eve. But his generous nature soon rose above this. He had not yet had time to consider that it was the grandeur of her character that caused this fine reserve and noble reticence upon a subject which a woman with a coarser nature would unhesitatingly have communicated to him. After a time these thoughts crossed his mind. The angry light faded from his eyes and the smile from his lips. He turned and, pale and heart-sick, began to walk back and forth through the room. Again she rose to retire. He turned and stopped to look at her. He felt that she was about to depart from him forever; this woman of whom he had dreamed, not only for months, but for years, who, although another man's wife, he loved with all the strength of his intense nature. With a sudden impulse she also stopped and looked full into his eyes. There was no effeminacy in his nature. He was a strong man mentally and physically, but as he stood gazing into her face, with those wondrous gray eyes looking into his, he felt the high tension of his nerves relaxing, his wildly beating heart growing calm and the fevered pulses cooling to their normal state. He felt as if he were about to sink into sweet repose, when he heard a voice which sounded far away: "Au

revoir, Monsieur Grannell," and bowing, Guyndine left the room.

He passed his hand over his brow and looked about him in a dazed way. Going to the window he threw up the sash and let the cool wind blow into his face for awhile. "'Tis strange what a wonderful power of fascination that woman possesses. She holds me soul and body and she does it without effort. There is no artificiality nor self-consciousness about her. I believe I have just come from under the spell of hypnotism, but I am as sure she is not aware she possesses this invincible power of attraction, as I am sure that I am alive at this moment. But why has fate again imposed this suffering upon me? If I cannot have her, why could I not have died without having met her?"

Here he was reminded of his conversion and of the influence for good which she had exerted over his life. "How ungrateful I am!" murmured he, "I ought to thank God unceasingly that her life ever touched mine."

Mr. Grannell was right. Guyndine had no knowledge of hypnotism, but his imagination was playing him a trick. 'Tis said, "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." His fancy made pictures which were not. He had made up his mind that she had little feeling for his suffering and was inclined to treat it lightly; and the peculiar state of his mind at the moment

when her eyes met his, as he supposed for the last time, when all the strength of her intense nature was shining in them, and she was wrapt in that absorbing flame which he had unconsciously kindled; which he saw and felt, but did not understand. This, with her strong magnetic nature, set in motion a force as overpowering to herself as to him. But he did not suspect that she suffered. Silent to the last, she heroically turned away and with heart breaking for his woes as well as her own, left him to think what he pleased of her.

"The mistakes of my life have indeed been many," soliloquized Guyndine, as she entered her own room and turned the key in the lock. "Here is another evidence of the terrible mistake I made when I coaxed my love into an unnatural channel. If I had left the natural impulses of my heart to their own intuitive perception, I would never have married Judge Kahree. I now see that I made as great a mistake as if I had married without love."

Guyndine expected to leave the house as soon as it was light, but she found the following note under her door: "Please remain till I dispose of Anna. Edgar." The next morning as they seated themselves at breakfast Anna looked first at one, then at the other. "Well, what on earth has happened to uncle and Mrs. Kahree? Why you both look like you had been sick a month; if you

had walked the floor the whole night you would not look more like ghosts. What have you two been doing? I shall not go away and leave you alone again." The housekeeper, Mrs. Sims, who was passing through the room, stopped, and turning, looked at them curiously. "I believe they have quarreled," whispered she to herself. "He is dead in love with her, that's sure." The pallor at once disappeared from the two faces and both turned very red as they felt Mrs. Sim's eyes upon them. Anna continued: "I have a mind to put you both to bed and send for the doctor." Smilingly they assured her that they were both quite well and did not require her services nor those of the doctor. "I am half inclined to think that old proverb about the cat and the mice is true," said Anna, laughing, "and the cat must not go away again." Both tried to smile, but it was a dismal failure.

Some time in the afternoon Mr. Grannell summoned Anna to the library and told her that he was going to Europe, and he proposed placing her in a boarding school and closing the house, leaving the servants and Mrs. Sims to care for things. She shed many bitter tears over the prospect, but as there was no other way she tried to brace up and bear it; but she ran up to Guyndine's room and took one good cry with her face buried in her lap. "Now I feel better, and I am going to do my

best for poor uncle's sake. Mrs. Kahree, what's the matter with him?"

The question was so unexpected that Guyndine scarcely knew what reply to make. After a moment's hesitation, she said: "Don't ask me, dear; I cannot tell you." Anna looked searchingly into her face for a moment and said no more.

In a few days the house was closed. One was tossing on the waves of the restless ocean, while the other two, separated by hundreds of miles, knelt each night and prayed for the wanderer.

One day a little more than a year after her return to Mrs. Danks', Guyndine received a call from an elderly gentleman who said he was an attorney. Taking from his pocket a document he proceeded to read it to her. It was a notice of Judge Kahree's application for a divorce. He also had a letter from the Judge, offering her liberal alimony, which she refused.

"I declare," said the attorney, looking at her wonderingly. "You are certainly an exceptional woman. It is not common for them to refuse the money, let the provocation be what it will."

"Judge Kahree is a generous, noble-hearted gentleman," said she, "and it is like him to make me this offer; but I cannot accept it. I have no claims on him or his money."

The attorney stared at her in surprise.

"Then you will not appear against him?"

"Oh, no; I have no evidence to offer against him. His charge against me, that of 'deserton', is true; but I ask for no divorce and shall remain true to him till death cuts the Gordian knot."

He still continued to stare at her. "The Judge tells me that he is to be married as soon as he gets his divorce."

He saw a look of surprise flit over her face, followed by one of pain. Her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled as she replied: "Oh, I did not think he would ever marry; I did not think it."

"If you do not want him yourself, you ought not to object to some other woman having him."

"I object for the reason that I do not wish him to commit a crime; and unless he was divorced for the cause set forth in the Bible, he has no right to marry; in fact, there is no such a thing as marriage under such circumstances. Christ tells us that it is adultery."

"Mrs. Kahree—I beg your pardon, madam—you are too puritanical; you are narrow in your views; you are an extremist. Shall an individual, because he has been unfortunate and formed a misalliance, or been deceived and duped into loving that which too late he learns is unlovable, be doomed to a life *de solitaire*? obliged to drag out an existence without love? I think the individual con-

science should be the supreme dictator in this matter."

"Supposing the individual has no conscience," she said, inquiringly.

"In that case he is irresponsible," replied he.

"Ah, no! In this age and land of Bibles, there is no such thing as an irresponsible rational being. There is no independence of the divine command for a Christian, nor is there independence of the circumstances and conditions of life which modify duty continually. Yet after all we must choose our own course. Example, advice and influence do not coerce. We stand or fall for ourselves. Conscience therefore, is supreme in an important sense. I admit that I am narrow; my leader, Jesus Christ, was narrow when measured by the world's broad gauge; the road to eternal life is narrow, and there was a time when the Church was narrow; but it has broadened to the extent that it takes in the whole world, and marches as amicably and sweetly with it as if they were twin sisters. But Christ did not come into this world to bring such peace as this. He came to bring a sword, to draw a dividing line."

"The Church is narrow enough for me," said he. "I am glad those old puritanical, straight-jacket notions are dying out, and we are allowed some freedom; and I do not

envy you all the pleasure you will get out of life if you continue to adhere to your present principles." Rising, he bowed himself out. "Good morning, madam."

"Ah, me! Another professing Christian," sighed Guyndine. "The sale for the thirty pieces of silver is repeated, and the crucifixion still goes on."

CHAPTER XX .

“What a frail thing is man! it is not worth
Our glory to be chaste while we deny mirth
And converse with women.
He is good who dares the tempter
And corrects his blood.”

In the city of London on a dark, foggy morning, two men, hurrying in opposite directions, turned a corner and collided. They saw each other, however, in time to turn aside enough so that neither was injured. Glancing up, each begged pardon. Instantly their hands met in a warm clasp and their lips spoke simultaneously.

“Edgar Grannell.”

“Arrel Kahree.”

“This is a most unexpected pleasure,” exclaimed the Judge.

“I am delighted,” said Mr. Grannell. “It might have been a tragic meeting had we not seen each other just as we did. But all is well that ends well.”

“Oh, yes. The finale of an event often determines whether it shall go under the head of comedy or tragedy. But come, let us get in out of this disagreeable fog and take a look

at each other; we are but a block from my hotel." He slipped his arm through Mr. Grannell's and led the way. Soon they were seated before a bright fire, enjoying their first meeting for more than twelve years.

"Really, Edgar, I scarcely know whether I am awake or dreaming; this is so unexpected and so very pleasing."

"It was a surprise to me for the moment," said Mr. Grannell; "but I knew you were in London and I was looking for you."

"When did you arrive, Edgar? And how is our native land?"

"I can give you nothing but second-hand news, Judge, as I have not seen America for three years."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Judge. "I took a flying trip back a little more than a year ago."

"Do you purpose making London your permanent home?" inquired Mr. Grannell.

"Yes, my interests are now all transferred and I think I will remain here."

Mr. Grannell attempted to lead the conversation into a channel where the Judge might speak further of personal matters, but he adroitly turned the subject.

"America has some serious questions confronting her today, which certainly cannot be answered from an experimental standpoint. The least serious among them is not the trust, whose corruption fund has power to grasp and hold Congress by the throat.

Then there is the Mormon question, the labor question, the negro question, the divorce question. These are essentially religious questions and the mightiest bearings upon human progress are involved in them."

"Yes," said Mr. Grannell, "they are serious questions and will require judicious handling, and if handled successfully, it must be done from a religious standpoint; yet I would be the last man to favor the uniting of Church and State. We have had object lessons enough along that line to last us into eternity, but really we are a Christian nation only in the sense that we are not heathens. There is little practical Christianity taken into municipal and national affairs; and if the prediction of Lord Macauley does overtake us, it will be because we are not being led by the 'Fiery Cloudy Pillar.' This is his prediction: 'Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman empire was in the fifth, with this difference; that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country and by your own institutions.' It begins to look as if the Huns and Vandals were even now reaching out to begin their work of plunder. Already we can see the shadow of the oncoming foe and almost feel his touch upon our

throats. I believe the capitalistic schemes of the age will prove to be Huns and Vandals to our nation. The breaking out of the French revolution in 1789 which shook all Europe to its center was caused by the same principle, the disposition to grind their hob-nailed heels into the tender neck of their fellows. The capitalistic system of today and highway robbery are alike in principle. If our nation falls it will be because of its godlessness, and history will simply repeat itself. Men cry 'pessimist' when they hear these truths. But from the beginning God has insisted on receiving recognition from His creatures and when they have failed to give it they have done so at their peril."

"There is but one way," replied the Judge, "to keep passion's hands off the reins of government, and that is to educate the conscience, and nothing but the power of the Christian religion can do that."

At this moment a door leading to an adjoining room was gently pushed open and there appeared in the doorway a vision of surpassing loveliness. She was evidently surprised that the Judge was not alone, and with a slight bow she stepped back and softly closed the door. Mr. Grannell glanced at the Judge. He sat gazing into the fire and had not observed her. Who could she be and what was she doing in his suite of rooms? He remembered that in his younger days the

Judge's reputation had not been immaculate, and he concluded that this was his mistress. But the Judge's next remark dispelled the idea.

"Edgar, there is one thing I have not told you, and I should have told you the very first thing for it is the greatest event of my life. I have found the 'pearl of great price.' "

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Grannell. "I am glad to hear it."

After a short silence he resumed: "It is hard to realize, Arrel, that you, the proud aristocrat, have learned to bow before the meek and lowly Christ."

"Yes," replied the Judge. "The vile libertine has been washed and cleansed and exalted to the privilege of heirship with Prince Immanuel. It is wonderful, wonderful!"

There was a far-away look in his eyes, as he sat gazing into the fire. His mind was wandering backward through the misty avenues of bygone years. With a sigh he turned and looked Mr. Grannell in the face. "Have you never married, Edgar?"

"No, and it is not at all likely that I ever shall. I have learned, however, that

'Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Our own affections are the fiercest lords.' "

"Then you have loved?"

"I have adored."

"And in vain?"

"Yes, in vain."

After this neither seemed inclined to talk and both fell into a reverie which lasted till lunch was served. The afternoon passed pleasantly, but Mr. Grannell noticed the Judge's abstracted manner, and when he rose to take his departure, the far-away look was still in his eyes.

"How long do you expect to remain in London?" inquired the Judge, as Mr. Grannell was about to leave.

"It is uncertain; perhaps for several weeks. I am wandering about in an aimless way and it makes little difference where I stay; there is no one to care much whether I live or die."

"We hope to see you often, Edgar. In fact, I shall feel disappointed if I do not see you daily. We shall expect you to dine with us tomorrow."

Mr. Grannell thanked him and bade him good evening, wondering if "we" would include the charming woman on the other side of the partition. "Well," mused he, as he slowly wended his way back to his hotel, "it is evident he loves Guyndine, if she doesn't love him. He is a grand, good fellow. I wonder what could have been the trouble?"

The next day was more dark and dismal than ever. At five o'clock Mr. Grannell started for Judge Kahree's hotel. The Judge met him with a cordial clasp of the hand, and again they seated themselves before the

cheerful fire in a pleasant interview. They talked of old times, old associations, politics, both home and foreign. The Judge again referred to his recent trip to America. "I wonder what could have taken him back?" thought Mr. Grannell, "and I wonder if he saw her?"

Dinner was announced; the Judge arose and knocked at the door behind which the beautiful vision of the day before had disappeared. It was instantly opened and she stood before them as fresh as a morning flower, so soft, innocent, graceful and feminine. "Mr. Grannell, Mrs. Kahree. My friend, the Hon. Edgar Grannell, Mrs. Kahree."

Mr. Grannell was dumb with astonishment. He had not had the slightest intimation of this, not even a hint that the Judge was divorced. He was almost beside himself with joy at the thought that Guyndine was now free, and during the remainder of the evening was so preoccupied that he could scarcely keep the run of the conversation sufficient to reply. He took his departure early, glad to be alone with his own sweet thoughts and plans.

The fog had settled somewhat and the full moon was struggling through the mist as he walked back to his hotel. What a change supreme is in the face and the song of nature tonight. He had been listening to a voice

that spoke of the cold realities of life; but now the rainbow mists, the whispering sea, the dancing wavelets, the soft breeze rustling the leaves, which a few hours ago seemed sad and had sounded almost dirge-like, were changed. "Nature and suffering are man's best teachers. They purify, broaden and lift him up."

Mr. Grannell found it impossible that night to close his eyes in sleep till the clock struck two. Morning's earliest twittering sparrow aroused him. His first thought upon awaking was one of thanksgiving; the next was of the home-bound ship. He found on investigation that the ship he wanted to take would not sail for a fortnight, which seemed a long time to wait.

He spent most of his time with Judge Kahree. He soon discovered that the relationship between the Judge and Mrs. Kahree was very peculiar. While he treated her with the utmost kindness and respect, it was evident that the Judge's heart did not belong to her. He showed no fondness and not the least familiarity. It was also evident that she idolized him, but she was so diffident in his presence that she trembled if he touched her—which he never seemed to do except by accident—and blushed at his slightest glance. And her beautiful sapphire eyes when turned upon him seemed always pleading. The Judge never alluded to either of his marriages, and

seemed to avoid the subject. Mr. Grannell observed that they occupied a separate suite of rooms, and that they spent little time in each other's society. She was so exquisite in form and feature, so gentle and sweet in disposition, so timid and delicate in manner; and there was sufficient mystery connected with it to arouse his interest and sympathy.

Mr. Grannell would not permit himself to indulge in idle curiosity, but there was something in this affair that in spite of himself incited wonder; but he failed to solve the problem and was obliged to lay it on the shelf with other mysteries and leave it there. The truth was the Judge's heart was too sore to bear a discussion of the subject. His wounds were deep and the healing slow.

CHAPTER XXI.

“There’s many a slip ’twixt the cup and the lip.”

The last day of the Hon. Edgar Grannell’s stay in London has at last arrived; tomorrow morning he sails for home. He had dined as usual with the Judge and they were seated engaged in their last colloquy.

The Judge was Mr. Grannell’s senior by several years, but they had known each other from Edgar’s earliest recollection. They had drifted apart just before the Judge’s marriage with Guyndine, and had never met since, till they met in London. Naturally their minds drift backward tonight.

“My life has been a winter’s day,” said the Judge; “a weary interval filled with empty joys and vain hopes; a crude scene of broken slumber and disquieted visions. Alas!

‘A breaking bubble and a fable told;
A noontide shadow; and a midnight dream.’ ”

Mr. Grannell’s heart ached for him. He knew where his mind was dwelling, and of whom he was thinking. He observed his face

grow a shade paler and the far-away look crept into his eyes. "Yes," continued the Judge, "owing to the fact that I started wrong, my life has been a failure. I left the path of virtue. I had an idea, like many other young men, that it was not necessary for a man to be chaste till after he took the marriage vow, when, of course, an honorable man would be true to his vow. I shaped my course accordingly. After a few years of debauchery I married one of the purest and truest women that God ever let live. I married her knowing that I was not and never could hope to become her ideal. I deceived her into believing that I was; my insane love determined me to marry her and risk her ever learning the truth. She learned it sooner than I expected, in a way I little anticipated, from my own lips as I repeated the story to a friend. She learned at the same time that I had hired the physician to whom I was talking to perform an operation while she was under the influence of narcotics which resulted in *infanticidium*. From that hour she was never my wife, although she remained under the same roof with me, doing all she could conscientiously to make me happy, till I could endure it no longer. Oh, Edgar! If ever a man had a severe punishment, I have had it, and I deserved it. Yes, I deserved it all!"

The Judge was up now, pacing the floor

in the old nervous way. Mr. Grannell was deeply affected; his heart was full of sympathy for his old friend. After a silence of several minutes the Judge resumed: "But, Edgar, I would not have you think that my marriage was a failure; it was the greatest blessing that ever came into my life."

He stopped in front of Mr. Grannell and for some moments stood looking down upon him with that abstracted look in his eyes. When he spoke his voice trembled; "For, Edgar, she led me to the Cross."

An hour passed. Not another word had been spoken. The Judge continued to walk back and forth.

Mr. Grannell sat buried in his own meditations. "Judge, would you like to hear my story? If so, sit down and I will tell it."

The Judge threw himself into an easy chair in a listless manner, threw his head back, and placed his feet on a chair in front of him. He had started in to tell Mr. Grannell the whole story up to date; but when his mind began to dwell on the terrible past, he lost himself completely, and forgot all about Rose and his second marriage. Stretching himself back and sinking his hands into his pockets he said: "Well, go on."

Mr. Grannell began with a minute description of a lady he had met on an Autumn morning eight years ago, on an eastbound train between Kansas City and St. Louis.

He told of the strange fascination she possessed for him; the indelible impression she had left upon his mind; of his futile effort to shake it off and persuade himself that he was acting unwisely in allowing himself to give a second thought to a woman of whom he knew nothing.—By this time the Judge was all attention.—He described his meeting with her at the church; his determination to learn who and what she was; his failure to find her. He told of his call to Havana; his return and the unexpected introduction in his own home; of the scene at the breakfast table; his sudden, deep and pungent conviction of sin; and of his repentance and conversion; and how, believing her to be a widow, he had loved her from that hour.

The Judge is upon his feet again, walking the floor.

He gave a minute description of the scene in the library; of his declaration of love, and offer of marriage; of her repulsion of him and how in desperation he had turned on her with withering sarcasm. “This is why I have wandered from home and native land. The image of your wife has shaded the very sunlight of heaven. But now she is free and I am going home to try to win her.”

The Judge turned and extended his hand. He did not speak for a moment, and when he did, his voice was husky. “You are doomed to disappointment, my friend. She

will never marry while my head is above the sod. Mark my words, she will never do it. I know whereof I speak."

Mr. Grannell's face flushed and paled. "Why not? She is free, isn't she?"

'From a legal standpoint she is free, but she is opposed to divorce for any cause except the one which the Bible recognizes.'

There was another long pause. At length Mr. Grannell looked at his watch and rising, extended his hand. "It is midnight. Judge, and I must say good-bye."

The Judge clasped his hand and for a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. "Good-bye, Edgar, and God bless you. If I could die tonight and leave her free I would do it. Oh, would that I could! for your sake and her's. I cannot see why I am spared, for there is nothing left to live for."

"But what of your wife?" asked Mr. Grannell, with an inclination of his head toward the door of Rose's room.

The Judge stood with his eyes fixed on vacancy and did not reply till Mr. Grannell was turning away. "She is only my sister, only my sister."

Mr. Grannell was puzzled to know whether he referred to Guyndine or Rose, and he concluded that he must have meant Guyndine, and that he did not hear his question.

Mr. Grannell's return trip was stormy and tedious. He felt a thrill of pleasure when

his foot once again touched terra firma in his own native land. His heart leaped within him at the thought of her to whom every hour was bringing him nearer, and whom he felt he now had a right to try to win and to offer his love and protection. But how would she receive him? The Judge's words recurred to his mind. "She will never marry while my head is above the sod. I know whereof I speak."

"But," reasoned he, "she has kept her vow to the letter, and I believe that the law of God applies only to the guilty party, and under the circumstances she would be exempt. She is not responsible for the deception which was practiced upon her; neither was she responsible for the divorce. According to the Judge's own statement, he is the offending party all the way through. The laws of the land have annulled the marriage, and I believe that so far as she is concerned the law of God is repealed, and I think if I succeed in winning her affections I can make her see it. The troublesome question is: Can I gain her love? I shall be a most miserable wretch if I fail in that." He trembled at the thought of what might be before him. Perhaps having once loved and been so cruelly deceived she had lost faith in mankind. He had once believed there was no such thing as second love, and had thought his heart turned to stone, but it had suddenly revived and in-

stead of losing, it had gained fire. The supreme experience had again come into his life. It had forced itself upon him unsought. If he could love twice why could not she?

On a crisp December evening the Hon. Edgar Grannell arrived at home. He partook of his dinner alone with a relish, for his health was good and his heart light. It was delightful after so long an absence to find himself again seated under his own vine and fig tree, basking in the glow of his own firelight. As he looked about him and surveyed the beauty and elegance of his surroundings he was conscious of a deep sense of gratitude to God. A soft voice seemed to whisper: "Lovest thou me more than these?" And like Peter he answered, unhesitatingly, in an audible voice, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee more than these." Oh, keep me from idolatry."

At this moment there came stealing into the room from the distance a breath of soft music; the delicate touch of master fingers swept the keys of the piano, and a rich soprano voice sang:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
With vassals and serfs at my side;
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count; could boast
Of a high anaestral name,
But I also dreamt what pleased me most
That you loved me still the same;
That you loved me still the same."

Ah, that voice! It was the one voice that could stir him to the heart's core. For a moment he sat spell-bound. At length he rose and crossed the hall, passed into the library and from there to the back parlor; the door was ajar, he softly pushed it open and stepped behind a statue of Clio which stood near the door. How tenderly her voice seemed to linger on the last line. He was assured by its trembling pathos that she was applying it to some one. Who could it be? Did she, down deep in her heart, still love Judge Kahree? He was a man that it would be hard for a woman to turn from and forget.

As Guyndine finished the song her hands dropped in her lap. For some minutes she sat in meditation. Suddenly she rose and came directly toward him. He thought she had seen him and he was about to step out from behind the statue, when she stopped before an easel on which was a picture, so near him that he feared she would hear him breathe. He would have made his presence known but for the fear of giving her a fright.

With her handkerchief she carefully wiped the dust from the picture, as she repeated Miss Landon's lines:

"The heart hath its mystery, and who can reveal it?

Or who ever read in the depths of their own;
How much we never may speak of, yet feel it;
But even in feeling it, know it unknown."

"Oh, heart of mine, wayward and perverse,

why will you not obey my will? You ignore even my conscience. I once thought I was strong, but I am weakness itself. Oh, shame, shame!"

"Ah, whose picture is this?" And this strong man of clear conception, statesman, diplomatist, stands trembling before the shadow of an imaginary foe.

Guyndine turned off the gas and left the room and he heard the street door close behind her.

Not knowing of his return she had come in answer to a request from Anna, saying she was homesick and asking for a few flowers from the home conservatory. As the servant girl let her in, she said, "Mrs. Kahree, Mistah Edgar done come." Guyndine understood her to say that he was going to come and fearing the girl would notice the wave of color that swept into her face, she hurried on without comment.

By the aid of a match, Mr. Grannell found his way to a gas jet and lighting it turned to the picture, and lo! he stood face to face with his own handsome image. All his life he had practiced repressing the emotional side of his nature. As a consequence he had absolute control of himself. But now he made no effort at self-control. He sank on his knees upon the spot where she had stood, and fervently thanked God for the revelation which had just been made to him. He remained

long on his knees and placed upon the altar of consecration all he is, all he has, and all he ever expects to be.

Again he seemed to hear the soft voice: "Lovest thou me more than these?" He was silent, his head sank a little lower, and his face showed an inward struggle. In one side of the scales was his treasure, in the other his Master. The struggle continued for several minutes; at length he raised his head believing he had gained the victory. "Yea, Lord, yet more than these. I can surrender even this one to Thy divine will, but I cannot give Thee up. But now that I know that she loves me it would be hard. O, grant that I may not be asked to drink from such a bitter cup." Does he know his own heart? We shall see.

Deep midnight was brooding over the city. With David, Mr. Grannell had been looking into the fearful pit from which Jehovah had lifted him, and a song of praise sprang to his lips. Gratitude and joy filled his breast and that wonderful little germ which Christ compared to a grain of mustard seed had made a new growth within the last three hours. God does not promise to save his followers from trouble, but to deliver them out of it, and he is yet to learn, in its fullest sense, "how sweet is pleasure after pain." Ere long he will be called upon to draw heavily from

the supply of strength he has received in to-night's baptism.

The next morning Mr. Grannell called at Mrs. Danks' boarding house, which was now only a block away, she having moved the next day after his experience at the little church, more than six years ago. She has risen to the dignity of mistress of a fashionable boarding house in an aristocratic neighborhood.

It would not be difficult to conjecture the state of Guyndine's mind when John presented the Hon. Edgar Grannell's card. She was obliged to sit down for a moment, it was so sudden. Her heart beat wildly and her breath came in quick gasps. But her strong will soon got the mastery and calmly she descended to the parlor. He was standing with his back to the door when she entered, examining an etching which hung on the wall. Instantly he turned and came to meet her. He clasped her hand and watched the color come and go in her face. He enjoyed it immensely. There was an exultant light in his eyes, and a happy smile wreathed his lips. She observed that the lines of sorrow and disappointment, which his face wore when she last saw him, were all smoothed out and his face looked almost boyish. "Thank God!" thought she as she looked into his eyes, "he has conquered; it is all over." But she caught herself sighing and there was a sick feeling about her

heart. These hearts ; how they do deceive us ! Verily, "the spirit is willing" but the flesh, ah, the flesh !

"I had a letter from Anna's teacher a few days since," said Mr. Grannell, refusing to be seated. "Anna is not at all well. I have telegraphed her to come home. She will arrive tomorrow. I came to ask you to do me the favor of coming to my house and staying while she remains."

Guyndine looked away and did not answer. He continued: "It seems cruel to allow Anna to stay in that great lonely house with no white person except the housekeeper and myself. You are her choice above all others." Still she was silent. "You need not hesitate because of the past ; let us forget it and begin again ; and I wish to ask you right here to forgive me for my cruelty and injustice that night."

There was a note akin to mirthfulness in his voice. She glanced into his face ; there was not a shadow of sorrow there. "He has ceased to love me and learned to love another," thought she. "But of what am I thinking ? Would I have it otherwise ? No, no ; it is just as it should be. I must rise above this ; I am surprised at my foolishness." But despite all her efforts there crept into her face a look of suffering. "There is nothing to forgive," said she.

The smile faded from his lips. "Mrs.

Kahree, you will never know how the words I spoke to you that night have cut and lashed me ”

“I am sorry,” said she. “I hope you will never think of it again.”

“Can you forget it?”

“I have never remembered it, so far as holding it against you is concerned.”

“Then if you have forgiven me, you will not refuse me this favor. You are not looking so strong as when I left you. Can you not give up teaching for a couple of months?”

“No; I cannot do that; but I will stay with Anna all my leisure time. I cannot be with her much except at meal time, Sundays and evenings.”

“Thank you; that will be better than not to have you at all. He bowed and was gone.

She threw herself into a chair and covered her face with her hands. “What is the reason I cannot control myself? Am I growing weak and imbecile as I grow older? This must not be; it shall not be! I will overcome it.” There was a determined flash in her eyes, and her feet pressed the carpet very firmly as she passed out of the parlor and up the stairs.

The next day Anna came. As soon as she was through greeting all at home she flew to Mrs. Danks.

“Dear Mrs. Kahree, I am so happy to be at home again and to know that we are to have

you with us as of old. I have come for you. It is a quarter till six and dinner is nearly ready. I could not eat without you. Uncle Tom will be over in a little while after your trunk."

"Anna, dear," said Guyndine, as she returned the sweet girl's warm embrace, "we have been separated a long, long time, and I can never tell you how I have missed you, nor how glad I am to have you back. My heart has ached many a time for a glimpse of your face and the sound of your happy, girlish laugh."

"Well," said Anna, "it's all over now for a while, at least, and we will proceed at once to have a good time. But, changing the subject, hasn't Uncle Edgar grown young and handsome though? I accused him of having found a sweetheart somewhere and he blushed like a boy." How like a dagger these words shot into Guyndine's heart. She forced a little laugh but made no reply.

Once again after long and weary years, Guyndine stands in the hall of the Grannell mansion. As she and Anna were removing their wraps, Mr. Grannell met them with a hand extended to each. "How happy I am," said he, looking into Guyndine's eyes, "that my little family is reunited." He led her to her old place at the head of the table and took his seat opposite. His heart was overflowing with thanksgiving tonight. Aunt Rich de-

clared in the kitchen that "Mistah Edgar is shuh 'nuff got mo' 'ligion lately. Seem to me I'se been stan'in' in de back hall hol'in' dat big turkey plattah for whole hour waitin' fo' him to git done 'turnin' 'thanks. I nebah hearn tell anybody sayin' such long grace at de table 'fo' in my life. I shuah nebah did."

The days sped rapidly away. Guyndine found it impossible to prevent her mind from anticipating the evenings. During these brief hours of recreation all that had recently oppressed and grieved her flitted out of her heart like ghostly dreams at dawn of day.

Two months elapsed in which her face grew fresh and fair as a new-blown rose and the old rippling laugh which had been hushed for years, returned. It had been the shortest two months of Mr. Grannell's life; but tomorrow Anna's vacation would terminate and Guyndine must return to Mrs. Danks' boarding house.

Mr. Grannell sat in his office down town looking into the busy street, but he did not hear a sound nor see the hurrying throng. It had been a busy morning, and as each successive client came and began to relate his grievances, he wished him in Halifax. He was trying to formulate a plan and he wanted time to think. As an unusually tiresome client disappeared, he rose, entered his private office and locked the door. "What is the use for me to try to endure that great

empty house alone?" mused he. "I love her, and I know that she loves me. I need her and she needs me. I will marry her this very evening. We will have a quiet wedding at Mrs. Danks', with Anna, Mrs. Danks and a couple of my gentlemen friends to witness the ceremony."

He hurried home, and communicated his plans to Anna, who was wild with delight. "But you are doing a bad thing for me, uncle. I shall be homesick now all the time. But I love you both so dearly it will give me pleasure to know you are together even if I cannot be with you."

"It will not be for long, dear. One more year will soon pass," said he, patting her on the cheek.

It happened that Guyndine did not return to lunch that day, and he was obliged to wait until dinner to see her. It did not suit him to go to the office in the afternoon. His mind was full of nice plans, and he had no taste for business; so he ordered the carriage and drove into the suburbs. At dinner Mr. Grannell was silent and preoccupied. Anna seemed to be literally bubbling over with glee, which surprised Guyndine somewhat, for in the morning she had seemed quite disconsolate that the time was so near when she must again leave home.

As they rose from the dinner table, he said: "Mrs. Kahree, can I speak with you in the

the library for a few minutes." She bowed assent and silently followed him. She began to feel a premonition of what was coming. As she passed into the library he followed and closed the door; turning he faced her. She stood leaning against a book-case, pale and trembling. He had never seen her show so much agitation. He was conscious that she felt intuitively what he was about to say. "Mrs. Kahree, will you permit me to call you Guyndine?" Again she silently bowed assent. "Guyndine, my darling, my very own, I cannot permit you to leave me again. I want you to marry me at once, this evening."

She put out her hand in a deprecatory gesture. "Oh, Mr. Grannell, hush, I implore you."

"Call me Edgar, please."

"No, no! I must not. Mr. Grannell, why will you persist when you know that I have not the power to grant what you ask. I have told you before that I am bound to another. Why will you torture me thus?"

"You are legally divorced and Judge Kahree is already married again. Are you aware of this?"

"I was not sure of it; yet I knew he expected to be. But that has nothing to do with my case. I must stand or fall for myself. Before God I am bound by a solemn vow. The Bible recognizes no divorce ex-

cept for one cause, and in this case that cause never existed. Death alone can sever the tie which binds me to Judge Kahree."

Mr. Grannell had anticipated this and he forthwith produced the fine argument he had prepared for the occasion. In an eloquent appeal he set forth the several particulars which, in his opinion, repealed the law of God and rendered her irresponsible, and he finished with an impassioned plea in behalf of two lonely lives whose paths must diverge if she persisted, and two loving hearts which must be torn asunder."

With a quick motion she raised her head and looked at him with wide-open, surprised eyes. "What do you mean?"

He smiled back at her very complacently. "Just what I have said; no more and no less."

"Mr. Grannell, upon what evidence do you base so presumptuous a statement."

His smile developed into a low laugh, expressive of amusement and satisfaction. He did not reply at once, but stood looking at her with an expression of assurance so unlike himself that her amazement increased with every breath.

There was a tone of indignation in her voice. "Will you kindly answer my question, sir?"

"Certainly; I have your word for it, my darling, which is quite sufficient."

"My word for it? When did I, by the

slightest intimation, ever tell you such a thing as this?"

Again he laughed in that amused way, as he saw the consternation depicted on her face. "I stood behind the statue the night you told your secret to my picture." With a moan she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. "I did not mean to overhear it," he continued, "but if you knew how it lightened my burden and how wondrous happy it made me, you would not regret it."

She raised her flushed face for a moment. "If you knew how you are torturing me you would hush and never refer to it again."

"Is it torture to know that you have made me inexpressibly happy?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"This is the one drop of sweet in my bitter cup; would you deprive me of it?"

"Yes; I would and I will," said she, again raising her flushed face and looking into his eyes. "I am determined to overcome it. I have an indomitable will; it has served me well in the past and it shall do my bidding in the future. This 'drop of sweet' shall be taken from your cup. Hear me, Mr. Grannell! As sure as you stand before me at this moment, I will conquer this foolish heart and before three months I will look straight into your eyes and tell you that not a vestige of the foolish

passion remains." There was a determined flash in the gray eyes, as they gazed steadily into his, which caused a tremor of fear to cross his mind. She felt quite strong at the moment in a certain severe stoical philosophy in which she had long been instructing herself. The problem before her seemed very simple. She would solve it as she had solved others.

They stood for several minutes silently looking into each other's eyes. Gradually the determined expression melted and her quivering eyelids fell under his gaze.

"My peerless darling, transparent as pure crystal. When yonder blazing lamp ceases to warm the teeming earth; when the hillside rill runs upward and the cedar tree changes its foliage, then and not till then will your constancy cease. Shall I not exult that I, unworthy as I am, have won the love of such a woman?"

"Your exultation will be of short duration," said she. "Wait and you shall see. Do you think I do not know myself?"

"Wait and you shall see," said he, repeating her words with a confident smile.

Her eyes flashed indignantly. "If you continue this bantering manner I shall succeed sooner than I had hoped." She rose and took hold of the door knob. He stood lean-

ing against the door, looking into her face with a quiet smile.

“Will you kindly let me pass?” said she.

“No, I am not ready; I have something more to say. I called this meeting and when I get through with the business before the house I will signify it by a motion to adjourn. Guyndine, my darling—”

“Hush! Hush!” she interrupted. “Mr. Grannell, why will you persist in calling me that?”

With a low laugh, he resumed: “My darling, my very own, I have crossed the blue Mediterranean; am familiar with the isles of Greece, ‘where burning Sappho loved and sung;’ have stood entranced before the finest pictures and statuary from the hands of the old masters; but tonight memory’s shrine holds a gem which the wealth of the world cannot buy. It is the image of a fair woman, with a tender voice, standing under the gaslight before a man’s picture. Shall I tell you what she said? It is indelibly impressed upon my mind. I can repeat it word for word.” She put out her hand imploringly and her eyes sought the floor.

It would not be easy to give the reader an adequate idea of all that is passing through Mr. Grannell’s mind; but he is at this moment standing under the shadow of the strongest temptation and severest trial of his life. He,

whose fair name has never been sullied; whose ancestral lineage has been the boast of generations; whose dealing with his fellow-men has won for him their highest regard; who has been washed in the blood of Christ, and is sincerely trying to follow His footprints; even he, whom a few weeks ago we saw kneel and lay upon the altar of consecration all he is, all he has, all he ever expects to be, saying with Peter: "Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee more than these;" this man with his high standard of manhood, strong character and refined nature, is standing on the verge of a precipice, and but for this woman with her clear conception of right and her sanctified nature, would topple and go over and drag her with him. This man, to whom the thought of the gross crime of adultery is revolting; this high-toned Christian gentleman, now has it in his heart to deliberately close his eyes to the command of his divine Master and let his affection lead him into a crime which, if not sanctioned by law and conventionalism, he would repudiate and condemn. Not that he was less conscientious than Guyndine, nor that his mind was not able readily to discriminate between substantial ideas and brain-wrought fantasies; but never having investigated the subject he had few scruples about it; and it must be admitted that he was not seeking conviction, but conviction was grad-

ually searching him out. There was profound silence in the library. The smile faded from his lips. Edgar Grannell's mind was struggling with strong forces. A deep sadness born of his keen sense of duty and his experience of the last few weeks filled his heart. He recalled his recent consecration; he was quite sure at the time that he had relinquished his hold upon everything earthly. He remembered his words: "I can surrender her but I cannot give Thee up." How he had deceived himself! He was conscious now that he had never seen the time when he was willing to surrender her, but he was impressed with the feeling that the time had arrived when he must choose between her and his God, when every attempt to prevail with her must cease.,

She had thrown herself into a chair beside him. The cold breath of sorrow was again sweeping the chords of her heart, all sweetness seemed to have died out of life and left that "stern daughter of the voice of God—duty." The silence remained unbroken; at length her voice calm and serene fell upon his ears:

"And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to
face;
And yet with wistful eyes that never meet,

With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied—and this is fate.”

We have met; our hands have clasped; we have stood acknowledged face to face, but fate has decreed that we shall walk in separate paths. Let us be brave; let us be true.”

She rose and extended her hand; he clasped it for a moment and stood looking into her eyes. She saw the color slowly recede from his face. Suddenly he dropped her hand, caught her in his arms, kissed her lips and brow, then pushing her from him, said: “Good bye; it is over,” and opened the door for her to pass out. He closed the door after her and locked it. “Oh, false world! Oh, broken, bankrupt heart! Oh, life, thou gall-ing load.” The words fell from lips that were white with agony. He remained in the library alone with his God for many hours, and came forth with shining face. He had been in the crucible, and the dross had all been burned away. It means something to follow Christ. He felt that his lips had just tasted a drop from the cup of crucifixion, and his soul was filled with “the peace that passeth all undertsanding.”

CHAPTER XXII.

“There are many rainbows in your sky,
But mine have vanished.”

Notwithstanding the Hon. Edgar Grannell's nonchalant manner and incredulous smile at Guyndine's declaration that in three months she would look straight into his eyes and tell him that she had “conquered and not a vestige of the foolish passion remained,” he trembled when she said it, and it filled him with continual unrest. He had abandoned the thought of marriage; he was convinced that it was wrong. His will was now under subjection. He was willing, for Christ's sake, to make the sacrifice, but he felt that he was not called upon to surrender her affection. Yet he was conscious that this affection, to be acceptable to Christ, must measure up to the standard of Plato's ethics. He realized that with himself it would require grace, Herculean strength, and continuous effort. But did not all the affairs of life require a struggle and extreme watchfulness to measure up to the standard? “Be ye perfect, even

as I am perfect?" He also realized that she with her tenacious adherence to her sense of right, would attempt to mar nature's plan, commit self-murder, as it were, and offer the last fiber of her bleeding heart upon the altar of sacrifice. His only hope was that her strength would prove insufficient. "God grant that she may fail. Take all else but leave me this." He stopped; there was a momentary conflict in his soul. 'Nevertheless not my will, but Thine be done.'

Owing to his suspense, the three months dragged themselves slowly away. Only a block distant and he had not had a glimpse of her since that night when he bid her "good bye" in the library. His silent, lonely heart felt oppressed with its solitude, and tonight he was longing for her sympathy and the touch of her hand. It was a bright April evening. He was at home, walking back and forth on the lawn in the moonlight. His hat was pulled down over his eyes and his hands sunk deep into his pockets. Now that the time had come when he might end suspense he hesitated; there was a dull pulsation within. He felt a strange affinity with the withered leaves at his feet. It seemed that all motive for action had slipped away and left nothing but depressing fear.

Suddenly with an effort he turned, removed his hands from his pockets, lifted his hat, and with a firm, quick step passed down the walk,

out of the gate, and turned his face toward Mrs. Danks' boarding house. As he passed in at the gate he saw the flutter of a dress on a balcony in the second story. One glance assured him it was Guyndine. John answered his ring and he quickly passed up the stairs and in a moment was standing before her. She rose and they stood with clasped hands, she with averted eyes. Did her face flush and pale, or was it the play of the shimmering rays of the moon?

"Guyndine," said he, in a low voice, which would tremble in spite of himself, "the three months are up when you were to look into my eyes and tell me of a victory you had gained. Are you ready to tell me tonight that 'not a vestige of that foolish passion remains'?"

There was no longer any doubt as to the rush of color to her face. For years she had not allowed herself to become angry, but at this moment her face was ablaze with indignation. The consciousness that she had failed, and the thought that he knew it and was exulting over it, was beyond endurance. But dearly did she pay for her anger. If she could have known the truth and have had a glimpse of what was before her, how differently would she have replied and what a world of remorse and sorrow it would have saved her. But in a moment of weakness she allowed her pride to step in between God and herself, and be-

tween herself and the man she loved. She drew her hand from his and her eyes flashed fire. "If I continue to feel as I do tonight and you continue to taunt me, success will soon crown my efforts and I may even learn to—" She paused, her breath came short and quick.

"Finish the sentence," said he, in a calm voice. "Is it that you might learn to hate me?"

"Yes." The color faded from her face leaving it white as death and every nerve in her being was trembling.

Mr. Grannell seemed stunned and did not reply for several minutes. When he spoke his voice was low and full of suffering. "Guyndine, is it possible? Is it possible that you have so misunderstood me as to think that I could condescend to anything like this? I did not think it necessary to explain that suspense had driven me here; that I was lonely and hungering to see you."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Grannell, if I have done you injustice. I am not responsible for the fact that duty is a cold and relentless taskmaster. You have no right to hunger to see another man's wife, and I have no right to receive visits of this character from you or any other gentleman."

"Oh, Guyndine, why will you persist in thus lacerating your own heart and mine? If you were another man's wife I would be the last

man to care to visit you." With a face expressing the deepest pain he turned. "But if this is your answer, good night."

She stood motionless and listened to his footsteps as he passed through the hall, down the stairs and out at the front door; she heard the door close after him, watched him as he passed down the broad stone walk, heard the gate click, saw him pass out without a glance backward, watched the beloved form recede until it entered his own gate and was hidden by the shadows of his own shrubbery.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned, as she sank into her chair, "earthly trials are at times almost unbearable; and only that I know that I am doing right, I could not endure this. But I must crush his affection for me and avoid these interviews. They only make matters worse. But I am forced to admit that I love Edgar Grannell with a love which it is impossible for me to overcome. I have battled against it with all my strength, but to no purpose. I know this, that God will not hold me responsible for what I cannot help; but he will hold me responsible if I allow this passion to lead me into temptation or to tempt Edgar to go wrong. I realize that I am my brother's keeper." The words of the attorney recurred to her mind: "I do not envy you all the pleasure you will get out of life if you continue to adhere to your present

principles." "Perhaps," mused she, "what he would call pleasure would be torment to me. A clear conscience and the knowledge that God's eye rests upon me approvingly, is the sweetest of all pleasures." But in spite of these brave sentiments, Guyndine felt chilled and benumbed. There was a vague reprov- ing voice within which grew more and more distinct, and filled her with remorse. The old carnal nature, with its quick temper and im- pulsive tongue, which in her early life had caused her so much pain and which she sup- posed was long since dead, had at a time when she most needed her self-control and tenderest sympathy, again asserted itself. Bitterly did she repent. The world sees the Christian's mistakes but it cannot see when he goes before God and makes them right. But she deemed it wisdom, under the circum- stances, to offer no apology.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The stream of time has swept another year into eternity. Mr. Grannell and Guyndine have not spoken together since that night on the balcony. They have had glimpses of each other on the street, and at church, and one evening the usher seated her by his side. Somehow Morpheus failed to arrive at his usual time that night, and Mr. Grannell retired late. And when the night was far spent and the moon was sinking behind the western hills, a woman's wide open gray eyes looked full into her face, and, as with a sigh of resignation she lay her head upon the pillow, her lips murmured: "Thy will be done."

On a dark, stormy evening, the last of March, the Grannell surrey stopped at Mrs. Danks'. A servant had a note for Mrs. Kahree. As John presented the silver platter on which lay the white-winged messenger, the soft lavender perfume which always seemed to linger in the Grannell home, rose to meet her. The letter was from Anna.

She opened it and read: "Dear Mrs. Kahree:—Uncle Edgar is dying and wishes to see you. Come at once. Anna."

There was no moan, no tear, no sigh, only the white set face to indicate that there was any feeling. The calmness of despair was again upon her. Throwing a cloak about her shoulders she entered the carriage and was soon standing in the hall of the Grannell mansion. A peculiar hush seemed to pervade the whole house. The handsome dark-eyed master, with tender smile and outstretched hand, was not there to greet her as of old. All was cold, silent and desolate. Mrs. Sims, the housekeeper, met her and with tear-stained face, silently removed the damp cloak from Guyndine's shoulders, and hung it on the rack, and beckoned her to follow as she led the way up the stairs.

Guyndine began to feel sick and faint and was obliged to hold to the banisters and pull herself up step by step. Arriving at the door of his room, Mrs. Sims softly opened it, and as Guyndine entered, she closed it and retired. As her eyes met the picture presented, Guyndine turned blind, staggered forward, and sank upon a chair.

"Oh, Doctor," whispered Anna, "she is going to faint."

The Doctor sprang to her side. She shook her head. "No, no; I shall not faint."

There upon the bed, in a comatose state,

with death written on every feature, lay the man against whom she had battled with her heart for years. Her blood seemed frozen with appalling dread. She sat gazing upon the scene with a sort of agonized fascination. A sudden gulf seemed opening into a dark abyss, into which relentless hands were pushing her. Not a ray of light penetrated the darkness; every power of her being seemed merged into that of suffering. She wondered how long reason could retain its throne under such a strain. She heard the tick, tick, tick, of his watch as it lay on the table. She remembered it was counting Edgar's very last heart throbs. She rose and staggered into the hall and stood for awhile, leaning against the wall panting for breath. She was haunted by a pair of sad eyes and a low, grieved voice which said: "Oh, Guyndine, why will you persist in thus lacerating your own heart and mine? But if this is your answer, good night." Oh, that last interview! if it could be blotted out she could endure the rest. "How could I feel angry with dear Edgar? How could I tell him I would drain the last drop of sweet from his bitter cup? Why did I not tell him the truth?"

She re-entered the room, and stepping to the Doctor's side whispered, "Doctor, is there no hope?"

"There is life," said he, "but it is my opinion he will cease to breathe before midnight."

Anna rose and coming forward, said: "Doctor, uncle sent for Mrs. Kahree and wishes to speak with her alone. Shall we retire?" He bowed and both passed from the room.

Guyndine bent over the man she loved while the bird of the sable wing hovered near. "Edgar," said she, in a low wail of anguish.

He opened his eyes. "Guyndine, darling." Clasp ing her hand he drew it to his lips.

"Oh, Edgar, you are not going to leave Anna and me alone in this cruel world! Oh, surely you will not."

"I think I must; I feel that I am dying; but I cannot die satisfied and leave you shelterless. You must marry me, Guyndine, so that you may bear my name and that I may endow you with my earthly possessions. There is no selfishness in it this time; all I ask is that I may die with my head pillowed on the arm of my wife. You will not refuse this, my dying request?"

Her answer came like a wail from a broken heart. "Oh, Edgar, have mercy! Have mercy and pity me! But I cannot, I dare not. I am still his wife." She was free at this moment, but she was not aware of it.

"Darling, think again," said he, in a faint voice. "There will be no sin connected with it, for I am certainly slipping away from

earth. There is a clergyman waiting below stairs to perform the ceremony."

"My conscience says 'no'," was her reply, 'and, Edgar, I must not; oh, I dare not, though I break your dear, dying heart."

With an exhausted sigh he turned his face partly away and seemed to be sinking into unconsciousness. She sank on her knees beside the bed, slipped her arm under his head and drew it close to her breaking heart. Tenderly she smoothed the dark, silky locks from the broad white brow. Not a tear moistened her eyelids as she fixed her burning gaze upon the features which she felt were so soon to be hidden from her forever. Her face looked as if she, too, were dying. He had relapsed into the comatose state and lay with his glassy eyes half open.

Softly stroking forehead, face and hair, she continued to gaze for several minutes into his face, trying to indelibly imprint upon her mind every feature. At last she placed his head back upon the pillow, pressed one kiss to his lips and hurried out of the room and out of the house. Forgetting her cloak, she walked home through the pelting rain with uncovered head. All night she paced the floor of her room, never thinking of her damp clothing; remembering only that Edgar was dying and that she had refused to allow him one drop of sweet in his bitter cup; and failing to stifle her love for him she had tried to de-

ceive him; she who had always been so truthful, who had prided herself upon her honor, as being above practicing deception in any form upon anyone, had tried to deceive the man she loved, thus depriving him of the little happiness she might have bestowed upon him. "And I thought I was doing my duty."

The next morning as she was still pacing the floor, some one passing through the hall remarked: "I understand that the Hon. Edgar Grannell died last night." "Yes," replied another voice "so I heard."

She sank on the floor in a swoon. Some time later Mrs. Danks found her, and beside her was the open note which she had received the evening before. Guyndine remembered nothing more for many days. All through her delirium, she was pleading for some one to anoint Edgar in the name of Christ, that he might be healed before it was too late.

When she recovered consciousness, Harry was bending over her. She heard the rustle of garments and the closing of a door as some one hurried out of the room.

"Sister, do you know me?"

"Yes, it is Harry. But where am I? and what is the matter with me?"

"You are in your own room at Mrs. Danks' and you have been very ill for two weeks."

"When did you come, Harry?"

"I came last evening in answer to a tele-

gram. I started on the first train, praying with every breath that I might not be too late."

Oh, yes! "said she," it all comes to me now. And oh, that load! that load! Why could I not have died? Must I again take it up? "O Harry, I am so tired." And with a despairing look she turned her face away.

"Sister, supposing I lift the load from your heart?"

"You cannot lift it. I must carry it, or be crushed by it; it yet remains to be seen which."

"Guyndine, did you ever hear of good news killing anyone?"

"I don't know," said she in an apathetic way. She felt that there could never be any more good news for her till the angels brought the news that her time had come to join Edgar in the spirit world.

"What would you say if I should tell you that your friend, Mr. Grannell, is living and rapidly convalescing?"

"Harry! Harry!" she almost screamed. "You do not mean it? Oh, don't trifle with me, I implore! You will kill me, for you cannot mean it; O no!"

"Yes, but I do mean it. It is true."

Her answer was a low sob, and the pent up grief which had for weeks been scorching her brain gushed forth in tears of joy. Harry left the room to give her a chance to sob it

out alone, and stood in the hall talking to some one in a low voice. When he returned a half hour later, he found her asleep. He beckoned to the nurse who took her station beside the bed and Harry retired. Guyn-dine slept sweetly all night. When he entered the room in the morning she was calm and bright. She held out her hand to him, and she picked up the subject they had dropped the previous evening and continued it as if it had been but five minutes. "Now, Harry, go on and tell me the rest, my beautiful brother. How handsome you are, and how sweet to have you with me once more. It has been so long, so long."

Harry smiled. "Guyndine, I shall be spoiled if I stay with you long. A fellow would have to be made of cast-iron to withstand such extravagant compliments as yours. You will have me inflated till I can't wear my old clothes."

"I can't help it; if the truth spoils you, you will have to spoil. But go on and tell me."

"When I arrived day before yesterday, I found you in what the Doctor said was a dying condition. The Doctor, Mrs. Danks, Miss Anna and Mr. Grannell were with you. I hurriedly explained that I was going to anoint you for healing in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. We all knelt around your bed and as I applied the oil every voice was heard pleading for your healing. There was not a

waver in my faith for I have seen God tested so many times that I know what He will do for those who trust Him. Mr. Grannell held his hand on your pulse and he said that almost instantly it grew strong and natural. You fell into a sweet sleep and did not waken till yesterday when we had our talk. Then you slept again and did not waken for twelve hours, and now you are well, except that you are weak. All you need to do now is to rest and eat, and you will soon be your old self again."

"Oh, Harry, God is good."

"Could you say that when you were passing through the fiery furnace?"

"Yes, Harry, I said it through it all."

"But," said Harry, "I have something more to tell you. Mr. Grannell says he owes his life to you."

"Owes his life to me? How can that be?"

"I do not know as you are aware of it, Guyndine, but it seems that you are heavily charged with magnetism."

"Judge Kahree always said so," she interrupted. "But I thought he imagined it."

"Mr. Grannell says," continued Harry "that as you stood by his bed that night, suddenly he felt himself sinking. He lost his power of speech, but he did not entirely lose consciousness. He said you instantly noticed the change and, kneeling beside him, you slipped your arm under his head, and as you

did so, your sleeve was pushed up, and your bare arm rested against his neck. The touch thrilled him through. You then began to stroke his forehead and face; each stroke brought a responsive thrill from every nerve of his being. As your lips met his in the last good-bye, he felt as if an electric battery had touched him. He sank into a quiet slumber and at midnight the Doctor came and said he would live, and that the change was most marvelous."

"Well, Harry, I shall be obliged to differ with Mr. Grannell. If I was instrumental in saving his life, it was by my prayers and not my magnetism."

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was evening, two days later. Guyndine sat before a bright fire in her own little reception room. Harry put his head in at the door. "Sister, can you receive guests this evening?" Without waiting for a reply he threw the door open and ushered in Anna and Mr. Grannell. Anna came first, and putting her arms about Guyndine, kissed her fondly. Brushing a tear from her eyes she said: "Oh, Mrs. Kahree, you and uncle have about killed me!"

"Poor Anna, you have had a hard time," said Guyndine, "but I hope the worst is over. You have been a dear, brave girl."

As Mr. Grannell stepped forward, Guyndine rose to her feet. Their hands met, and for a moment those two who had so recently come up out of the valley of the shadow, and who knew what it was to suffer the pangs of death, stood speechless looking into each others eyes. In a voice tremulous with emotion Mr. Grannell said: "Let us pray." And kneeling there with her hand clasped in

his, in language as beautiful as ever fell from human lips, he sent up a prayer of thanksgiving, acknowledged and deplored his unfaithfulness, and renewed his consecration vow, finishing with the Lord's prayer in which each voice joined.

As they rose from their knees, Mr. Grannell said: "What we have so recently witnessed of the wonderful power of God, has caused my faith to take a new hold on Christ. I have taken a solemn vow that from henceforth every energy of my being shall be devoted to His service. I have been deliberating upon whether I could best serve the Master by changing my profession and becoming a minister of the gospel and I have decided that in my own profession is a boundless field for labor in which, perhaps, I can do more effective work than I could do as a minister. Those amazing words of our Christ, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me,' seem written in letters of fire upon my heart, and from henceforth the first business of my life shall be, by earnest painstaking effort, to lift Him up. With God's help, I will lift Him up on the street, in the office, in the court room, in the political caucus, and in the legislative hall. This change in my tactics will probably not add to my popularity, for I shall enter into a personal battle for purity and clean, honest government. Regardless of every thing else, I shall put myself squarely

on the side of right, and I expect it to be a life of stress, storm, heart-ache, and trials. And let me say just here that had it not been for the example of the heroic little woman beside me, I should never have had the moral courage to step out and take this stand."

"Oh, please don't," said Guyndine, coloring and putting out her hands in a deprecatory gesture. "I do not deserve this; it is all owing to the religion of Christ and your own noble nature."

"It is not likely," said he, "that I would have been a Christian if I had not known you, and there was little true nobility in my nature till Christ took me in."

"If uncle is going to do so much good in the world, then I will go to China and be a missionary," declared Anna. But Harry had already decided that Anna's work should be home mission work. Her purple eyes had been his heart's undoing and he had no notion of surrendering her to the heathen.

In the course of the evening Mr. Grannell bent over Guyndine and said in a low voice: "You will not refuse to let me see you often now? We can be companionable if we cannot marry. I have banished all thought of marriage, but there is no harm in pure Platonic love. Our past association has been my salvation. I owe everything to your persistent adherence to your convictions; you saved me from crime. It is true it would

have been committed unwittingly, as I was blindly wrapped in the conventionality which custom has established; but I am aware that ignorance of the law does not palliate crime. I knew that the Bible taught this doctrine which you advocate regarding divorce and marriage, but I really thought it was under the old dispensation. I was ignorant of the teaching of Christ upon this subject, as I never studied the Bible much till since I met you; and being so madly in love with you—which, by the way, I am not cured of yet—I fear I was too willing to remain in ignorance. But, thank God, you have been to me a doctor of both laws. Drummond says that love is the final result of evolution, but in this case evolution seems to be the result of love.”

“Drummond also says,” said Guyndine, “that ‘evolution is not progression in matter; matter cannot progress. It is progression in spirit, in that which is limitless, in that which is most rational, most human, most divine.’ And I shall be satisfied if, with my small talent, I am permitted to help to unfold or to exhibit more clearly one of the smallest of God’s truths. And, Edgar, what you have just said makes me very happy.”

“And you make me very happy, said he smiling, “by calling me Edgar. You refused to do that till you thought me dying.”

“Yes, I was cruel and unkind, but I was

trying to do right, and I know you have forgiven me long ago."

"You have been the dearest and best friend on earth to me, Guyndine, so let us never refer to this subject again. But you have not answered the question I asked you."

"I beg pardon, I have forgotten what it was."

"I asked permission to call on you when I pleased."

"That depends largely upon how often you would please to come."

"Would you tire of me? Could I come too often?"

"Oh, no! not that. I was thinking of public opinion. One can never afford to ignore Mrs. Grundy, you know. I feel that now since we understand each other so thoroughly, it will not injure us to associate closely, but we must be wise and prudent."

"Then I may come occasionally, or semi-occasionally; which?" asked he, smiling.

"I think occasionally would perhaps suit Mrs. Grundy better."

"I will try to time some of my visits when the old lady is asleep."

"The trouble is, she never sleeps; her vigils are unceasing. I think I can trust to

your judgment, however, as to how often you should come."

"Thank you, this is quite a different reply from the one you gave me the last time I spoke to you on the subject. Evolution seems to have been doing something for me. At least there has been a revolution."

"Yes, and a revelation, Edgar."

From this time forth they spent as much time together as they felt they could without exciting uncomplimentary remarks. They read together, consulted together, planned with and for each other, attended the same church and bowed at the same sacramental altar. There was no familiarity between them. Occasionally their hands met, but never their lips. Once a few evenings after her recovery, as he was about bidding her good night, he put his arm about her and drew her to him. As she saw that he meant to kiss her, she stepped back "Edgar, I am astonished; this must not be. Platonic love and the touching of lips do not accord. I am surprised that you would think of such a thing; I am, indeed."

With a laugh he turned away. "So you think I am not proof, and you dare not trust me."

"That is just what I think, and you will never be proof till you cease to be human.

But I would not have you misunderstand me. I have the utmost confidence in your honor. I am sure that you would not be guilty of an improper action toward any woman, but if we would continue pure in heart we must avoid excessive sentiment." As he turned away the old prayer rose to his lips: "Keep me from idolatry."

CHAPTER XXV.

“And while in peace abiding
Within a sheltered home,
We feel as sin and evil
Could never, never come.
But let the strong temptations rise
As whirlwinds sweep the sea,
We find no strength to escape the wreck
Save, pitying God, in Thee.”

It has been two years since the hand of Judge Kahree and Rose Ruthvon were united in marriage. Two years of consecrated Christian life in which Judge Kahree has kept close to his divine Master. Not till very recently has he been tempted and then but slightly. Rose being so shy and sensitive and holding herself so aloof from him, he does not often think of her.

Poor Rose! these two years have been sad years to her, tied to a man whom she worships; who cannot conscientiously call her wife; who has no love to bestow upon her; whose sympathy she dare not seek; whose hand she dare not touch. Wherever she goes she attracts men with her wondrous beauty and culture; but she coldly turns from all advances and silently and uncomplainingly

hoards within her heart that knowledge which seems to eat like a canker. Yet she did not blame him. He was keeping his part of the contract to the letter. He treated her with the utmost kindness and provided luxuries lavishly, which helped to cut her to the quick. She accepted them, feeling that she was not in the slightest degree necessary to his comfort or happiness. "A mere interloper," soliloquized she; "an intruder on his bounty, giving in return for it all, only the adoration of my heart, which he knows not of nor cares to know." If Rose had been aware that the Judge knew her secret, her humiliation would have been much greater.

"How intensely I suffer! If he would but give me his sympathy," she moaned, "or ever in the least degree seem to feel the need of me, perhaps I could endure the rest."

Her father often drew her to his knee and stroked her hair telling her he could not live without her, and calling her his dear comfort; now there was no father, no mother, no sister, no brother, only this one whom she must worship in secret and afar off. She was once the pet of society, but she had learned to loathe and despise its fawning sycophancy. One look of admiration from this man was worth more than the adoration of a world. She had made up her mind that she could no longer endure this life of dependence and had decided to go away and seek employment as

a teacher, but the dread of turning from and leaving forever the man she loved held her back from day to day. She was mistaken when she thought the Judge did not give her his sympathy. He realized that she suffered intensely, but what could he do? He was but human and he knew he dare not cross the prescribed line. His desire was to be true. His conscience was clear in regard to his marriage with Rose. His motive was pure and he felt that he had done right, but he must shun temptation. He did not realize that by this act he had placed himself beneath a vassalage cruel and relentless; that a tyrant was even now binding him with galling chains; that this tyrant, temptation, will hold him in an inglorious bondage and scourge him with burning lashes.

One evening as he sat enveloped in a fragrant blue cloud, with a lighted cigar between his fingers, and with his American feet on the back of a chair in front of him, Rose came gliding into his room. He looked up in surprise for this was something she seldom did.

"Don't let me disturb you," said she, as he made a motion to remove his feet from their elevated perch. "I cannot stay, I merely came in to say that I am going away forever."

Down came his feet and leaning forward with an amazed look, he said, "Why, Miss Rose, what does this mean?"

"It means that I have intruded on your

generosity long enough, and I am going out to make my own living. I thank you for all your kindness, and when I can I will return to you in dollars and cents what can be paid in that way, but I shall always owe you a debt of gratitude."

He placed his cigar on an ivory rack on the table. "Too much smoke in here," said he, as he took her by the arm and led her back to her room. He placed her in a chair and stood before her. "Now tell me what I have done to hurt your feelings."

"Why, Judge," said she, "I beg you not to think that; it is to escape your generosity that I am going."

"But you are not going. Have you considered that it would create a scandal? Remember we are man and wife in the eyes of the world. You are my legal wife; if you should disappear and I should die, there would be no heir to claim my estate. Besides you owe it to your father to remain with me, for you know we both promised. I can not conscientiously permit you to go if there is any way to prevent it, and I think there is for I am sure you will listen to reason. If you feel that I deserve the least kindness or consideration, I am quite sure you would not be willing to bring reproach upon me."

"Oh, no, Judge, it never occurred to me that it would bring reproach upon you or my-

self. I had not considered what the world would think or say."

"Just remember this, Rose, all that I possess is yours; you have a perfect right to it. I am thankful I have you to bestow it upon. Otherwise I should be obliged to leave it to strangers. If you do not wish to give me pain, you will never refer to this subject again."

After this he found himself thinking more and more about Rose. There was something so attractive in her sweet disposition, something so pathetic in her isolated life and her uncomplaining, unrequited affection, that the Judge's kind heart overflowed with pity. And he questioned: "Poor child, I wonder if I have done wrong in leaving her so entirely to herself? She rarely ever exchanges a word with any one except myself, and they are the most commonplace civilities." He recalled her father's prediction and smiled as he remembered that the two years were up. "He evidently did not know how strongly I was fortified by the religion of Christ," thought the Judge. "I think I shall not leave Rose so much alone after this; I believe it is cruel." He sat before the fire gazing into the coals. Turning half round he faced his own image which was reflected in a long mirror. He noticed the few silver

threads among the dark locks. Smiling, he repeated Byron's lines:

"Touch us gently, time.
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide through a quiet
dream."

He glanced upward—"But, oh, from henceforth incline my heart to seek no other love but Thine." As he turned his face from the mirror his eyes rested for a moment on the following sentence in a paper on the table besides him: "A life is valuable in proportion as it reaches into other lives." "According to that," said he, "my life for the past two years must have been utterly worthless, for outside of business relations I have lived very exclusive." The Judge was in a pensive mood tonight. Rising, he crossed the room and knocked at the door of Rose's room. She opened it and stood holding it waiting for him to ask for a late paper or tell her he was going out for the evening.

"May I come in?"

"Certainly." And a glad light flashed into her eyes, and a wave of color swept over her face as she threw the door open.

If ever the angels weep, they are weeping tonight over this generous, kind hearted, well-meaning Christian man, who is about to make another mistake. If he could continue as he had begun, or if Rose had Guyn-dine's conscience and high sense of honor,

all might be well even in his present environment. But Rose is altogether a different type. As regards virtue she is as chaste as Guyndine, and is conscientious as far as she knows, but she has had no Christian training and never looks within the lids of the Bible. All she knows of its teaching is what she hears from the pulpit, and she has never heard the pulpit refer to the subject of divorce. If it is such a crime as the Judge seems to think, why do not the pulpits all over the land denounce it? It is true she once heard it denounced by a Catholic priest, but she had been taught that there was nothing good in their doctrine, so she gave it no heed. She could not recall a single instance in which she had known of a divorce having been secured by Catholics. She decided that they were fanatical along that line and that it was no crime or the Protestant Church would not tolerate divorced people in it. She believed herself to be the lawful wedded wife of Arrel Kahree, for whose affection she was starving. Platonic love was all she asked; the purer it was, the better. The thought of a grosser flame frightened and repulsed her. If the Judge would fold her in his arms and with kisses and soft words tell her she was everything to him; hold her as a mother would a weary child who at evening lays its head in her lap and feels that here and nowhere else is rest, she would be su-

premely happy. She could not understand why the Judge could not occasionally take her on his lap as her father was wont to do, and allow her head to rest on his shoulder. "It would not be too familiar for we are married," mused she. "Even if he does wish to live like brother and sister, I cannot see where the harm would be; for brother and sister can be as familiar as that. But he seems so distant that sometimes I fear he dislikes me."

"Rose, my head aches tonight; will you read to me awhile?"

"Certainly, I shall take pleasure in doing so. Have you a preference?"

"Not in particular. What is that you have in your hand?"

"Lucile. It is a favorite with me, but perhaps you would prefer prose."

"No" said he, "read from that. I read it years ago but I should like to hear it again. There is something restful and musical in the style which suits my mood tonight."

He had never heard her read and knew nothing of her literary taste. He threw himself on a couch and she took an easy chair beside the table. The room was large, beautiful, brilliantly lighted, and was full of the fragrance of flowers which she always kept about her. Rose was a fine reader. Her voice was low and musical, her articulation and intonation were perfect. Her love of

poetry and appreciation of its fine points made her reading very artistic and her sympathy with Lucile put a tremolo into her voice which added to its effect.

The Judge was charmed. He lay with his eyes half closed drinking in the exquisite poem, made doubly charming by the pathetic picture before him. He was surprised when the clock struck off the hour of twelve, and for the first time he bid her good night with regret. He told her he had spent a delightful evening and that he would come again tomorrow evening and hear her finish the poem. "That is, if I may."

There was the least sound of reproach in her voice as she repeated his words: "If I may." He looked back, smiled and closed the door.

Rose was too happy to sleep. She turned off the gas, threw aside the curtains and sat down in the moonlight. "Dare I hope? Oh, trembling heart, over which his slightest glance has more control than all my will, listen to reason and cease your thrills of ecstasy, lest disappointment follow and crush you." For hours she sat dreaming of what might be in store for her, trying to imagine what it would be to dare touch his hand or kiss his brow.

On the other side of the partition all was silent; the last spark had died on the hearth, but he could not sleep; the fragrance from

the room beyond seemed to pervade the air, "subtle as some enchanter might evoke, entrancing soul and sense in a spell like that which holds us when the thrush's song has ceased." After hours of tossing, he fell asleep and dreamed that Rose was lost in a deep wood. After a long search he found her standing beside an open grave. With corpse-like face she turned and pointing into the grave said: "This is the end of all my hopes." He awoke with a start. The sun was shining into the room, and the clock struck eight.

As he arranged his toilet about which he was always very precise, he thought of Rose's artistic taste and dainty style, and for the first time he felt a desire to please her.

When she came out as usual to descend with him to breakfast, he gave her an admiring glance and felt as if a sunbeam had fallen across his pathway. After breakfast as he was leaving her to go to his office, in the hall he turned and looked back at her, just as she, half way up the stairs, turned to look at him. With a smile and a bow he was gone, but there was meaning enough in that look to fill her heart with gladness all day. During office hours he was so occupied that he had little time to think of her. But when the lamps were lighted and he met her at dinner his eyes rested upon her almost fondly.

As they entered the dining room and pass-

ed near a table at which several gentlemen were seated he heard the words "naiad queen;" at a glance he saw upon whom their eyes were resting. "Yes," thought he, "never was there a more beautiful woman than the one whom the world calls my wife."

After dinner as they ascended to their suite of rooms he remarked: "By the way it occurs to me that I have an engagement with a lady for this evening, have I not?"

"I am not supposed to be posted as to your engagements. You may have more than one for aught I know."

"Only one for this evening," said he. As they entered her boudoir he thought: "What an air of sweet restfulness lingers about Rose and all she possesses; the calmness of her nature seems to pervade the air she breathes."

There was an open grate, easy chairs, lounges with soft pillows, pictures and statuettes, a book-case filled with choice books, and on the table the latest magazines and papers. He took an easy chair quite near her as she seated herself by the table, and placing his feet on an ottoman, prepared to enjoy to its fullest the continuation of the poem. He sat studying her face as she read, watching the fine play of soul as it quivered about the expressive mouth and shone in the luster of her eye. She read till the clock

struck ten when he noticed she was slightly hoarse.

"I enjoy this exceedingly," said he, "but I cannot permit you to tax yourself further this evening." Gently he drew the book from her and placing a card in it to mark the place, said: "The English and Scotch writers are certainly holding the attention of the literary world of today in a pre-eminent degree."

"Yes, but I have thought—perhaps I imagine it—that I noticed rather a decline of ability among American writers of fiction. I hope it is only my imagination."

"I fear it isn't," said he, "I have heard it commented on quite a little; but it is generally conceded to be owing to lack of enthusiasm rather than lack of ability. There must necessarily be a predominance of enthusiasm in all creative work."

"It is undoubtedly yeast in the batter," said she, "and without it even art is a dead letter. Perhaps the brilliant successes of the English and Scotch will tend to spur our people up to greater effort, for one of the direst curses of the age is the flood of light literature, that is being tossed off from the finger tips of brainless men and women, which is filling the world with superstition."

"Not only superstition," said he, "but also agnosticism. I believe that the very best incentive to enthusiasm is an unpopular

theme and a pure purpose. If his object is to bless the world, the author will soon become enthused; ay, inspired."

After they had discussed various subjects, the Judge touched upon religion. Rose at once became silent, and her face showed the subject was distasteful to her. He dropped it, and as it was growing late, he again reluctantly bid her good night.

After this, every evening was spent with Rose. Four months went by and one morning he awoke to a realization of the fact that he was in love with her. "Ah, Ruthvon! after all you knew me better than I knew myself. You were wise and I foolish." He thought of his pure and peerless Guyndine. Had he ceased to love her? No, but she was dead to him and his heart was hungry and his life empty and lonely. He thought of the principle he had been advocating, and of the words of his divine Master regarding it. Looking into his heart he felt that he loved God and his desire to be true was as strong this morning as it had ever been. He had no desire to yield, no thought of yielding. He realized that great temptations would henceforth surround him. Kneeling he prayed fervently that God would give him strength to withstand the tempter. If he would apply some of his fine reasoning to his own life just now he would see that God helps those to resist temptation who help to keep

themselves out of it. The Holy Spirit had not been spending the evening with him of late as He did not accompany him to Rose's apartments. Whenever a Christian deliberately walks into temptation, it is useless to pray for deliverance. The experiment of clasping hands with God and Satan both at the same time has been frequently tried but it has never succeeded.

At last the Judge was forcibly impressed with the fact that he had made a mistake, and in spite of his good resolutions he trembled for the result. But he meant to get near to God and strive harder than ever to be true.

The situation of Rose was certainly unique. She was conscious that the crisis was near and with bated breath she read his thoughts and watched his struggle. Her feeling was intense. The door of hope stands open; what if he should yet close it in her face and "bid that mighty chord of sweet music which is sounding in her soul to cease, forever blotting out the stars from the depths of twilight skies." Could she endure it? No, no! she felt that she could not. What wonder, then, that under such incentive, she should strive with every power she possessed to draw and hold him. Yet she was as delicate with him as a girl of sixteen with her first lover. She made no advances, but her efforts were subtle and effective.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a balmy evening in spring time. The Judge was out of the city on a business trip. He was to return on one of the night trains. Rose felt nervous and could not sleep till he was safe in his room. At ten o'clock she turned the gas off and sat down by the open window in the moonlight to watch for his coming.

It was almost as light as day but there was a storm brewing. The air was so still that it did not stir the gentlest leaf. Her mind was full of pleasant memories of him. He had not committed himself by one word of love, but she had read his secret in his face many times as he had long ago read hers, and like honey dripping from the honeycomb upon a fevered sore, these thoughts fell upon her burning heart soothingly. The clock struck eleven. What if something should happen to him and he should be snatched from her by death; accidents were occurring daily everywhere. She could not

endure the thought. She would commit suicide if he were taken from her. Yes, she could not live without him. She rose and began to walk the floor. But hark! She heard a step, and stopped to listen; it passed on and the clock struck twelve. By this time she had worked herself almost into a frenzy and was softly crying and moaning. Suddenly she stopped and, going to her dressing-room, washed her tear-stained face.

"This is foolish and all imaginary; I am not myself tonight. I feel nervous and unstrung as I did the day papa died." She returned to the window and, leaning out, listened. Ere long she heard a step which she recognized. "My sovereign, my idol," murmured she, "it is he. Can he retire without coming in a moment after having been away a day and a night?" Her question was answered by a soft rap at her door. "Bless him; I knew it."

She hastened to open the door. Moved by a sudden impulse he put his arm about her and drew her to him for a moment. Suddenly he let his arm fall away from her. "I thought you had not retired and I wanted to know if you were well."

"Thank you, I am very well. I will light the gas; I have been sitting in the moonlight."

"Don't please; let the gas go. I prefer the moonlight. I cannot stay long for it is late." Taking her by the arm he crossed the room

to the large moonlight window. Sitting down upon the broad window sill, he drew her down beside him. "Of what has my little wi—, sister been thinking here in the deep night time alone?" He knew well enough who filled her thoughts day and night.

"I was thinking of Richelieu."

"Of Richelieu?" said he in surprise. "What Richelieu? Not the Cardinal?"

"Yes, Armand Jean du Plessis Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, who for eighteen years held the Kingdom of France between his thumb and finger."

"And what were you thinking about him, may I ask?"

"I was admiring his stern personality."

"I was not aware that you were partial to stern personalities."

"Yes, that is the woman of it. It is characteristic of the sex to dislike the weak and vacillating. I admire even that fiend which all mankind are taught to hate because he is undaunted, unterrified, obdurate."

"Not Satan?"

"Yes, even Satan has one trait we may emulate."

The Judge laughed. "I shall have to give you credit for a new idea, and rather peculiar taste. Satan and the fierce, bold Richelieu who trod down all human rights."

"Yes, I know; but he was conscientious in it. You remember with his last breath he

called on God to witness that he meant it all for the good of religion and the state. He was cruelly misjudged and wronged; it is not much wonder that he became a cynic and forgot the meaning of the word mercy."

"His zeal was misdirected," said the Judge. "It was all for self, and it brought him only bitter hatred."

"His was an intensely loyal nature, and he was a lion in purpose," said Rose. "He once said: 'When I have made up my mind I go straight to the point. I mow down everything that stands in my way and cover it all up with my red cassock.' Is not this the spirit of a hero?"

"No," said the Judge, absent mindedly.

"Then how do you define a heroic spirit?"

"By one word—Love." The Judge fell into a brown study and sat looking into the quiet street.

Rose felt nervous and feverish. She scarcely knew what she had been saying. She knew perfectly well that he was again battling with temptation; that a storm was surging through his soul. How quickly would Guyndine have come to the rescue, have taken him by the hand and helped him to repress ignoble impulses and call up the finest and purest feelings of his nature. If Rose had been wise this would have been her opportunity to mount to a place beside Guyndine in his heart; to step upon the pedestal of a queen

in his esteem, and surround herself with that atmosphere of purity through which Guyn-dine had won his adoration.

A low muttering sound came rolling through the quiet air. "Is that thunder?" inquired Rose.

"Yes, there is a black cloud rising out of the west." Thy sat on the window sill facing each other. The moon shone full upon them. Language cannot express the twofold thoughts that were sweeping through the Judge's mind at that moment. It has little to do with language but everything to do with feeling. Not a breath stirred, but ever and anon the low sullen voice of the approaching storm was heard. Suddenly the Judge rose and with a prayer to heaven attempted to throw off the temptation.

"Good night, Rose. It is time you were asleep and I am keeping you up."

"O no, you are not," said she in a coaxing voice. "I cannot sleep when a storm is coming. It always makes me lonely and nervous. Please do not go."

The Judge thought of Guyndine and what a different effect the storm had upon her. He turned again to the window and stood looking out. She sat on the window sill close beside him; the beautiful head with its wealth of golden hair was so close to him that he could feel its touch against his arm. He looked down into the lovely face. A sudden

flash of lightning and heavy peal of thunder made her creep closer to him and the sapphire eyes were full of fear as they glanced up pleadingly into his. It belonged to his great tender nature to want to throw his strong arms about whatever was weak and needed protection, and now he could scarcely restrain himself for he knew she was suffering with fright, and he loved her. Again he thought of Guyndine, of her pure life, her heroic Christian character and the ennobling influence she had exerted over him, and he determined not to yield.

"It seems strange," said Rose, "passing strange that I should fear the storm, or fear death in any form after the life that I have lived for the past two years. All who loved me have been taken away, and I am left desolate; and not only that but I am forced to live on charity. Doesn't it seem strange that I should care to live? Or have you never given it a thought?"

"I presume that I have thought more about it than you have guessed; and, Rose, this sham marriage of ours has been a mistake."

"Has it?" said she, "and you feel it has been a mistake? I have disappointed you, I have not been the sweet companion you expected, the dear sister you so much needed."

"Oh, not that, Rose, not that."

The deep hush of the hour, the approach-

ing storm, the calm moon lighting up the beautiful upturned face with its clear, pleading eyes and pitiful quivering lips, the voice in which he could detect a sob, and the fiery tempter surging through every vein, all conspired to unman him. How innocent she looked. She was innocent and he felt it. She had no conscientious scruples along this line. She was simply trying to overcome what she believed to be his foolish prejudice, and lead him to acknowledge that he loved her. There was no impure thought or wish in her heart. She did not realize that if she succeeded she would become a weight that would sink him to perdition.

Another sharp flash and sudden peal of thunder. She caught his hand in both of hers, and holding it tight, pressed it over her eyes as if to shut out the blinding flash. It needed but the touch of those soft fingers to turn the scales; instantly he caught her in his arms, and pressed passionate kisses to her lips and brow. "The struggle is over, and you have won. Rose, darling, you are not left desolate. I love you, I love you."

A blinding flash, a deafening crash, and all was dark for many days. When the Judge recovered consciousness he was in a strange place, a calm-faced sister of charity sat beside his bed.

"Where am I?" he inquired, "and what has happened?"

"You are in St. Joseph's Hospital," replied the nurse. "You have been very ill and the doctor's orders are that you are not to talk. It is time for your medicine."

After taking it he fell asleep. The next day the same thing occurred, and the next. By this time he felt so much better that he refused to be longer trifled with, and insisted upon knowing the full particulars of how he came there. Cautiously and very gently the nurse told him that during a severe storm he had received an electric shock.

"Ah, yes!" He now remembered the last scene. "But where is Rose? Where is my wife?"

Hesitating and turning her face away, she answered: "She, too, was injured." He watched her narrowly. "Is my wife dead?"

The nurse hastened to him with the narcotic. "Take this and rest awhile before you talk more."

"Tell me! tell me! is my wife dead? I know she is; I read it in your face." He was pale as death.

"She died in your arms. Now take your medicine quick, and go to sleep before you make yourself worse."

Again he slept for several hours. When he awoke he was so dizzy with the horror of it all that it was many days before he could realize it, and many more before he could bring himself to look upon it with any degree

of resignation. When he did, self-reproach and remorse filled his heart, and from lips white and quivering with his crushing sorrow, came the words: "Verily, 'As ye sow, so shall ye also reap.' " If in my youth I had heeded the teachings of Christ: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of heaven and all these things shall be added unto you,' I would not today be a wanderer from love and home, with no one to enter into all I feel. But I cannot bear this load alone. Oh, Man of Sorrows, hear me! Thou alone canst pity. I have been vacillating and untrue; a prodigal son, I now return to Thee. Thou Son of God, infinite in grace, pity and forgive. Thou alone canst satisfy the soul; and they who walk with Thee from day to day shall never be left comfortless. But how shall I answer for Rose; I, who have had her under my influence all these months and have done little or nothing to save her. Oh! bitter, bitter remorse! Poor little Rose! where are you today? I dare not think of it."

He lay back with a groan, the whiteness of death and the agony of conscious condemnation on his face. A few hours later his mind was found to be wandering. Soon it became necessary to remove him to a mad house, where he was kept for many months. He left it a physical wreck but he came up out of his baptism of affliction a new man spiritually. He had sought and found a state of grace

in a higher life in which his heart was not inclined to any evil thing. Never before had he reached the point where he could place his fragrant Havana upon the altar of sacrifice.

A year went by, he was again in the hospital. The kind-faced sister sat beside his bed.

"Sister Delia, will you kindly place another pillow under my head and give me writing material?" She complied with his request. "Now please address this envelope to Hon. Edgar Grannell, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A. When I am dead place the letters which I shall write in the envelope and post it." He wrote as follows: "Hon. Edgar Grannell, St. Louis, Mo. Dear old friend: I am dying and Guyndine is yours at last. Good bye, and God bless you."

On the same sheet he wrote: "Guyndine, my lost darling: My hand is now performing its last act. I have been unworthy, but when you read this I shall be standing with the redeemed inside the pearly gates, where I shall wait for her who, by her Godly life, showed me the cross of Christ; who had the courage of her convictions and feared nothing so much as sin. But I must go. Good bye. Arrel."

These letters were miscarried and delayed and it was many months before they were put into the hands of those for whom they were intended.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Beauty, my lord; 'tis the worst part of women:
A weak, poor thing assaulted every hour
By creeping minutes of defacing time.”

Edgar Grannell was in the prime of his manhood. It was a mystery to society why he remained a bachelor and was so exclusive. It was whispered that he had loved and lost, that his heart was buried beneath the sod; and more than one woman had tried to resurrect it. He was considered a great catch but the thing was to catch him.

The wealthy Mrs. Craven, who was a friend of his, had a niece, a beautiful young widow, who was coming to visit her from Cincinnati. “Now, Mr. Grannell,” said Mrs. Craven, “I am going to ask as a favor that you will help me make it pleasant for Ruby while she is here.”

“Certainly, Mrs. Craven, I shall take pleasure in doing all I can.”

“You will find her very sweet, and if you are not careful she may prove too much for that impervious heart of yours. I have forearmed you now,” said she, laughing, “and if

you are vanquished I shall have nothing to answer for."

"My heart is not so impervious as you imagine. I have a weakness for women which sometimes almost gets the upper hand of me."

"Well, you have a queer way of demonstrating it, I must say. Why, you live as secluded as a monk. I do not believe you have exchanged a dozen words with a marriagable woman for five years."

"Ah you are not posted, that is evident." returned he, laughing.

"Well, good bye. I expect Ruby tomorrow and I shall expect you to keep your promise to the letter."

It was nearly a week before he again thought of his promise. "Really I had forgotten that. I must go at once or Mrs. Craven will never forgive me." He went to his dressing-room and with a few extra touches to his toilet, took his hat and started to Mrs. Craven's. In the hall he looked at his watch; it was half past eight. "I must look in at Guyndine a moment and tell her where I am going." He stopped at Mrs. Danks', and looking back longingly as he left Guyndine, he wished he could remain with her.

Mr. Grannell was not expecting to meet such a vision of loveliness as burst on his sight when he was ushered into the Craven

drawing-room and presented to Mrs. Ruby Williams. She was undoubtedly one of the handsomest women he had ever met. Tall and willowy with luminous black eyes and black hair. Her complexion was a mixture of snow and roses. A soft rippling voice, rosy lips, small pearly teeth, and breath as sweet as the morning breeze. She was bright, sparkling, and self-possessed, which showed her familiarity with cultured society. She was a woman whom few men could resist and had the interior of the casket been as beautiful and immaculate as the exterior, she would have been an angel of light. She was selfish, insincere and loved flattery, consequently she was a born flirt. At twenty she had married a man thirty-five years her senior for his money. They lived together two years, when he failed in business and died leaving her little but his name. She returned to her father's house and had been a widow two years when her aunt conceived the idea of inviting her to visit St. Louis with the view of capturing the Hon. Edgar Grannell.

Mrs. Craven watched him narrowly as he was presented to Ruby. She noted his look of surprised admiration and smilingly said to herself: "She will bring you to time, sir."

"Mr. Grannell," said Ruby, "I have been waiting with great impatience to meet you. Aunty tells me that you are a confirmed re-

cluse; as I have never seen a real live hermit, I have had a wonderful curiosity to see you."

"Indeed? And what is there about a hermit so intensely interesting?"

"Oh, one always associates a hermit with a delightful little romance, a broken heart and all that you know."

"Am I to understand," said he smiling, "that you look upon broken hearts as delightful and amusing?"

"Well, it depends somewhat upon whose heart it is. If it were my own perhaps it would not be so amusing."

His face grew serious. "'Ah, how idly we speak of that sacred mysterious fountain of sorrow and sympathy which, when true, will burn to ashes rather than express its pain, lest it be lightly held.'"

"I wonder," thought she, "if those words express his experience; it would be a wonder if he were heart whole at his age."

As if he had read her thoughts Mr. Grannell continued: "But, Mrs. Williams, I can assure you that although my heart may have been pierced and scorched and riven it is all in one piece today."

"Ah!" thought she, "he knows what it is to have suffered, but it is over and the wound no longer bleeds. A most interesting subject, and one easy to understand and manage. He imagines his heart calloused; but the

truth is, it is tenderer and more susceptible than if it had never been touched." She smiled softly to herself as she remembered the fate of scores of other subjects, and in imagination saw this one floundering in the "slough of despond," waiting to be lifted out by her own fair hand. It made little difference to her whether he was free or not, she meant to capture him and she had not yet learned the meaning of the word fail. She knew before the evening was over that he was her ideal, and, what amounted to much more in her estimation, he had wealth and position. She had never loved anything but herself, but she felt now that her fate was sealed for he was irresistible. She was a close observer and a good actress; she saw at a glance that to succeed, there would be called into requisition the best that was in her. Her aunt had told her of his high Christian character. She had never undertaken the role of saint but she felt confident that with a little practice she could manage it.

"Ah, yes!" said she with a sad intonation of voice and downcast eyes, "I am not old and my merry heart once laughed at sorrow, but I have learned, even in my short life, how the heart can build its hopes, and, like the gorgeous morning sun, rising from behind this clod of earth and shining resplendent for a while, may be darkened in an hour. Mr.

Grannell my young heart has ashes upon it."

His sympathy was touched. "How pathetic, so young and lovely," thought he. "My first impression was that she was a belle of fashion, giddy and thoughtless. I was too hasty in my judgment." He at once recommended the help of the great Burden Bearer, and learned that Ruby was not a Christian, but that in her sorrow she had felt the need of strength other than her own. He was deeply interested and determined to spare no pains to help her to forget her grief and enjoy her visit, and he hoped to be able to lead her to Christ. He enjoyed the evening immensely and it was late when he arose to go.

As he was about bidding the ladies good night, Mr. Craven came in. "Good evening, Mr. Grannell, I am glad I arrived in time to see you. I have a favor to ask of you."

"I shall be most happy to do any thing I can for you, sir. What is it?"

"I have secured tickets for the musicale tomorrow evening and I find it will be impossible to attend. I wish you would take my ticket and accompany these ladies. Can you do it?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Grannell, "and I will with pleasure."

"Thank you, that is quite a load off my mind. One woman is a great care, two is a double load. I don't see how those fellows in

Utah manage them in droves. I had rather undertake to manage a herd of mustangs."

Mr. Grannell smilingly bowed himself out, and Ruby's musical laugh rippled out with him.

"Well, Ruby, how do you like him?" said Mrs. Craven after her husband had retired and they were alone.

"Oh, aunty! he is a king among men. I am conquered already, but I tremble for myself for I am sure that no ordinary woman can touch his heart."

"I agree with you," said Mrs. Craven; "but you are no ordinary woman. I know him well. I watched him closely; I read him; and I know that you have made a good beginning and a wonderful impression. Beauty's bait is the one thing that men cannot resist, married and single, young and old, priest and layman. If they approach too near and allow themselves to gaze, alike they all turn away dazzled and drunk; and three-fourths of them will let go of even their God to clasp it and go down to perdition with it. Its power is as subtle and invincible today as it was the day it overcame the strength of Sampson."

"Well, my heart is already in thraldom, and I dare not fail. This is the first time I ever cared whether I failed or not."

The next evening on his way to attend the ladies to the opera he called at Mrs.

Danks' to tell Guyndine why he could not be with her that evening as usual, and to express regret that he was obliged to cancel his engagement. Between his business and Guyndine's pupils they scarcely ever met during the day. Both looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to their evenings together.

Guyndine felt somewhat disappointed, but she excused him cheerfully and wished him a pleasant evening; but when in the course of the conversation he remarked that Mrs. Williams was one of the most beautiful and attractive women he had ever met, a little throb of pain shot through her heart. Looking into his honest face and clear dark eyes she thought: "It would be hard to give him up, but his love came to me without any effort on my part, and if he should seek one who can give him closer companionship than I can offer, I must not murmur; but, oh, it would mean something terrible to me. I had not thought that such a thing could occur." An evil spirit seemed to whisper: "This is what you get for being an extremist. Why did you refuse him when you thought him dying? You had a good excuse then. Even the Lord would have forgiven you."

"Do not let a thought of me mar your pleasure." said she, as he again expressed re-

gret at leaving her. "I will read and practice and try not to miss you."

He had made repeated efforts to have her go out with him, but she always refused. "It would be bad taste, Edgar. It would excite curiosity and end in uncomplimentary comment. A woman in my circumstances should live as secluded as a nun and the outside world holds no attraction for me."

As the distinguished Hon. Edgar Grannell seated Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Craven in the opera house and took his seat beside them, many a glass was leveled at them, and there were many inquiries as to who the superb creature beside him was. "I thought," said one lady, "that Mr. Grannell's heart had long since turned to adamant. I wonder if this fair one has undertaken to soften so impenetrable a substance?"

"Madam," said Col. Jones, who had been married three times within three years, who had never buried a wife, and who was angry because Mrs. Jones insisted on coming to the opera tonight, "Edgar Grannell shows that he has common sense; common sense, madam, of which the majority of us men cannot boast. His life shows conclusively that his head is level. While some of us simpletons have been chasing after an apron-string, he has been steadily climbing the political ladder." The lady gave him a withering glance and, as she con-

sidered him too contemptible to reply to, she turned her back on him.

The musicale was a success and another evening sped pleasantly away. The next evening there was a dinner party to which Mr. Grannell, the Cravens, and some other distinguished guests were invited. The fourth evening there was a lecture, and Mr. Craven again requested Mr. Grannell to take his place and attend the ladies, and so it went. Two months passed and he and Guyndine had met only occasionally and then but for a few minutes. He always had a plausible excuse and seemed to regret that it so happened he could not see more of her. She was so occupied through the day that she had little time to think and at night she was so tired that she slept soundly in spite of the feeling of unrest which filled her bosom.

One morning as she was giving one of her pupils a music lesson, the girl suddenly turned: "Mrs. Kahree, did you ever see Mrs. Ruby Williams, who is visiting Mrs. Craven?"

"No," said Guyndine, "I never saw her."

"Well, you just ought to see her. She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw. The men are all wild about her. But she has already caught the one she wants, they say she is engaged to the Hon. Edgar Grannell. Mamma says that he has not gone in society nor paid any attention to a lady for years,

although he could have had his choice of any of them. But he is perfectly devoted to her."

For a moment Guyndine almost lost consciousness. Without noticing it, the girl turned to the piano, and with difficulty Guyndine succeeded in collecting her scattered senses sufficiently to finish the lesson. She was glad when her day's work was done, and she found herself in the seclusion of her own room. "Who would have thought that it could end in this way?" said she to herself. "I never dreamt of such a thing." Her face was white and pinched. "And I am bound by servile chains which I have no strength to break. By leading my affections into an unnatural channel once, I did violence to the delicate intuitive sense which, if left to itself, would have guided me right. The effects of that mistake will follow me through life. I must bear it, for I am powerless to evade the consequences; and I must endure the shame of knowing that I am in love with the betrothed husband of another woman."

The next day was Sunday. In the afternoon Mr. Grannell called on Guyndine. She thought she noticed a little restraint in his manner as he advanced to meet her and extended his hand. She was provoked at herself when she felt the telltale blood steal into her face as his hand closed over hers. "How strange it seems," said he, "that we have seen so little of each other for the past two

months. I have called here repeatedly through the day, but you were always out; and in the evening it has seemed impossible for me to get off from other engagements. I have put in a wonderful busy winter and yet I have seemed to accomplish little."

"You have enjoyed it, have you not?" said she inquiringly.

"Yes, somewhat; but you know a quiet life suits me better."

He was in perfect health, faultlessly dressed, and never looked handsomer. Her heart throbbed with pain at the thought that he was drifting from her forever. Next to Christ's love, the one green spot in the cold bleak desert of her life was the knowledge of this man's affection. Secure in his love, she would have been satisfied to go on as they had been living, earning her daily bread; even to the end of time.

It was a warm February day. They exchanged a few commonplace remarks and sat down by a large square window with the sash up. They sat facing each other, each with an arm resting upon the window sill. Both were quiet and abstracted; evidently there was something weighing on their minds. Guyn-dine felt that he had come to tell her of his bethrothal and she thought it would crush her to hear it. "Merciful heaven, I can never throttle my love for this man!" Cold beads of perspiration stood on her forehead; her

heavy eyelids refused to lift themselves; her heart beat wildly, and her hands were cold and clammy. Suddenly he leaned forward and placing his hand over hers, looked into her face pityingly. "He is going to tell me. God in Heaven, help me to live through it and not let him see that it hurts me."

Just then the Craven carriage passed and looking up they met the gaze of Mrs. Craven and Ruby Williams who recognized him and bowed. He instantly withdrew his hand from hers, flushed slightly and bowed in return.

"The one on this side is Mrs. Ruby Williams," said he. "Isn't she superb?"

"She is very beautiful indeed," said Guyn-dine in a faint voice.

As the occupants drove on, they commented on the scene in the window and wondered who Guyndine could be. At the bare possibility of a rival, Ruby could not suppress a sigh.

Whatever it was that Mr. Grannell had intended to say to Guyndine, it was left unsaid. After a long silence he remarked: "I can say with Lowell: 'I am conscious that I live two lives; the one trivial and ordinary, the other sacred and recluse; one which I carry into society, politics and daily work, which makes the body grow old and dies with it; the other that which is made up of the few inspiring moments of my higher aspiration and attainments, in which youth survives and

my dreams are full of an unquenchable longing for something nobler than success.' ”

“The horizon’s line joins the earth and sky,” said she. “Our natures are strangely complex. I find with myself it is a continual warfare to prevent the dross of earth from covering the pure gold. All day a verse of an old hymn is ringing in my ears :

‘Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fight to win the prize
And sail through bloody seas?’

No, I cannot expect it. Life is onward, and only by a struggle can we make it upward. Young says: ‘Earth’s highest station ends in—Here he lies—And dust to dust concludes her noblest song.’ But, Edgar, earth has yet a nobler song and if we make her feel the power of higher example, she will not fail to sing it. Whatever else we do, let us be true to God.”

“That is my highest ambition.” said he.

“Somehow,” said she, “I have a presentiment that your life’s pathway from henceforth may be surrounded by temptations such as may have a tendency to drag you backward. Edgar, excuse me, but are you sure you are so fell fortified that you will not fall by the wayside?”

There was a peculiar expression on his face as he gave her a quick glance. He sat reflecting and did not reply for some minutes. At

length he said: "No, I am not sure. I was once very certain, but I have learned by experience not to be too confident."

"Edgar, once more I beg pardon, but do not, I implore you, risk stepping into the fire of temptation until you are sure."

Again he flashed her a searching glance, but made no reply. Guyndine realized what a hazardous experiment it would be for a consecrated Christian man to marry a frivolous society woman. The thought of surrendering him into such hands was extremest torture. She felt that she could give him up and live through it, but to see him fall, oh, to see him fall! could she endure that? There was a lump in her throat which seemed to smother her. "He had better have died," thought she, "than to have come to this." God alone knows what was passing through his mind but he drew a long sigh.

They sat silent till the shadows grew so thick in the room that they could scarcely see each others' faces. Again he placed his hand over hers, and the horrible thought came: "He is going to tell me now and I cannot endure it." She rose. "It is quite dark, I must light the gas." As she lit it, he looked at his watch. "It is half past six," said he. "They are waiting dinner at home at this moment. I am afraid Aunt Rich has already lost her religion; it is a great strain on it to wait meals." But he seemed loath to go.

Guyndine thought she knew why. He had come to say something which he had not the courage to say, yet he dreaded to go till he had said it. He took a turn or two through the room, stopped before the mirror and stood looking into it in an absent-minded way. As he stood there he caught a glimpse of an expression on Guyndine's face—who sat behind him looking straight at him—which made him suddenly turn to look at her. But when he turned she was looking into the street. "Good night," said he, and was gone.

The tableau which Ruby Williams saw at the window of Mrs. Danks' boarding house exasperated her. She soon signified that she was tired and suggested that they go home. Arriving there, she went directly to her room and spent the remainder of the evening courting the green-eyed monster till she was utterly miserable. "He has no sister I am sure, and who could that be. I cannot bear to think that he has an intimate lady friend. I think I should be jealous even of his mother."

The next morning, after Mr. Craven had left the breakfast room and Ruby and Mrs. Craven were alone, Ruby said: "Aunty, what do you think about what we saw yesterday at that window?"

"I think you are foolish to give it a thought. I can assure you that he is too

honorable to trifle with any woman's affections, so you need not fear."

"Is there any way by which we may learn who the lady is?" asked Ruby.

"Yes, I think there is. That was Mrs. Danks' boarding house. The girl who does my plain sewing and will be here this morning, sews also for Mrs. Danks. I can ask her about it."

While they were talking the girl in question passed through the servants' hall and up the back stairs. Mrs. Craven rose and followed her. In the course of a half hour she sought Ruby whom she found in her own room looking very disconsolate.

"Well," said Mrs. Craven going at once to the subject, "she is a teacher of French and music, and is a widow. Mrs. Danks told the girl that she was once very wealthy and held a high position in society."

"A widow?" inquired Ruby.

"Yes, a widow."

"Well, that does not explain what I want to know. I am as much in the dark as ever; but I will ask him about it."

"Be careful, child, and whatever you do, do not let him have a glimpse of your temper or the game is up."

"Well, I must know for I never could endure suspense. He is to drive me to Forest

Park this evening and I shall improve the opportunity."

Ruby waited with feverish impatience for the evening, and drew a sigh of relief, when the carriage drove up and a servant announced, "Mr. Grannell." As they passed Mrs. Danks' Ruby said: "By the way that was an interesting picture I saw at that window yesterday, the position of the gentleman together with the expression on his face was a study for an artist." She laughed lightly and glanced into his face which flushed painfully.

"That lady," said he, "is the widow of an old and valued friend. We have known each other for years, and she holds a high place in my esteem."

"Ah! a widow? How long has she been a widow?"

"I think it has been about nine years." Ruby drew a sigh of relief and for the rest of the evening was her own charming self.

Mr. Grannell's interest in Ruby had steadily increased in the two months he had been associated with her. She was so sweet and seemed so artless and kittenish,—few men can resist a handsome kitten. She confessed her sins so frankly and seemed so very sorry, and so desirous of becoming a Christian, which she claimed she would have done long

ago had she had any training or encouragement; but her family were all worldly people and she had never been led to think of these things.

If Ruby had chosen the stage as her profession, she would have been a star of the first magnitude.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.”

It was the middle of March. The Grannell mansion was all aglow with warmth, brilliant with gaslight and sweet with the breath of flowers. Tonight Harry Spencer, now Judge Spencer, one of the most prominent and honored men of his state, and sweet Anna Grannell are to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock.

Only a few intimate friends of the family have been invited. The master of this princely home receives and welcomes his guests. Among the last arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Craven and Mrs. Ruby Williams. All eyes are turned upon the queenly Ruby as Mr. Grannell bowing low over her hand, welcomed her to his home, and a whisper went round: “There will be another wedding soon and she will be the bride.” The whisper reached Mrs. Craven’s ear, and she smiled approvingly.

A band had been stationed in the grounds near the house. Suddenly there came stealing in on the perfumed air the sweet strains of

"Annie Laurie." Instantly there was a hush and all eyes were turned toward the handsome couple who crossed the hall and slowly passed down through the spacious parlors, and with faces expressive of the solemnity of the vow and the responsibility of the step which they were about to take. They took their stand before the Rev. Willie Dobson who, with an impressive ceremony, united the twain and they were made one flesh.

As the bridal party entered the back parlor and were slowly coming toward the front, Guyndine glided into the front parlor from across the hall—where she had been helping to put the finishing touches to the bride's toilet—and during the ceremony remained standing near the door. The guests assembled belonged to the elite of the city, and the thirty ladies present seemed to have tried to outdo each other in elegant costumes. But there was that silent something in the slender woman who stood near the door whose attractiveness did not depend upon elegance of attire.

As soon as the ceremony was over and congratulations offered, the query, "Who is she?" went the rounds, and was answered by Mrs. Craven and one or two other ladies who were posted. "She is Judge Spencer's sister, is an old friend of the Grannell family, was

very intimate with Miss Anna's mother, and was with her when she died."

Guyndine was dressed in the simplest manner in a soft gray silk of a shade known at that time as "ashes of roses," a plain skirt with demi-train, open sleeves lined with pale pink silk which fell away from the perfect arm leaving it bare nearly to the elbow. The neck was cut V shape and filled with soft, firmly lace. About the slender waist was tied a soft pale pink sash which hung in long loops nearly to the bottom of her skirt. Her luxuriant hair was arranged simply, and the jeweled comb and a bunch of pink carnations gleamed together amid its folds.

Dr. Stanley crossed the room to where Mr. Grannell was standing: "Who is that lady near the door, Mr. Grannell?"

"That is my friend, Mrs. Kahree. Come and I will present you."

"Wait a moment," said the doctor. "Did you ever see that picture of Queen Louise of Prussia, painted by Richter?"

"Yes."

"Isn't she like it?" said the doctor.

Mr. Grannell did not reply. He was looking backward to the days when he was a wanderer from native land; to those sad days when in Cologne he had stood before that picture hour after hour, calling it his princess, his Guyndine; when he would have given every dollar he possessed for the knowl-

edge that the slender woman near the door loved him.

"I have been studying her ever since she entered the room," said the doctor. "There is something striking in her appearance." They crossed the room to where Guyndine stood. After he had presented them Mr. Grannell said: "Now, Doctor, if you will excuse Mrs. Kahree for a moment, I will return her to you. I wish to present her to some other friends."

The Doctor bowed, and taking Guyndine's hand Mr. Grannell drew it through his arm and led her to Ruby and Mrs. Craven.

As they crossed the room Guyndine felt the intense gaze of Ruby's black eyes as they rested upon her and seemed to be trying to probe into the secrets of her heart. She felt intuitively that Ruby Williams believed that she loved Edgar Grannell. The thought that she was about to be presented to his betrothed who had guessed her secret made her sick and faint. With a strong resolve to overcome the feeling she brought her will to bear and threw it off. The blood which had left her face and seemed to be congealing in clots about her heart, with a mighty leap surged through her veins, tingeing her cheek with pink, her lips with coral and filling her eyes with an electric sparkle, and, presto! she was the most brilliant woman in that handsome, cultured assembly. As on that night

in Kansas City, when she made the discovery which shrouded her life with gloom, she was making no attempt to outshine nor to shine at all; she was merely struggling for strength to endure the trying ordeal.

Once her sparkling eyes met the dark orbs of Mr. Grannell who was close beside her. "What is it?" inquired he.

With a low laugh she turned away as she replied, "Well, what is it?" On the other side she encountered Harry: "Sister, you are flushed; are you ill tonight?" Again she turned away with a laugh, saying: "Brother, you are slightly flushed, are you ill tonight?" Edgar Grannell's eyes followed her in wonder as Judge Kahree's had followed her that fatal night in Kansas City; and as his eyes followed her, Ruby's followed him.

"Aunty, at first I thought her plain, but there is something uncommon about her. She is very attractive and as sure as you live she loves him, and I am afraid he loves her and there is some reason why they cannot marry. Oh, it almost kills me to think of it!"

"Ruby, if I were as handsome as you, no woman could make me jealous. I tell you you are the queen of his heart. If he ever cared for her he doesn't care for her now. Anyone who has eyes can see that; and so long as you are his choice what need you care about his old love scrapes, or how attractive she is to other men. I can read him. I have

seen his eyes following you tonight with a look of such admiration and fondness as they follow no other. If ever a man was perfectly infatuated, he is."

"Yes, I think myself he is, but I am afraid of her influence over him. You know he may get over his infatuation and return to his love."

"There is no danger of his getting over it as long as he can see you," said Mrs. Craven. "Men haven't crow sense when there is a handsome woman in sight."

Dinner was announced and crossing the room Mr. Grannell took Ruby on his arm and led the way to the dining room, followed by Dr. Stanley and Guyndine.

"I think," said the Doctor in an undertone, with a slight inclination of the head toward Mr. Grannell, "that congratulations are in order. They say he has at last met his fate." Guyndine leaned against him heavily and did not reply. He glanced into her face and saw an expression there which caused a suspicion of the truth to cross his mind. "By Jupiter I believe I have made a discovery," thought he. And don't I pity her? I know how it is myself." For the remainder of the evening he devoted himself to Guyndine, and his voice was low and sympathetic when he conversed with her. He felt like telling her to cry it out on his shoulder. As he bid her good night and turned to leave he said to himself: "But

I do fell sorry for her, and I wouldn't give her little finger for a carload like that brazen-faced beauty. I thought Grannell had more sense."

As Harry and Anna were to leave at one o'clock Guyndine remained after the other guests had gone. When the last good bye had been spoken and the carriage bearing the bridal party sped away to the depot, Mr. Grannell closed the hall door. Slipping his arm through Guyndine's he led her back to the parlor and with his arm linked through hers he silently walked through the length of both parlors, through the library, through the conservatory and on back to the front parlor; after which he wheeled an easy chair under the blaze of the gaslight and motioned her to be seated. For some minutes he stood before her silently looking down at her. Glancing up she read an expression of pity in his face. "Now," thought she, "the time has come; he is going to tell me and there is no escape."

"I have something I wish to tell you," said he, "and I cannot take you home till you have heard it. Procrastination is a dangerous thing, especially in matters like this."

Her heart began to flutter and her hand trembled. "You need not tell me, for I already know it."

"Oh, no, I think you are mistaken." His lips parted with an amused smile. "I was

congratulated three times tonight on my approaching marriage with Mrs. Ruby Williams." In spite of herself, Guyndine started and caught her breath with a gasp. "Oh, you need not gasp," said he, "I thought you knew me better than this. Did you think that after all we have suffered I could be untrue to you?"

"You are under no obligations to me," said she.

With a quiet smile he replied: "I beg leave to differ with you. I consider myself bound to you."

"Why, Edgar, how can you be bound to a woman who has a living husband? You have told me repeatedly that you had given up all thought of marriage."

"And so I have. But you need my friendship and love as I need yours, thus far I am bound to you and thus far will I stand true to you till death separates us. And I consider the relationship between us as strong and sacred as if it had been celebrated by an elaborate ceremony, and before God and the holy angels it is pure and sinless. I take this as a poor compliment, especially since you have given me credit for so little sense as to take a woman with nothing but beauty to recommend her. I now understand what you meant that Sunday evening when you asked me if I was sure I was fortified against temptation. I think," said he, laughing, "I should

need fortification if I had no more sense than to take a step like that. Really, Guyndine, don't you think you owe me a very humble apology?"

She extended her hand to him and turned her face away. "Oh, Edgar! Edgar!" The tone and gesture told him what she had suffered.

He took the extended hand. "Talk about your Spartan heroes, the boy who hugged the fox while it ate his vitals out and all that; but if your life hasn't shown the herioc, I am no judge. You are the bravest little woman that ever drew breath."

"Let the world think of me as it will," said she, "if you think thus, it is enough." After a moment's silence she said: "But, Edgar, I cannot understand how it was that you paid such marked attention to Mrs. Williams as to create this mistake in the minds of the people. Has not she also misconstrued your attentions?"

"Oh, no! She understood it and I supposed you did. It was all owing to Mrs. Craven insisting on my helping to entertain her, and keeping me so continually at it. I felt under some obligations as they have been very kind to me and mine. Still I did not expect to be monopolized to the extent that I have been, nor did I expect to be understood as courting her; for such a thing never entered my mind. I shall mention it to

Mrs. Craven tomorrow. There is no serious harm done, I assure you."

Two days later Ruby Williams left St. Louis for Cincinnati, a very disconsolate woman. She stopped at St. Charles for a short visit and while there met the Rev. Dr. Noble, who at once removed the crape band from his hat, which token of sorrow he had been wearing for his second wife. Defacing time has left it cruel marks upon the Reverend Doctor. He has grown corpulent, and the bald spot on the crown of his head has increased till it is the size of his face; the sparse blond fringe which decorates the lower edge is always fragrant with eau de cologne, and we are glad to be able to say for it—the bald spot, not the fringe—that which cannot be said of his face; it had an innocent, pathetic expression which his worst enemy was forced to acknowledge. If the Doctor had known how much more attractive he was from this side he would have managed some way to have kept it turned toward his congregation for he believed in keeping the best exposed to public view; another sad case of blissful ignorance. His attraction to Mrs. Williams was another case of love at first sight on the Doctor's part and of indifference and desperation from first to last on Ruby's. The Reverend Doctor's grief at losing a wife was again assuaged by the joy of choosing another. After a courtship of six weeks they

were married, and after they had been married six weeks the Doctor felt more like wearing crape than he had ever done before; but sad to relate, fate had decreed that he should never wear it again. It was Ruby's turn next, which was a little more than a year after their marriage. She tolerated it long enough to get back to Cincinnati; when she threw it aside and came out in gay colors, congratulating herself on her wonderful escape and declaring that she hated men worse than poison.

CHAPTER XXIX.

To follow the conventional herd is ignominy.
Bravely step from the ranks
And refuse to ape cowards and knaves.
Take Uriel's motto, "God is my light,"
And blaze it like a meteor on the dim sight
Of those who are going astray.
And while transverse winds
From either coast blow,
Sing the song of the Dorian mood and go!
And from under the feet of the sons of Belial
Rescue the banner of truth.

The soft shadowy days of autumn have come again, dreamy and sweet with their pale flowers and gorgeous woods, shade deepening on shade from declining green to darkest brown. The beautiful desolate prospect thrills the soul with the thought that we are mortal and swiftly passing away. Very soon the sighing wind will be singing our death requiem. But, anon, our hearts grow light and our pathway illumined as we behold all about us the brush touches of the divine Artist which have left age, even in its last stage of decay, more resplendent than when it wore the freshness of youth; and we are comforted

with the thought that the same wise Being who takes delight in all this beauty is supreme Ruler beyond the veil.

Character to be made complete must be elevated by piety; and genius must be touched by the divine Artist.

There was nothing marvelous in the compositions of Handel till after his conversion at the age of fifty-five. But one lesson from the great Artist revealed to him the glories of Messiah's reign. His spirit soared and caught the grand hallelujahs from the glory land, which rang out through all the earth like a vision of God himself.

The celebrated M. Tassot who has been in Palestine painting the life of Christ, had crossed the half-century line before he began his life work. He had for years been painting scenes of Parisian frivolity. Suddenly a breath from Jehovah touched his soul, and mystic hands beckoned him to Jerusalem, and from Mount Scopus he was permitted to ascend to the delectable mountains and see visions of the Celestial City, and his pencil caught the fine tracery, his brush the delicate tints of the New Jerusalem. The most eloquent tongue is "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," till touched with a spark from the Altar; the most persuasive pen powerless to convince if the hand which holds it is not moved by the Divine Will.

It was a brilliant evening in September.

Guyndine sat by the window in her studio, watching the moon climb a bank of fleecy clouds. Just as her smiling face appeared above the last cloud and she sailed away triumphant, the gate opened and a gentleman with a quick, ringing step came up the walk. The bell rang and in a moment there was a rap at the door of her studio. She hastened to open it for she thought she recognized the step. Mr. Grannell stood there with his hat in his hand. He did not speak but turned to the rack and left his hat and gloves.

"Good evening, Mr. Grannell," said Guyndine.

There was no reply. He entered the room, closed the door behind him, caught her to his breast and almost smothered her with kisses. She was so taken by surprise and so perfectly amazed at this unusual conduct that for a moment she did not resist. When she realized what was being done, with an effort she freed herself and stepping back said indignantly: "What do you mean, sir? Have you gone entirely mad?"

Without a word he took a match from his pocket and crossing the room to a gas jet lit it. Turning he drew from his pocket Judge Kahree's letter and read it aloud. She sank in a limp heap upon a couch and covered her

face with her hands. "Here is a brief note to you on the same sheet."

"Read it; I cannot."

When he read: "I shall be standing with the redeemed inside the pearly gates where I shall wait for her who, by her godly life, showed me the cross of Christ," she moaned and sobbed. He had never before seen her weep and he stood looking at her in sad surprise. "Guyndine, do you still love him like this?"

"Yes, I love him and I shall always love him with the same love I have for Harry. Could I hear of Harry's death and not grieve? Oh, poor Arrel! What a sad life was his; and he had a great, tender, loving heart and a noble, generous nature. Again she threw her face forward in her hands and sobbed.

There was an expression of intense pain in his face as he stood looking down at her; glancing up, she saw it. "Edgar, I do not grieve for him as a wife would grieve for a husband. Do not feel thus; do not think that he is your rival. To me he was as a kind, loving brother, one of my truest and dearest friends. He was one of nature's true noblemen and it was all owing to the fact that there was no hand to lead him to Christ in his youth that his life was blighted. I can never forget

him, never! but, Edgar, I have never loved any other thing earthly as I love you."

"I am satisfied but I admit that for a moment the thought crossed my mind that I had never before seen you shed a tear. But when I recall your agonized face when you thought me dying, and remember that grief for me almost cost you your life, I am ashamed that such a thought entered my mind; and knowing you as I do, I can never again be jealous of any man dead or alive." He stepped to her side and, taking his handkerchief, bent over her and wiped the tears from her face. "We might have been married months ago, if we had known, and now these tears must be dried, for tomorrow is our wedding day and I cannot permit any more tears on this our wedding eve."

"You are not the one to name the wedding day," said she.

"Well, I have named it any way, even if I did usurp the right. I named it once before and you disappointed me woefully, but this time you will find me not so easy to get rid of. You have made me complete master of the situation by telling me that you loved me better than any other thing earthly. There is something in a man's nature which gives him a feeling of assurance and makes him want to lord it over a woman after she makes such an admission. Do you see now what you have done?" said he laughing. "I

am in a most tyrannical mood tonight, so I repeat it, tomorrow is our wedding day. It is the day which I have so long anticipated as the one on which you would take the vow to obey me. Think of it." He laughed merrily. "I shall give you your first lesson in obedience tonight. I will make concession enough, however, to allow you to name the hour, for which you will doubtless be very grateful."

"Edgar," said she as she lifted the dark locks which had fallen over his forehead as he bent over her, "you never before gave me a glimpse of the tyrannical side of your nature. I thought, however, that you had seen the stubborn side of mine; but since you haven't, I will force you to name the hour as well as the day for I positively refuse to consider your commands one minute before I agree to."

"Very well," said he, "this is not the most arduous task I ever had to perform. So tomorrow at five p. m., and we will go home to dinner.

'Then come the wild weather, come sleet or
come snow,
We will stand by each other however it blow,
Oppression and sickness, sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the
chain.' "

* * * * *

Willie Dobson has never married. His life is completely consecrated to Christ's work.

He has never had a return of one symptom of his disease. He preaches in a church built by his own money, and supported by contributions from individual sacrifice.

In his church they do not sing "I'm the child of a King," and falsify their own statement by holding out an empty palm to a saloon-keeper or a gambler for a nickle to help support the institution of that King. Oh shame! If Christ had instituted an organization without a provision for its support, it would be a strong argument against His divinity. If He is not a financier, He is not God. But He did not fail to make the provision, though it is ignored by many ministers and professing Christians all over the land. Christ never intended outsiders to help support His Church. He did not tell the young man to sell his goods and give the money to the Apostles nor build a church. God had long ago arranged for the support of the Church and had named the amount which each individual should pay—not give. Indiscriminate acceptance of the doctrines of present day preaching, even from what is termed the orthodox pulpit, is dangerous. We must examine God's word for ourselves. It is conceded by the best Bible students of the age that we are now in the Loadicean, or seventh period of the Church of which the Spirit said: "I will spew thee out of my mouth." The luke-

warm condition of the Church together with the cowardice and unfaithfulness of a large majority of the priesthood, is another proof of the divinity of Christ. This state of affairs was foretold by the voice of prophecy twenty centuries ago. Not that God foreordained it, though he foreknew it. Remember how Christ wept over Jerusalem and would have "gathered her children as a hen gathereth her chickens, and she would not." Shall we now abandon the Church and, because Judas is there, step aside and say we are too pure to be contaminated? Was not Judas one of the twelve? Did not Christ patiently tolerate him? Or has he treated us worse than he treated our Master? Has he sold us for thirty pieces of silver to be crucified? If he has, is that any reason why we should desert the organization which our Master instituted and left in our charge? Is our marriage vow which was taken for eternity forgotten? Shall we turn against the Bridegroom because the shadow of his enemy has fallen across our pathway? Perhaps we think with Elijah: "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thy altars and slain thy prophets with the sword, and I, even I only, am left." But let us remember that God has his thousands,

even now, "who have not bowed the knee to Baal, nor kissed him," and they are in every organization which bears his name.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

THE END.

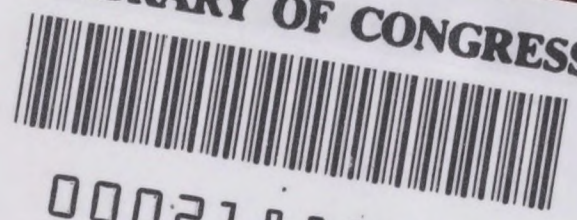
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